Dóchas ⁊ Dúchas
When Hope ⁊ History Rhyme

Ó-Kieffe
Gallagher
道真命好
道

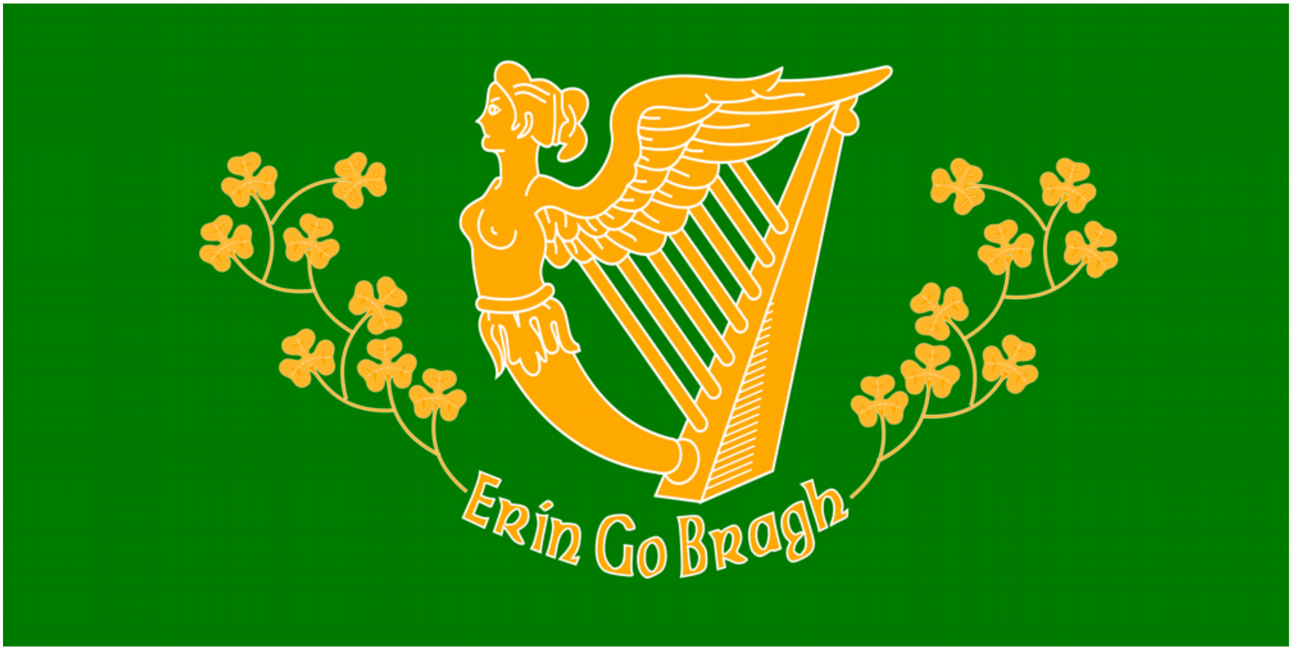
天命
皇帝

Eóin 3:16
Óir ghráigh Dia an domhan chomh mór sin
gur thug sé a Aonghin Mic uaidh
i dtreo, gach duine a chreideann ann,
nach gcaillfí é ach go mbeadh an bheatha shioraí aige.
Emphasis? Aire anseo? An Bíobla Naofa.

Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire, atá lán de ghrásta, tá an Tiarna leat. Is beannaithe thú idir na mná agus is beannaithe toradh do bhroinne, Íosa. A Naomh-Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé, guigh orainn na peacaigh,anois agus ar uair ár mbáis. Áiméin.

διά Χριστόν σαλότητα
оуродъ, юродъ

The flag of the Nation of Ireland. 'Who shall raise the burning flag? Who but our James Connolly....' 'I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag of green, and that's another reason I remember Skibbereen.' Tri-colour introduced for [Occupied] Ireland, 1848 when Great Grampa Brown was one year old in Antroim during An Gorta Mór.



[Sliabh Luachra, Cave furem. Cognatos cole.]
Dúchas agus Dóchas
When Hope agus History Rhyme:
The Momonian First Nation's Poetics
of Regenerative Cultural Hermetic, Hermeneutic Memetics
towards a New Aesthetics
of Gaelic Prophetic, Genetic Homiletics agus
Empathetic, Sympathetic Synergetics agus
Asymmetric Peace-Birthing Obstetric Metrics.
老鼠拉龜
Cumha agus
Caoine agus
Coimcne
bPobal Uí Chaoimh.

缸瓦船打老虎
Caomh mac Seachtú Iníon
nic Rita Ní Chaoimh
Rightful Heir of Arthur Pendragon
Donn mac Ned
mac Kathryn Ní Dhuinn
龜過門檻
An Naoú Tonn Chlíodhna

An Draoi Ruadh
Fir Maige Féne First Nation

Rí Mumhan

Ollamh Chlíodhna

Coll Chlíodhna

Dracon Chlíodhna
Infra tuam pelliculam te contine.
Faoi chuan caoin, éirigí.

Great great grandson of William Fulton, a Fair Man, pictured on cover.
[as 8-year-old? Exported from Alba]
agus tú fhéin
Fuair Uaim
Caomh mac Seachtú Iníon Caomh mac Seachtú Iníon
nic Alex J. Brown agus Rita Kieff Brown
nic Mary Magdalene McGill (b 1889) agus Legouri Michael Kieff (b 1884)
mac Mary McAulliffe Kieff agus Michael O'Kieff (b 1843)
mac Mary Ní Dhuinn (b 1809)
agus Donnchadh Ó Caoimh (aka Dennis Kiff aka Dennis Ó Kieff
[b. circa 1806, on the ancestral territory of Fir Maighe Féne First Nation]
Nowich, Micco, Sifu, He-Who-Walks-Among-the-Dead, The Irish Wolf. Seanchaí sircuimnech.
In the colonies: Some-kind-of tough guy, loser, nerd, overthinker, nitpicker, Leprechaun, Pipsqueak,
shrimp, Plastic Paddy, moron, half-pint, scrawny, Just-be-normal, Failed Settler,
You're Irish Because you choose to be Irish [said father], You Gittin Stupid?[asked a random bully]?

With meas mór to Dr. Richard Kearney, of the Guestbook Project
whose work showed me how to unleash my imagination,
and whose kindness helped me to believe in myself,
and who wrote the groundwork
[Wake of Imagination; Strangers; Gods & Monsters; Anatheism, The God Who May Be]
for how to to write the unwriteable -as Béarla].
Cave ab homine unius libri.

Abba Anthony said, "A time is coming when men will go mad, and when they see someone
who is not mad, they will attack him saying, 'You are mad, you are not like us.'"
as translated by [my historiography mentor]
Oxford Reader Benedicta Ward, SLG (Cistercian Publications)Nollaig shona duit.

“For senseless anger and mindless desire were not created along with the soul. Nor originally did they pertain to the body. On the contrary, when the body was created it was free from corruption and without the humors from which such desire and uncontrollable rage arise. But after the fall anger and desire were necessarily generated within it, for then it became subject to the corruption and gross materiality of the instinct-driven animals....

...For when characteristics that do not originally pertain to the body but have subsequently infiltrated into it become entangled with the soul, man becomes like an animal (cf. Ps. 49:20), since he is now necessarily subject to the law of sin. He ceases to be an intelligent human being and becomes beast-like.”
― Nikodimos, The Philokalia

牛唔飲水唔撳得牛頭低

A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history
will not help us to forge a better future together.
Michael D Higgins, president of Occupied Ireland

The Necessity for De-Anglicising Ireland

by Douglas Hyde, first President of Occupied Ireland

Delivered before the Irish National Literary Society in Dublin, 25 November 1892.

Let us suppose for a moment -- which is impossible -- that there were to arise a series of Cromwells in England for the space of one hundred years, able administrators of the Empire, careful rulers of Ireland, developing to the utmost our national resources, whilst they unremittingly stamped out every spark of national feeling, making Ireland a land of wealth and factories, whilst they extinguished every thought and every idea that was Irish, and left us, at last, after a hundred years ... fat, wealthy, and populous, but with

all our characteristics gone,
with every external that at present differentiates us from the English lost or dropped;
all our Irish names of places and people turned into English names;
the Irish language completely extinct;
the O's and the Macs dropped;
our Irish intonation changed, as far as possible by English schoolmasters into something English;
our history no longer remembered or taught;
the names of our … martyrs blotted out;
our battlefields and traditions forgotten;
the fact that we were not of Saxon origin dropped out of sight and memory,

and let me now put the question -- How many Irishmen are there who would purchase material prosperity at such a price?

Gangsters put a hit on me, if that's what a finger across the throat means, for speaking the truth of my indigenous Fir Maige Féne First Nation values, documented here for the Midnight Court of Aoibhell, Banshee of North Munster. The gangsters, like Cromwellians who programmed them, don't hold personal opinions. One said, 'I thought everybody hated Catholics.' Just like Kanye...

牛唔飲水唔撳得牛頭低

Beat-down warning shot simply for holding a sign that said End Rapism, as part of my years as a Political Street Performance artist. My performance art influences: Pete Holmes, Carmaig Deforrest, Chris Chandler, Natalie Ilum, Gaelynn Lea, Jess Klein, Nina Simone, Richard Pryor, Dick Gregory, Mark Ruffalo, Fannie Leflore, Bell Hooks, Ezili Danto, Yoko Ono, David Byrne, Samuel Marchbanks, Slavoj Zizec, Macphisto, Bobby Sullivan, Ian Mackaye, Gandalf the Grey, and Belgarath the Ageless Man, Russell Means, Mahatma Gandhi, Malcolm X, and St. Peter.

Before the last Beatdown I received, an older black woman walked by and said to the peacocking ready-for-a-fight assailant, 'I don't think you want to do that, son.'

Am I in a lot of trouble for Free Speech like 'End Rapism'. 'that's why you got that star above your eye, cuz you talking shit about Everybody' said the gangster in a different city than where I was assaulted, that time. There were many assaults, batteries, thefts of my art and belongings, guns pulled or shown, knives drawn. I stuck to Gandhi's path of non-violence, non-compliance.

I stuck to St. Antony of Egypt and St. Francis of Assissi's approach to money. My family and nearly everyone I knew preferred me dead than to listen. I am not going to dwell on that. What I sang and shouted from street corners for five years of my life, earning me unsafe status wherever gangbangers [group rapists] gangbang [group rape]. Shorty means victims, short ones.

Rap music is Rap(e) music by the Original Gangsters aka in Malcolm X's terminology the house N-words, in reggae terminology they are called Blood Clot(h)s. The program is that of the English Loyalist Orange Plantation American south. As Tory English Satirist and Anglican Priest Jonathan Swift makes abundantly clear, the slave trading Privateer Merchant Adventure Venture Capitalists are in his word, buccaneers. They debauch (in rap language, make bitches of) everybody. Private Interests, Market Penetration.

If the major bankers and big money and mafiosos are the clients, how much mindshare have they actually achieved in the world spreading their buccaneer pirate/private ethos. 'It's all in the game. The Game never stops.' Say the Playas in the game also called Ballers.

Buccaneering is also called buck-breaking. A big buck looks like Dennis Rodman or Jesse James on Donald Trump's Apprentice. Quarterbucks get groomed. Grooming, stroking, stroking the populace, heavy handed gestures, throwing weight around, 'the buck stops here' say the mighty, 'don't take the buck with me' say the Hillbillies, get buck naked says everyone, go buck wild on that buck?, don't buck the system, the american gold standard the buck, Wide Receivers are a dime a dozen, measurables in the draft, immeasurables, Dime Bucks, Nickle Bucks, the Locker room, the Old Grid Iron had one yard squares, Slave rugby?, a chess match, coaching grooming, baller, back to square one? America's Past Times? According to W.E.B Dubois and J.B. Ó Reilly, yes, and England's.

Did Ó Shea's Rebellion actually mark the loss of the American Revolution to Britin in 1787? Why would recently transplanted Ulster Loyalist Andrew Jackson fight the British? Is the rest Fake News? Is all that also called the Deep State, Old Boys Network, Orange Order, Freemasons, Old Money, etc.? Is LA the Propaganda and Compliance Capital of the Orange British Empire? Was it South Africa Before that? Is that why Orange Housewives of Orange County is now the new 'Normal'? Is that why Orange Free State, piskapf?

All I know is Barack Obama wasn't born in the United States. He was born in the Nation Island of Hawai'i. Donald Trump was right about that one thing and the Fake News and The Deep State too? As they say in Kenya, don't compete with an elephant to shit, you'll bust your arse. Is that like the payoffs to the Government featured in Boardwalk Empire. Doesn't the book Boardwalk Empire imply that Donald Trump is the heir to that gangster graft in Atlantic City? Isn't Chalky White shown in the book, pictured doing Donald Trump's own hand gesture, fingers interlaced thumbs touching? Isn't Boardwalk Empire really about pimping? Didn't that Godfather film make it real clear that is what that involves, the part where they weren't sure to move into hard drugs?

Isn't Jersey Shore those same wankers, and didn't that also get Normalised along with Orange Housewives and the mirror Atlanta Housewives. Isn't this just trying to renormalise the Bread and Circus of the Empire of Cotton, with its Red Carpets?

“Macarius said also, ‘If you are stirred to anger when you want to reprove someone, you are gratifying your own passions. Do not lose yourself in order to save another.”
Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis.
They who fight with monsters
should look to it that they themselves do not become a monster.
And if you gaze long into an abyss,
the abyss also gazes into you.
Friedrich Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil, Aphorism 146

From the Gaelic:
Sgiath na h-Eamhna
The Lochlannachs held potent sway
Over the men in Occupied Ireland,
Until Lughadh Lámhfháda arrived
And fought the Battle of Moytuir

Elizabeth II, via The Monarchist League of Canada1 "In any national story there are moments and places, sometimes far from home, which in retrospect can be seen as fixed points about which the course of history turns, moments which distinguish that nation for ever.

What happened to the Senate inquiry into missing and murdered Indigenous women?
Published: March 30, 2023

https://theconversation.com/what-happened-to-the-senate-inquiry-into-missing-and-murdered-indigenous-women-201755

The Australian Senate’s inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women was briefly on the political agenda late last year, with little media coverage.

The inquiry came after Indigenous women working across media, politics, and academia attempted to draw attention to the violence First Nations women face.

Yet even as the “landmark parliamentary inquiry” was announced, there was a striking silence....

...Take as an example the recent Independent Commission of Inquiry into Queensland Police Service responses to domestic and family violence. This inquiry received extensive media and political attention of more than 300 publications about police misogyny and racism.

The Senate Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous women and girls has generated just 14 news reports from the time the inquiry was announced in November 2021 to present.

In Canada, grassroots movements led by Aboriginal women and families of missing Aboriginal women led to a national inquiry into missing and murdered Indigenous Women, girls and LGBTQIA+ people. It was well resourced over several years, following comprehensive work with communities.
The final report named Indigenous femicide (the murder of women and girls), as a form of racial and colonial genocide.

The Australian inquiry borrows much of its terms of reference from the Canadian report. However with the scarce detail the inquiry has provided about its processes, it did not appear to undertake the same grounded and community-led approach to inform it.'

“Two hermits lived [in close proximity] for many years without a quarrel. One said to the other, ‘Let’s have a quarrel with each other, as is the way of men.’ The other answered, ‘I don’t know how a quarrel happens.’ The first said, ‘Look here, I put a brick between us, and I say, That’s mine. Then you say, No, it’s mine. That is how you begin a quarrel.’ So they put a brick between them, and one of them said, ‘That’s mine.’ The other said, ‘No; it’s mine.’ He answered, ‘Yes, it’s yours. Take it away.’ They were unable to argue with each other.”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

'Proud Boys' back in Canada military after crashing indigenous ceremony 31 August 2017 BBC.com Canadian military personnel who were suspended after crashing an indigenous ceremony are back on regular duty The five men identify as members of the "Proud Boys", a right-wing [white supremacist, nationalist] group with chapters in the US and Canada. They were suspended after they crashed a 1 July protest in Halifax, Nova Scotia marking Canada's history of atrocities against indigenous people. After being reinstated, they were warned "further inappropriate behaviour could result in their termination". On Thursday, the military announced that four of the five men had returned to duty in early August, and that the fifth man under review had voluntarily quit. Rear-Admiral John Newton told reporters during a press conference that the men had displayed "behaviour inconsistent with the values and ethics expected of those in uniform" and that they would remain on probation. "If they fail. they are gone," he said. "This is not lightweight punishment."
騎牛搵馬

“The devil appeared to a monk disguised as an angel of light, and said to him, ‘I am the angel Gabriel, and I have been sent to you.’ But the monk said, ‘Are you sure you weren’t sent to someone else? I am not worthy to have an angel sent to me.’ At that the devil vanished.”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

The Silence Everyone Talks About: Media Representations of violence against Aboriginal Women

https://www.abc.net.au/listen/programs/speakingout/amy-mcquire-the-silence-everyone-talks-about/101544264

Earlier this month it was revealed Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander women are 11 times more likely to die due to an assault and are 32 times more likely to be hospitalised due to family violence than non-Indigenous women.

Journalist Amy McQuire has been one of the fiercest advocates for the rights of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people, particularly in relation to their treatment in criminal justice - and especially as victims of crime.

She has also undertaken a PhD with the topic, The Silence Everyone Talks About: Media Representations of violence against Aboriginal women.'

“Mathois said, ‘The nearer a man comes to God, the more he sees himself to be a sinner.
Isaiah the prophet saw the Lord and knew himself to be wretched and unclean (Is. 6:5).”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Cornwallis was a British military officer who founded the city of Halifax in 1749. Later that year, he issued a bounty on the scalps of Mi'kmaq people..

"Back when Cornwallis made the scalp proclamation, a scalp was worth 35 pounds sterling," [Elizabeth Marshall of Eskasoni First Nation] said.

"A friend of mine did the math with inflation and it would be worth almost $13,000 Cdn today

"I am 'poking the bear,'" Marshall said with laugh ." …

"There is some uneasiness around [the auction], but I'm uncomfortable that they're trying to scalp Kluscap mountain.
--Nic Meloney, Wolastoqew video journalist raised on Cape Breton Island in Nova

Scotia/Mi'kma'ki CBC.com
“Mathois said, ‘The nearer a man comes to God, the more he sees himself to be a sinner. Isaiah the prophet saw the Lord and knew himself to be wretched and unclean (Is. 6:5).”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Minceírs Siúladh: an ethnographic study of young Travellers’ experiences of racism in an Irish city Dr. Sindy Joyce PhD Submitted in part fulfilment of the academic requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (PhD) Supervisors: Dr Amanda Haynes and Dr Martin Power University of Limerick. Solk us from the taddy. Comhairdheas.

Although there is an important body of work which addresses the relationship between anti-Traveller racism and space at the macro-level, in terms of the practice of nomadism, this is the first piece of research to examine the impact of racism on Travellers’ mobility at the micro-level. In doing so, this research advances upon understandings of the sedentarist nature of laws and policies which govern space (Delaney and Rucksthul 2006; James 2007; Crowley 2007), to reveal the hegemonic status of sedentarist ideology even at the micro-level. This thesis also highlights the agency of young Travellers, who have developed a range of tactics to negotiate racialised boundaries and the risks associated with traversing them....

Despite not being recognised by the State as an ethnic minority at the time of data collection, the young Travellers who participated in this study were able to name their experiences of hostility on the basis of their Traveller identity, as racism. All but one participant in this study reported they had directly experienced racism and such experiences were more often than not a regular occurrence. In fact, more than half of the participants reported having experienced racism almost on a daily basis.

One young girlstated, “it happens every time we go in…”. The boys were more likely to report experiencing racism in sports/leisure settings or while being in the presence of the police while the girls were more likely to report experiencing racism in commercial settings such as shopping centres, shops, entertainment venues, cinema, restaurants, hotels, pubs and cafes etc....
...Patrick (aged 17): “…it’s very easy to know who is a Traveller
and who isn’t just by looking at what they are wearing…”

...One of the most common triggers for hostility in my study was dress. The racialisation of Traveller identity in the context of ‘dress’ has been explored and exploited by many reality T.V. shows...

...Another manifestation of racial profiling and racism perceived by the young Travellers was linguistic discrimination. Linguistic profiling is equivalent to visual ethnic profiling where language and how one speaks tells others much about us. Distinctive dialects which might be unused by others with the same language often invoke perceptions and stereotypes. Baugh (2002, p.158) states:
“Whereas ‘racial profiling’ is based on visual cues that result in
confirmation or speculation of the racial background of an
individual, linguistic profiling is based upon auditory cues which
can be used to identify other linguistic subgroups within a given
speech community”. …
Paddy (aged 19): “…we stay quiet going in the door, just smile
but don’t look them in the eye…” ...

...Milroy and Milroy (1985) termed this linguistic discrimination as a ‘standard language

ideology', it is a "homogeneous spoken language which is imposed from above, and which takes as its model the written language. The most salient feature is the goal of suppression of variation of all kinds" (cited in Lippi-Green 1994, 166-167)....
...Thomas (early teens) stated:
"Yeah, like one day I was playing a match, I play Gaelic football,
anyway every time I got the ball I could hear people shouting
'knacker' even people that were cheering our team were doing it
like 'come on knacker' they were saying…

Rapport (2005, p.46) notes:
"ethnic slurs serve as a kind of shorthand way of referring to the
negative qualities associated with any particular group. They are
quite specific. Hispanics might be called "spics" and Jews
"kikes"; each term would stand for a specific cluster of traits
assumed to be typical of Hispanics and Jews". ...

..."Knacker is a racist term" (ENAR 2013) which is deeply offensive to the Traveller community, but is an ethnic slur that continues to be used with impunity by politicians, judges and members of the general public. The consistent use of the word knacker in [Occupied] Ireland reflects the hostility of the general population; it is a word that is constantly being
challenged by both Travellers and human rights bodies however, its use continues to be justified.

Verbal abuse was a common experience among the participants. Some of this abuse is likely to have amounted to threatening, abusive and insulting behaviour, a public order offence. In many such incidents the offender specifically used the racial slur 'knacker'
:...Patrick (mid-teens) "…they always do the low blow of calling you
a 'knacker', they know it gets under your skin and then they just
mock you by trying to copy how we talk; it's so annoying…" …

Joyce, S. (2018) 'Mincéirs Siúladh: an ethnographic study of young Travellers' experiences of racism in anIrish city', available: https://hdl.handle.net/10344/7535 [accessed 20 Dec 2022].

"The Church does not exist to make us comforted and secure in our sin, but to call us to repentance and holiness."
Fr. Alexander Schmemann

"Our Kids Belong With Family": a look into institutional child removal
By Sissy Austin

https://indigenousx.com.au/our-kids-belong-with-family-a-look-into-institutional-child-removal/

In Australia, the earliest form of child protection began within weeks of the first white settlements being established (Gandevia 178). The earliest institution established to remove children from families was set up less than a decade after colonisation, The Norfolk Island Orphan School opened in 1795 and was the precursor to institutional child removal within Australia.

Today, there is an extremely unreported crisis occurring affecting children and families. First Nations children are 11 times more likely to be removed by child protection services than non-Indigenous children. The Family Matters report found more than 20 thousand First Nations children were in out-of-home care as of June 30 2020, with numbers continuously rising. The report also

found 79 percent – approximately 17,000 children – live permanently away from their birth parents, with less than 15 per cent being reunited.
“The Church has a duty to be a prophetic voice in society, speaking truth to power and advocating for justice.”
Fr. Alexander Schmemann

The Coast, Halifax Chris Parsons, July 4 2017 Self-proclaimed western chauvinists, the Proud Boys were founded by disgraced VICE Magazine co-founder Gavin McInnes, a man whose greatest contribution to western culture is that magazine’s “Dos and Don’t” column—ostensibly a street fashion/photography column that was in practice little more than a thinly veiled excuse to roast drunk 20-something men and ogle teenage girls...... is a darker, more dangerous element underneath the irony and [violent immaturity].
In April, the Proud Boys announced plans to begin training and organizing a paramilitary wing called the Fraternal Order of Alt-Knights, to be lead by a violent petty criminal named Kevin Chapman. If these shitnerds can get their act together North America’s revanchist right will soon have its own freikorps to break up liberal and left protests and intimidate political foes.
https://www.thecoast.ca/Opinionated/archives/2017/07/04/pathetic-dumb-and-dangerous-the-proud-boysmake-their-debut-in-halifax

“The "modern man" has "come of age" as a deadly serious adult, conscious of his sufferings and alienations but not of joy, of sex but not of love, of science but not of "mystery.”
― Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy

Peter Goodwin Heltzel, summary of “Prophetic Ethics” of Christian Ethics: Four Views
September 11, 2017/ Jeffrey Dickson
As Heltzel observes the contemporary moral sitz em leben he recognizes a need for the abandonment of what he refers to as a “one-sided emphasis on personal ethic to an ethic that is both personal and social.” To this end, he advocates for prophetic ethics that he defines as a moral theory that is committed to action, discipleship, embodiment, mission, justice, and love.

The Source and Shape of Prophetic Ethics

Heltzel claims that the Holy Scriptures in general and Jesus’ teachings/practices in particular, are the primary source of prophetic ethics. The contents of Jesus’ message and the character of his activity encouraged “shalom justice” and proclaimed “the kingdom of God” all in the context of “a Spirit led movement fueled by the fire of revolutionary love.” Stories of Jesus’s dealings with others ought to, according to Heltzel, steer Christians toward empathy for those who are “the least of these” and galvanize disciples toward compelling action in the context of transformational communities.

This requires that Christians know themselves and the context in which they live. If believers are to involve themselves in the justice movement, they must understand where they fit “within the travail and tragedy of human history, which is also the history of redemption.” In so doing, Christians are to take their cue from Christ’s example and act as moral agents who are sensitive to local conditions, events, circumstances, and actions.

Such moral activity is supported by Heltzel’s interpretation of Micah 6:8. Therein, the prophet Micah challenges the people of God to “act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God.” This verse satisfies what Heltzel believes are the three characteristics of prophetic ethics: faith-rooted organizing (acting justly), empathetic solidarity (loving mercy), and daily prayer (walking humbly with God). While these characteristics describe the praxis of prophetic ethics, Heltzel argues that such practices are rooted in the Hebrew Scripture’s imperative for justice and righteousness.

Rev. Peter Goodwin Heltzel, Ph.D., an ordained minister in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), is the Director of the Micah Institute and Associate Professor of Systematic Theology at New York Theological Seminary. He also serves as Assistant Pastor of Evangelism at Park Avenue Christian Church in New York City.

Rev. Heltzel holds a B.A. from Wheaton College, a M.Div. from Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary, and earned his Ph.D. from Boston University. He also completed course work at the University of Mississippi in Southern fiction and creative writing. These courses, combined with his childhood years in Mississippi, inform his work with a deep commitment to the power of words and music, to social justice and to a global movement of radical change and collective activism.

Mincéirs Siúladh: an ethnographic study of young Travellers' experiences of racism in an Irish city Dr. Sindy Joyce PhD Submitted in part fulfilment of the academic requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (PhD) Supervisors: Dr Amanda Haynes and Dr Martin Power University of Limerick. Solk us from the taddy. Comhairdheas.

...Research has shown that hate crimes against Travellers[Mincéir]
are not challenged or
acknowledged in the same way as similar acts towards other minority ethnic communities
(James, 2013; Joyce et al 2017). According to the Council of Europe, Travellers and
Roma experience higher levels of hate crime and discrimination than any other minority
in Europe (Haynes and Schweppe 2017)....Paddy (late-teens) "…he was told he deserved the beating just
because he is a Traveller, like that was the only reason, that's
pure evil, it's a sin…" ...The young Travellers described experiences of responding physically to being spat at,
pushed or bumped into intentionally

...The most frequent forms racism, discrimination and hate incidents cited by participants
included refusal of access, being followed around by employees of commercial
organisations, and being stopped and searched by Gardaí without cause....Kathleen (late-teens) "… the hardest is trying find some place that
will accept us coz most places won't…they just hate us…and we
have to live with that and try to work around it…" ...Bridgie (mid-teens) "My sister had to change her wedding date 3times because she couldn't get any place to hold the reception,
then she got a settled person to ring this hotel and they had a free
date so she booked it for her. On the day of the wedding they found
out we were Travellers and cancelled it that morning, said they
made a mistake of double booking, it's always the same excuses"
...Paddy (mid-teens) "…they never let any Travellers in anywhere,a load of racists is what they are, always saying the same thing,
we're not allowed in, we're just not allowed in, no reason, we just
have to accept it…I know it's not right but that's just the way it
is, always has been, always will be, we are not human in their
eyes, if they could they would just kill us all…"

...In 2016 "the European Committee of Social Rights in a first ever Traveller Collective
Complaint has found the Irish government to be in violation of Article 16 of the European
Social Charter on five grounds...

MONTREAL POST REPUDIATES [the]
ORANGEISM BEHIND RIEL'S EXECUTION The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet before Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York

The Montreal Post, the representative organ of the Irish element in the Province of Quebec, edited by Mr. H. J. Cloran, whose talent is only surpassed by his enlightened patriotism, has. untiringly worked in the good cause, and written, both before and after Riel's execution:
"Louis Riel, the leader of two rebellions raised in the interest of justice and right, and on behalf of the oppressed [indigenous Métis] and pioneer settlers of the Canadian Worth-west, was hanged this morning at Regina. He bowed his head to the murderous manipulation of the hangman with as much grace and fortitude as Sir John and his colleagues submitted with cowardice and pusilanimity to the blood-thirsty dictation of the Orange demon, which has been seeking to destroy the chief of the Metis during the past fifteen years...Riel's identification and association with a cause, universally recognized to be a just one, gave him that inviolability which modern civilization has decreed to be the part and right of a political prisoner. …
...Let the Canadian people—English, Scotch, Irish and French—judge between these Orange protestations of to-day, that they wanted none of Riel's blood, and their bloodthirsty, seditious and revolutionary cries before the perpetration of the foul deed, that, if Riel was not hung, " the day was not far distant when a call to arms would resound throughout the Dominion."

. At an Orange gathering in Toronto on Nov. 6th, one of the speakers exclaimed : — " And shall Riel, this arch-rebel, go free whilst loyal " men have stained the ground with their blood to uphold " the Queen's authority ? Never. (Loud applause). A.nd " the sooner the Government of Sir John MacDonald " understand the true feeling of Orangemen on this " question the better. I was pleased to notice in the " speeches of County Master Somers, District Master " Wilson, and Brothers Graham and Low, the determination expressed that if the Government allows Rome " to step in on this occasion and secure a reprieve for this " arch-traitor, the Conservative party can no longer " count on their services, although they have worked and " voted for them for many years."

Indigenous Métis leader and founder of Manitoba Louis Riel, executed by first governor of Canada John A. Macdonald to appease the Orange Order in 1888. I heard his grandfather Jean-Baptiste Riel d'Ireland is said to have been one of the Wild Geese who fled [Occupied] Ireland after the victory of William of Orange, expelled from Limerick, October 3, 1691. Jean Baptiste Riel Dit Ireland is said to have been defending Limerick before being sent to France and later to the New France colonies on Turtle Island. Unconfirmed?

1624 Fort Orange founded, now called Albany, New York by Dutch West India Company merchant adventurers

1642 Adventurer’s Act: The Act invited English to invest £200 for which they would receive 1000 ac (400 ha) of lands that would be confiscated from rebels in [Occupied] Ireland. 2,500,000 ac (1,000,000 ha) of Irish land were set aside by the English Government for this purpose. The entire country of [Occupied] Ireland is roughly 20,000,000 ac (8,442,009 ha). Ad”venture capital

1641-1653 Cogadh na hAon Bhliana Déag/11 Years War. Cromwellian Calvinist Genocide kills 15-83% of Irish. Who really knows, like...?

"Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will." — Oliver Cromwell

Walker maintains that the political turbulence of the interwar period led to a surge in Orange membership, a broader Scottish appeal and enhanced political activism. As evidence, he points to the sweeping success of Orange candidates in the 1919 Glasgow School Board elections and notes the presence of a considerable number of Orange MP's in the twenties and thirties. Among these were Sir John Gilmour, Secretary of State for Scotland (1924-29) and

Col. A.D. McInnes Shaw[also Grand Master of the Orange Order]Gallagher 1987a: 144-45).

A study of election results in this period, writes Walker, indicates that 'the Orange vote was a meaningful political factor' despite its inchoate and unpredictable nature. (Walker 1992: 187-89) Steve Bruce adds that the Order helped deliver the Protestant workingclass vote in west-central constituencies until the 1950s. (Bruce 1985: 167) Ian Maclean, however, disagrees: even in the turbulent 1918-22 period, he contends that Orangemen were less likely to vote as a bloc than Catholics, and failed to affect Labour in any major electoral contest. (Maclean 1983: 200-201) Others claim that the jury is still out as to the existence and efficacy of the Orange vote in the twentieth century. (Walker & Gallagher 1990: 91-92)...

...In regional terms, membership density also varied a great deal. For instance, within Northern [Occupied] Ireland during much of the twentieth century, roughly a third of Ulster Protestants from west of the Bann River were Orangemen while only one in ten east of the Bann (i.e. Antrim, Down, Belfast) were members. The origins of this difference are various. Arguably most important is the religious makeup of the respective parts of the province. Catholics are far more numerous west of the Bann, and this area has generally had only a slim Protestant majority throughout the twentieth century (now a Catholic majority).

In addition, the established Church of [Occupied] Ireland and its associated traditions are strongest in Fermanagh, and weakest east of the Bann. Far more Protestants live in the East, so most lodges are there, but in per capita terms, Orange strength is weaker. Presbyterianism is much stronger East of the Bann (especially in Antrim), and Methodism has a firm base in Belfast. These churches were linked with tenants-rights and workers-rights campaigns against the established Ulster 'squirearchy', Belfast bourgeoisie and the established Church of [Occupied] Ireland since the late eighteenth century.

Outside Northern [Occupied] Ireland, we find other striking patterns. In Scotland, as can be seen in figure 5, there are virtually no lodges outside the central belt (i.e. in regions like the Highlands and Borders), and there is a marked concentration of lodges on the west coast around Glasgow and greater Clydeside.

This is no accident: virtually all Irish settlement from the famine period onward came to the west-central area, although Dundee, in the east, forms a partial exception. Counties like West Lothian and Ayrshire received relatively large numbers of Irish-Protestants and fewer Irish Catholics and became among the strongest Orange counties. In Ontario...Dufferin County, north of Toronto, had the highest Orange density, and for good reason. The 1931 census found that 51 percent of Dufferin's British-Protestant residents were of Irish ancestry, the highest of any Ontario county.

In summary, we have shown that the Order's strength within the Protestant majority in Scotland - even in the west-central belt - is and was much weaker than many believe. The Order's growth was fuelled by Irish-Protestant immigrants and their descendants and is currently strongest in areas of historic Irish-Protestant immigration.

The Orange Order in Scotland since 1860: A Social Analysis

Wikipedia: Colonel Sir Archibald Douglas McInnes Shaw, DSO (15 March 1895 – 10 June 1957)

[1] was a Scottish soldier, businessman and Unionist Party politician. He served in both World Wars, and sat in the House of Commons from 1924 to 1929...

He worked with an iron foundry business in Glasgow becoming its chairman, and was elected to Glasgow City Council in 1921.

Shaw was the son of Sir Archibald McInnes Shaw, the Lord Provost of Glasgow from 1908 to 1911 ...

CNN Did Trump tell the Proud Boys to 'stand ready'?
Biden said, "You may remember in one of my debates with the former President, I asked him to condemn the Proud Boys. He wouldn't do it. He said, 'Stand by. Stand ready.' Or whatever the phrasing exactly was."

...After debate moderator Chris Wallace asked Trump if he was willing to condemn white supremacists and militia groups, and Biden interjected to mention the Proud Boys in particular, Trump said: "Proud Boys, stand back and stand by."

Biden also said he'll never, never, never ban fracking, right Bayou Bridge Pipeline Water Defenders? BP already did 5 million barrels, 87 days to the Gulf of Mexico.

Bath, Maine, USA anti-Catholic riot of 1854
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The anti-Catholic [Anti-Acadian and anti-Irish] riot that occurred in Bath on July 6, 1854 was one of a number that took place in coastal Maine in the 1850s, including the tarring and feathering of a Catholic priest, Father John Bapst in 1854 in the town of Ellsworth. The first and most violent anti-Catholic riot in Maine took place in Bangor, Maine in 1834. The resurgence of violence in the 1850s was associated with the rise of the Know-Nothing Party and the passage of the Maine law, America's first statewide prohibition ordinance.

The Bath mob was gathered and inflamed by a traveling street-preacher named John S. Orr, who called himself "The Angel Gabriel", dressed in white robes, and carried a trumpet. Orr delivered an anti-Catholic sermon on a commercial street, the crowd of spectators eventually swelling to over a thousand and blocking carriage traffic. Some began shouting for the mob to move on the Old South Church, a structure built by the Congregationalists in 1805 but lately abandoned by them and purchased by Irish Catholics. In the late afternoon the crowd marched to the church, began smashing up the pews, hoisted an American flag from the belfry, rang the bell, and set it on fire. After the church was burned, a smaller crowd of at least a hundred roamed through the streets all night. There is no record of attacks upon any Catholic persons.

A year after the riot, on Nov. 18, 1855, the Catholic Bishop of Portland attempted to lay the cornerstone for a new church on the same site, but the congregation was chased away and beaten.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ku_Klux_Klan_in_Maine
Although the Ku Klux Klan is most often associated with white supremacy, the revived Klan of the 1920s was also anti-Catholic. In the U.S. state of Maine, with a small African-American population but a burgeoning number of Acadian, French-Canadian and Irish immigrants, the Klan revival of the 1920s was a Protestant nativist movement directed against the Catholic minority as well as African-Americans. For a period in the mid-1920s, the Klan captured elements of the Maine Republican Party, even helping to elect a governor, Ralph Owen Brewster.

The Klan tapped into a long history of fraught relations between Maine's Protestant 'Yankee' population (those descended from the original English colonials) and Irish-Catholic newcomers, who had begun immigrating in large numbers in the 1830s. The rise of the Know-Nothing Party in the 1850s had resulted in the burning of a Catholic church in Bath, Maine, and the tarring and feathering of a Catholic priest, Father John Bapst, in Ellsworth.

Irish Travellers' Access to Justice by Sindy Joyce, Olive O'Reilly, Margaret O'Brien, David Joyce, Jennifer Schweppe & Amanda Haynes
Joyce, S, O'Reilly, O, O'Brien, M, Joyce, D, Schweppe, J and Haynes, A (2022) Irish Travellers' Access to Justice. European Centre for the Study of Hate: Limerick

Key findings of the research include: •

Half of the Travellers responding to the ITAJ survey were victims of criminal offences in the five years prior to the survey; only one-fifth had been arrested in that time period; •

Travellers report hearing expressions of overt racism by gardaí and judges; •

The levels of trust that Travellers have in the gardaí is approximately half that of the general population; Travellers have a significantly lower level of trust in judges than the general population has in the legal system; trust levels in the police are lower among Travellers who have been victims of crime.

71% of the general population agree that with the statement "the gardaí in this area treat everyone fairly regardless of who they are, while

84% of Travellers disagree;

95% of the general population agree with the statement that the gardaí would treat you with respect; while
91% of Travellers do not believe that the gardaí treat Travellers with respect;

75% of Travellers believe that judges do not treat Travellers with respect. •
89% of Travellers believe that the gardaí are more strict in dealing with Travellers compared to settled people;
82% of Travellers believe that judges are more strict in dealing with Travellers compared to settled people;

83% of Travellers who reported a crime to the gardaí said that their report was not taken seriously; •
67% of Travellers who reported a crime to the gardaí said that the garda who took the report of their crime did not treat them respectfully; • While
61% of the general population were satisfied with the service provided by the gardaí after they reported a crime, only
15% of Travellers who reported a crime felt the same way; •
60% of Travellers believe that hate crime against Travellers is a very serious problem; •
31% of Travellers had experienced a crime that they did not report to the gardaí in the last five years; •

Of those who chose not to report a crime that they experienced,
87% stated that they did not believe that the gardaí would do anything; and

63% cited a lack of trust in the gardaí as reasons for not reporting.

When asked about the last time they were stopped by a garda in the five years prior to the ITAJ survey,
59% stated that they believed they were stopped because they are a Traveller. •
Of those who believed that they were racially profiled;
78% explained that the Garda who stopped them knew that they were a Traveller;

In the context of stop and search, Travellers recounted experiences of garda harassment; threats to abuse power; garda provocation, gardaí deliberately escalating conflict; and degrading treatment;

50% of ITAJ respondents had been present in a home that was entered uninvited by the gardaí in the 5 years prior to the survey;
• 20% stated that they had experienced this on one occasion,
56% reported they had experienced this on 2-5 occasions,
24% stated that they experienced this 6 or more times in that 5 year period;

• Only 11% said that the gardaí presented a search warrant to them or another person present on the last such occasion; • Respondents stated that these garda "raids" on homes are particularly impactful for children.

The vast majority of interviewees from Traveller organisations believe that Travellers are presumed guilty, and have to prove their innocence;

Eoin Butler Irish Times:
Andrew Jackson
Jackson's parents, Andrew Jackson and Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, were poor Protestant farmers who emigrated from Boneybefore, Co Antrim [Orangeman.]

Confederate Flag Controversy Reaches [Occupied] Ireland's Gaelic Athletic Association
Sports Illustrated Stanley Kay 17 Lúnasa 2017
The ongoing controversy over Confederate emblems in wake of a deadly white nationalist rally in Virginia isn't confined to the United States. In [Occupied] Ireland, the Cork County Board has called for supporters of the local Gaelic Athletic Association teams to stop flying the Confederate flag at games, according to the Irish Examiner...
5 https://www.si.com/more-sports/2017/08/17/confederate-flag-controversy-ireland-gaa-cork-supporters

No, You Need a History Lesson: The Confederate Flag Is a Symbol of Hate
[Orange Field, Scots Saltire, plantation stars]
Benjamin O'Keefe
22 Meitheamh 2016 Huffington Post

I was a very poor 16-year-old so, as you can imagine, having a car was out of the question. Wherever I needed to go, I walked — which was not always pleasant on a Florida summer day. It was on one of those hot days, while walking to the corner store, that a red truck slowed beside me and a white man stuck his head out of the window to scream,
"Go back to Africa, mixed-breed N——-!"

After a moment of shock, I told him where HE should go (to a place hotter than Florida!). As he drove away, I saw something prominently displayed in his back window: a Confederate flag. Growing up in the South, I had seen that flag before and I knew what it stood for. The Confederate flag is a symbol of hatred — hatred for Black Americans. Countless times, I have been told, “If this flag offends you, you need a history lesson.” Let me be clear: This flag offends me, but it is YOU who needs the history lesson. …

...Ta-Nehesi Coates unearthed a quote in his impassioned piece in The Atlantic from the Confederates themselves proving this notion true: “Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, I
s the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth...” …
...In that time — and to this day — there was a group of people who believed what Confederates described as “the great truth” that “the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and normal condition.” In 1860, it was displayed through white’s ownership of Blacks and through Blacks’ complete lack of human rights. From 1890 to 1965, Jim Crow Laws made Blacks “separate but equal” in the eyes of the law. Today, it is various forms of continued systemic oppression — especially our system of mass incarceration and criminalization, which author Michelle Alexander persuasively argues is essentially a “New Jim Crow“ regime …

In Norse mythology, the einherjar (singular einheri; literally "army of one", "those who fight alone")] are those who have died in battle and are brought to Valhalla by valkyries. In Valhalla, the einherjar eat their fill of the nightly resurrecting beast Sæhrímnir, and valkyries bring them mead from the udder of the goat Heiðrún. The einherjar prepare daily for the events of Ragnarök, when they will advance for an immense battle at the field of Vígríðr. [wikipedia]

Examples of shield-maidens mentioned by name in the Norse sagas include Brynhildr in the Vǫlsunga saga, Hervor in Hervarar saga ok Heiðreks, the Brynhildr of the Bósa saga ok Herrauðs, and the Swedish princess Thornbjǫrg in Hrólfs saga Gautrekssonar. Princess Hed, Visna, Lagertha and Veborg are female warriors named in Gesta Danorum.
Two shield-maidens appear in Hervarar saga.

Neighbors of Trump golf course in Scotland decry a bully trying to expand
KIM HJELMGAARD | USA TODAY

Long before the world received an inkling of what type of president that a billionaire New York real-estate mogul would make, Milne and other residents of this small coastal community on a wild stretch of northeastern Scotland bore witness to a Donald Trump who, they said, makes grandiose claims and resorts to bullying and other unsavory tactics to get his way. ...

"He assumes he can do whatever he likes and people will just do as they are told," said Milne, whose house looks over the dunes and to the North Sea beyond. Trump partially blocked that view with a row of trees and sent Milne a $3,500 bill for a fence his company built around Milne's garden.
Just as Mexico said it won't pay for a border wall that Trump wants. Milne said he won't pay, either. He tore up the bill. Hence, the Mexican flag....

"He says he will give you the earth and gives you a handful of dirt," said Milne, 53, a health-and-

safety consultant for the oil and gas industry.
Milne and his wife are among the property owners who are entangled in a decade-long David vs. Goliath battle with Trump...Opponents say the course and its amenities are nothing like what was promised ..."The government's advocacy for this project was based on the idea of a trickle-down benefit of being associated with a world-class celebrity. That has now been completely inverted because Trump is a complete embarrassment," said Martin Ford...
...Trump has had an unquestionable impact on some of his Aberdeen area neighbors.
After John and Susan Munro refused to sell their home to Trump, he built a 15-foot-high bank of earth on two sides of their house on a half-acre plot that obliterated their sweeping views across open land to a lighthouse in the distance.
And for the Forbes family, his presence here has been nothing short of a nightmare.
"We've had a taste of Trump for 11 years. I wouldn't trust him with anything," said Sheila Forbes, 70. She has lived on land that borders Trump's with her husband, Michael, a farmer and fisherman, for more than 40 years. The Forbeses claim that Trump's workers have harassed them since they refused to sell their property and its 24 acres for what they, too, said was an offer at half the market value.
In one especially troubling allegation, the couple said Trump's workers sabotaged a water pipe that left them and Michael Forbes' 92-year-old mother, who lives in her own nearby house, without clean drinking water for five years.
"We're going to fight him to the very end," Sheila Forbes said, adding that Trump was "nae mair Scottish than a flea in the air."
Trump has publicly called Michael Forbes a "disgrace" who "lives like a pig."...
Milne, who has a new Mexican flag on order after the last one ripped, said, "When someone comes and along and tries to kick you out, I’m afraid the heels dig in."
Fructu, non foliis, arborem aestima.

https://eu.usatoday.com/story/news/world/2017/08/02/trumps-scotland-golf-course-neighbors-decry-bully-trying-expand/487073001/

JUNTZU Born in Belfast
I've got a big king belly where my cock crows
Even when I was just a wee kid with a snot nose
Totally pubeless
I felt like I had something to prove cause no one knew us
I'm ready for my conquest
I've got a bomb in my tunic
nobody move or everybody's getting blown to fuck
Cause you known for snitching like bitches are known to suck
I'm a problem you're never going to solve
I'm deadly cold like tags on toes in the morgue
I live beyond my means because I'm worth more than I can afford

Jun Tzu - Wee Johnny [like Wee Johnny Adair? UVF terrorist?]
it doesn't *sound like* youre saying for God and ulster
[are you perhaps Appropriating the Gaelic story and you're the 'Irish' now?]
I speak *like* a Christian, about the systematic system
So put a fully automatic in my hand and watch me blitz em[shown in The Solution]
None of the bullets will miss em, every single one will hit him
Cause i'm not playing when i'm spittin
But i'm not British I don't come from Britain I was just born on the British side of the divison in this Irish prison

[Her Majesty's] Long Kesh was run as a training school for Terrorists! On parade we even wore our uniforms! Each morning we all gathered in the exercise yard, and we had to do parade drill.

After breakfast we would have weapon training classes! Sounds incredible but it's the truth; we even had bomb making lessons!

All our teachers were experienced in these matters. I learned more from them inside about terrorism than I did outside.

A cause worth living for : the journey of David "Packie" Hamilton from terrorist to evangelist by UVF evangelist Hamilton, David, 1956-

“I may be wrong but I think nothing needs so much effort as prayer to God. If anyone wants to pray, the demons try to interrupt the prayer, for they know that prayer is the only thing that hinders them. All the other efforts in a religious life, whether they are made vehemently or gently, have room for a measure of rest. But we need to pray till our dying breath. That is the great struggle.”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Called 'IRISH DRILL' one of many among other DRILL rap(e) music. Derives from trap music meaning they keep women and children trapped?

You know some of the best friends of England have tried to find a solution to bring the North and the South together, but we can stand here today and say we know a solution that works. David "Packie" Hamilton, The Solution, INK X Juntzu [David's son Johnny] also featuring machine guns, barbie dolls, and the phrases:
]JUNTZU]'Cooked like a sunday dinner....You're not ready for the Pillage...burn your guinness, burn your bridges, and I'll burn your village, just bring up the [?] and I'll kill them, this is real … you're all weirdos … just give the the gat...I'll empty the building walk through like a hitman sent in to kill them..I'll end every man in sight..

[INK]Whipping out murder.. Ripping them burners...All ya gang there ...Mercedes Benzes, BMWs, 86 Gang, Keys and coke, dump him in the ocean, my gang there get the show in motion

then it repeats..[David Hamilton] You know some of the best friends of England have tried to find a solution to bring the North and the South together, but we can stand here today and say we know a solution that works.

“The hermit said, ‘This is the way to be strong: when temptations start to speak in your mind do not answer them but get up, pray, do penance, and say “Son of God, have mercy upon me.” ”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Drill down: Drill music, social media and serious youth violence
Insights Perspective
Joe Caluori
Director of Crime, Justice and Equalities , NatCen
London, UK
https://www.crestadvisory.com/post/drill-down-drill-music-social-media-and-serious-youth-violence

Head of Research and Policy Joe Caluori, and Analyst Patrick Olajide look at the controversies surrounding ‘drill’ music. ...

A view has taken hold in parts of the criminal justice system - the Metropolitan Police, the Crown Prosecution Service and among some magistrates and judges - that ‘drill’ music videos posted on social media channels can cause serious violence between young people. The challenges of responding to this perceived risk highlights a wider problem facing police forces and children's services, as threats of violence migrate into a virtual world unfamiliar to adults...
...UK drill music initially gained prominence in Lambeth, a borough in south London [3], specifically Brixton, via independent YouTube uploads from rappers and artists belonging to (or claiming to belong to) gangs, such as 150, Uptop, and 67....
...Serious concerns have been raised that drill music causes violence through the use of lyrics and imagery which glorify gang crime and violence. It is commonly asserted that drill content often contains specific references to individuals and groups in a way that causes violent acts....
...Violent genres of media often suffer from an ‘adverse selection bias’, whereby individuals looking for violence or considering carrying out acts of violence seek the vicarious consumption of violence - for example through music. However, that does not reflect the behaviour of the wider audience. The Safer Lives Survey, by the Youth Violence Commission (2020), found that 47 per cent of young people aged between 8 and 27 listened to music with violent lyrics at least once a day....
...rwin-Rogers et al [8] argued that although many tracks simply reflect the general violence of gang life, others can feature specific threats to harm or kill members of rival gangs. Ciaran Thapar, a youth worker and author, is cited in the Youth Violence Commission as noting that ‘in specific circumstances [drill music] fuels gang rivalries and a propensity for youth violence’.

It is also said that postcode rivalries and gang feuds have been made public and heightened by the circulation of ‘diss tracks’ on YouTube and other platforms, in which groups can be heard taunting or mocking their rivals. [9]

One example concerns the killing of Sidique Kamara, who was stabbed to death in Camberwell, south London. Kamara was both a drill artist, who went by the alias Incognito, and a member of the Moscow 17 gang, which was engaged in a long-running ‘postcode war’ with rival gang Zone 2, based in Peckham, South London.

The killing was referred to by the rival group, Zone 2, in the drill song “No Censor”, where members listed the following deaths and violent attacks, as well as their alleged participation in the activities: [10]

Incog got put in a spliff (Bill it) –[A reference to the 2018 killing of Sidique Kamara]

GB got put in a spliff (Bill it) – [A reference to the 2018 shooting of rapper GB]

SA got put in a spliff (Bill it) –[References “Harlem Spartans” Rapper SA, (aka Latz/Splash Adictz /L1) killed 2018]

Lil CJ got put in a spliff –[References Clinton Evbota who was stabbed to death in October 2019]

(Genius 2019)

The song was later removed from YouTube along with a selection of 30 other drill music videos, following requests from the Metropolitan Police.

“So should the one inflamed with anger not pray at all? By no means! But instead of reaching for what is unattainable and even dangerous on account of his passionate condition, he should resort to those “short and intense” invocations of Christ, mentioned everywhere in the early monastic literature: those “short prayers” (as Augustine calls them), out of which the well-known “Jesus Prayer” developed.

If you want to put the enemy to flight, pray without ceasing.

These “concise,” “terse,” “repeated,” indeed “ceaseless” short prayers are the daily bread of whoever is tempted—even of him who is tempted directly by the demon of anger.”
― Gabriel Bunge, Dragon's Wine and Angel's Bread: The Teaching of Evagrius Ponticus on Anger and Meekness

[JUNTZU]Cold
Stop reading shit you read on your phones..
The Illuminati going on cold got the whole world on lock from the common cold
Don't care for the bullshit laws you're making..
round here...snitches don't get stiches they get left in six foot ditches...
You don't know what I do...I don't like to rap about shit that I don't do
The Punisher, Attila the Hun

“Arsenius always used to say this, ‘Why, words, did I let you get out? I have often been sorry that I have spoken, never that I have been silent.”
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

[JUNTZU]From The Cali Cave:
We come from the slums, Belfast, Dublin, Manny [Manchester?]
I'm a soldier..LA Kush...horse broke free from the [f-n] stable...

Directory of Scots Banished to the American Plantations, 1650-1775 by David Dobson via scottishprisonersofwar.com

David Hamilton [#61] – “Royalist soldier captured at Worcester. Transported on the John and Sarah, master John Greene, from Gravesend to Boston 13 May 1652.”

James Hamilton [#62] – “Royalist soldier captured at Worcester. Transported on the John and Sarah, master John Greene, from Gravesend to Boston 13 May 1652.”

Rory Hamilton [#63] – “Royalist soldier captured at Worcester. Transported on the John and Sarah, master John Greene, from Gravesend to Boston 13 May 1652.”

NEW Timeline of Scottish Prisoners of War from the Battle of Dunbar to Charlestown, MA Posted on October 24, 2014 by Teresa (Hamilton/Pepper) Rust scottishprisonersofwar.com The following is from Social and Economic Networks in Early Massachusetts: Atlantic Connections by Marsha L. Hamilton. Found at books.google.com:

“After the Battle of Dunbar, Cromwell and the Council of State had to decide how to dispose of the prisoners at Newcastle. Captured soldiers traditionally would be ransomed or exchanged, but military leaders feared that healthy men would return to the Scottish army and fight again. The English also did not want to deport Scots to Europe or [Occupied] Ireland, for fear that they would join the armies of the Commonwealth's enemies.

The Council finally decided to send most prisoners to English colonies in the Americas – in particular, Barbados, Virginia, and Massachusetts. In early November 1650, the Council ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig, the governor at Newcastle, to deliver 150 prisoners from Dunbar to the agents of John Becx[sp] and Joshua Foote, two of the principal investors in the Company of Undertakers, bound for the Saugus ironworks in Massachusetts Bay. These men sailed to London, where they boarded the Unity under master Augustine Walker of Charlestown.

The ship departed from Gravesend on 11 November 1650.

I believe in the cause, and i believe that we'll [whose justice, which rationality, UVF?]
prevail, believe me
Here Lies a Soldier
Jun Tzu
on The Troubles

"To cry out that the emperor had no clothes on was at least
to pick on one [person] only to the amusement of everyone else;
to declare that almost everyone is dressed in rags is much less likely to be popular."
Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue

Reddit, r/Glasgow, six months ago
What's the deal with the orange walk?
TwoTrainss
Basically the deal is, they all grab their whistles & their finest shiniest shoes, and march through the streets either to annoy catholics, or to sincerely celebrate a historical battle from 300 years ago. [referring to the events pertaining to the Broken Treaty of Limerick, Orange King Billy wins for England-Netherlands, the slave empire. Protestants stomped and genocided the Irish Catholics again.] Jun-Tzu doesn't seem to be on KNEECAPS side, in other words. Though his Cali Cave business contacts probably underestimate what he represents globally.

Many a good argument is ruined by some fool who knows what [they are] talking about.
Marshall McLuhan

https://www.medicalnewstoday.com/articles/gaslighting#how-it-works
Gaslighting is a method of gaining control over someone else. It works by breaking down a person's trust in themselves while increasing how much they trust or depend on the abusive person.
According to the National Domestic Violence Hotline, gaslighting can happen in a variety of ways. Some examples include:

- **Countering:** This is when someone questions a person's memory. They may say things such as, "Are you sure about that? You have a bad memory," or "I think you are forgetting what really happened."[Neg-ing in MRA speak.]
- **Withholding:** This involves someone pretending they do not understand the conversation or refusing to listen to make a person doubt themselves. For example, they might say, "Now you are just confusing me," or "I do not know what you are talking about." [Distant in old lady language.]
- **Trivializing:** This occurs when a person belittles or disregards how someone else feels. They may accuse them of being "too sensitive" or overreacting in response to valid and reasonable concerns. [Mansplaining in feminist thought.]
- **Denial:** Denial involves a person refusing to take responsibility for their actions. They may

do this by pretending to forget what happened, saying they did not do it, or blaming their behavior on someone else.[Denial in Aalanon robust sense.]

- **Diverting:** With this technique, a person changes the focus of a discussion by questioning the other person's credibility. For example, they might say, "That is just nonsense you read on the internet. It is not real."[A distraction in military terms. 'War between the sexes' Campbell, NASA.]
- **Stereotyping:** A 2019 article suggests that a person may intentionally use negative stereotypes about someone's gender, race, ethnicity, sexuality, nationality, or age to gaslight them. For example, they may say that no one will believe a woman if she reports abuse. [Isms and schisms in Berhane Selassie's prophetic words, Oversimplifying, compartmentalizing to the smart lasses, the subject of most of Critical Race Theory, so far...]

Where there is ruin, there is hope for a treasure.
Rumi

PM Tony Abbott calls OL Bill Shorten the "Irish political philosopher"...always the low road.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6vWSTvkbjh8

Tom McCarthy in New York
The Guardian
Wed 29 Apr 2015

Tony Abbott's Indigenous 'lifestyle choices' remark smacks of racism, says UN rapporteur

UN special rapporteur on indigenous rights criticises the PM's comments and says Australia has 'regressed' in its treatment of Indigenous communities

The UN's special rapporteur on the rights of indigenous people said Australia had "regressed" in its treatment of Indigenous communities and that a remark by the prime minister, Tony Abbott, about remote communities "smacks of racism".

Up to 150 remote Indigenous communities in Western Australia are threatened with closure after an announcement last November that federal funding for them would be allowed to lapse.

"What we can't do is endlessly subsidise lifestyle choices," Abbott said in March in support of the decision, "if those lifestyle choices are not conducive to the kind of full participation in Australian society that everyone should have."

Ní dhíolann dearmad fiacha.
Debts are not paid by forgetting them.

Helena Horton Environment reporter
The Guardian
Wed 8 Feb 2023

UK urged to sack Tony Abbott as trade adviser for joining climate sceptic group
This article is more than 10 months old
Critics say former Australian PM's membership of Global Warming Policy Foundation thinktank could affect trade deals

The UK government is being urged to sack one of its trade advisers after he joined a thinktank that has denied the scale of the climate crisis and campaigned against net zero.

Tony Abbott, a former Australian prime minister, announced this week that he had joined the Global Warming Policy Foundation (GWPF).

Abbott has been a member of the UK government's Board of Trade since 2020, advising on post-Brexit deals, with Australia now a key trading partner since the UK left the EU.

But sources at the Department for Business and Trade said Abbott would not be dismissed, despite an outcry from parliamentarians and climate campaigners.

The GWPF has produced reviews – at odds with mainstream science – that claim the climate emergency is not happening.'

In nature's economy the currency is not money, it is life.
Vandana Shiva

"It is dangerous for a man to try teaching before he is trained in the good life. A man whose house is about to fall down may invite travellers inside to refresh them, but instead they will be hurt in the collapse of the house. It is the same with teachers who have not carefully trained themselves in the good life; they destroy their hearers as well as themselves. Their mouth invites to salvation, their way of life leads to ruin."
― Benedicta Ward, The Desert Fathers: Sayings of the Early Christian Monks

Anyone with gumption and a sharp mind will take the measure of two things: what's said and what's done.
Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Marbh le tae agus marbh gan é.
Murdered with tea, murdered without it.

"If you are silent about your pain, they'll kill you and say you enjoyed it."
Zora Neale Hurston

A Cause Worth Living For
[David Hamilton's testimony via Johnny] 'before all the Troubles began'[795 AD?]Troublesome lads, Don't play with Catholics they're bad news [Full of UVF dogwhistles, adjusting the story, spin zone]

The Poetic Brehon Lawyers of Early Sixteenth-Century
Katherine Simms Trinity College Dublin

For the year 1529, the Annals of Loch Cé record the deaths of four Irish Brehons, or traditional lawyers. Thre of them are said to be learned in poetry as well. The longest entry concernas An Cosnamhach Mac Aodhagáin, or MacEgan, the most eminent man in the lands of the [Gaels] in Irish customary law [féineachas], and in poetry (filidhecht), with secular jurisprudence (breithemnus tuaithi)...

Clear and present danger? Why is Dublin burning? Far right? Connor McGregor best friends with Cripp Snoop? Child violations mandatory for Cripps organization and many others?Confirmed by Cripps themselves. Sir Stafford Cripps held his pipe just so? LA Kush? Cookies? The Magdalene Sisters 2002...BAFTA...like KNEECAPs new 'director'... Tá an baggies ar an talamh....What's the tie between Stafford and MKUltra, MK4? Supersoldiers? Canadian Partition? 1812 wasn't Jackson a Loyalist from Ulster? Timeline of famines in India. Universal Music, Allied-Universal Security, LA, Amsterdam, NBC Universal just had that one grab them by the ___ video?

Eve of Destruction, Artist: Barry McGuire
The Eastern world, it is explodin'
Violence flarin', bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill but not for votin'
You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'?
And even the Jordan river has bodies floatin'
But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
How you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
Don't you understand what I'm trying to say
Can't you feel the fears I'm feeling today?
If the button is pushed, there's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around you boy, it's bound to scare you, boy
And you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
How you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
Yeah, my blood's so mad, feels like coagulatin'
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation
Handful of senators don't pass legislation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'
And you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
How you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
And think of all the hate there is in Red China
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama
Ah, you may leave here for four days in space
But when you return, it's the same old place
The poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next door neighbor but don't forget to say grace
And you tell me
Over and over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction
No no, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction
Source: Musixmatch
Songwriters: Philippe Sarde / Jacqueline Taieb
Eve Of Destruction lyrics © Universal Music Corp

Man caught with UVF-linked £60k block of cocaine 'had no other option', court hears

Alan Erwin
Belfast Telegraph Fri 10 Nov 2023 at 17:20

-

A man discovered with a block of cocaine worth up to £60,000 allegedly linked to the East Belfast UVF claimed he was threatened into making the collection, a court heard today.

Troy Deadman told police he had no other option and feared for his life if he provided any further information.
https://www.belfasttelegraph.co.uk/news/courts/man-caught-with-uvf-linked-60k-block-of-cocaine-had-no-other-option-court-hears/a1044224085.html

Her Majesty's Prison Maze
HM Prison Maze (previously Long Kesh Detention Centre, and known colloquially as The Maze or H-Blocks) was a prison in Northern [Occupied] Ireland that was used to house paramilitary prisoners during the Troubles from August 1971 to September 2000...

H-Block Song
Francie Brolly

I am a proud young Irishman
From Ulster's hills my life began
A happy boy through green fields ran
And I kept God's and man's laws
But when my age was barely ten
My country's wrongs were told again
By tens of thousands marching men
And my heart stared to their cause.
(chorus)
So I'll wear no convict's uniform
Nor meekly serve my time
That Britain might brand Ireland's fight
800 Years of crime

I learned of centuries of strife
Of cruel laws injustice rife
And I saw now in my own young life
The fruits of foreign sway
Protesters threatened, tortured, maimed
Divisions nurtured passions flamed
Outrage prevoked rights cause defamed
This is the conqueror's ways

Descendant's of proud Connaught clan
Concannon served cruel Britain's plan
Man's inhumanity to man
Had spawned a trusty slave
No strangers are these bolts and locks
No new design these dark H-Blocks
Cruel Cromwell lives while Mason stalks
The bully taunts the brave
chorus

Does Britain need one thousand years
Of protest, riots, death and tears
Or will this last decade of fears
Of eighty decades spell
An end to Ireland's agony
New hope for human dignity
And will the last obscenity
Be this grim H-Block cell

David Hamilton, UVF
I was one of the first members of a Tartan gang that was formed in the early 1970s as Protestants armed themselves as vigilantes protecting their own areas.... Street fighting broke out almost every night. Every neighbourhood had its own gang until many of the gangs in Rathcoole combined into a single large gang of around two hundred approximately.

We became known as the notorious Rathcoole KAI. Tragically, the letters K-A-I stood for 'Kill All Irishmen.' We even formed a flute-band and began to march on the twelfth of July parade. We were Ulstermen and proud to be British...

[out of order, not contiguous]]We began to terrorise Catholics in the area where we lived, at first we only smashed windows in their houses. Later, we made petrol bombs and set the Catholic school on fire; many homes of Catholics were also attacked in this way. Back then [?] I thought this was the right thing to do, it would make our area much safer, if it was all Protestant...

...In fact, all the guys in jail like the Bible; if you run out of cigarette papers it's the next best thing - you just rip a page out of it! I guess I'd smoked Matthew, Mark, Luke and John over the years!

A cause worth living for : the journey of David "Packie" Hamilton
from terrorist to evangelist[?] by Hamilton, David, 1956-UVF

An té nach mbeireann ar an ngnó beireann an gnó air. Whomever does not get a grip on the deal, the deal gets a grip on them.

From a certain Press Release from Lagan Quarries, now owned by Breedon:

Within the Quarry confines

there is a legendary rock known as Carrig–Cleena [Carraig Chlíodhna]. In Irish mythology, Clíodhna is a [Chief] of the Banshees of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Cleena. of Carrigcleena is the potent banshee that rules as queen over the sidheog (fairy women of the hills) of South Munster, or Desmond. She is the principal goddess of Ireland. Join our mailing list...

Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide
in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588
(Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868)

“Throughout the papers of Carew there are to be found
repeated... enactments for obliterating from the face of [Occupied] Ireland all traces, accidental or otherwise, of [Gaelic] characteristics.

The land was in all respects

to be remodelled, volens nolens [willing or unwilling],
upon an English platform, so far at least as it was possible...
... [forced] to assume the dress, manners, deportment, religion, and policy of its superior [Illegal Usurper of Sovereignty]...

...Its Deputy [Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland, still existent] was to be the alter idem [second self] of English royalty; its council board the counterpart in its constitution and its authority of the council board in England [Irish County councils]...
.
...Its chiefs, some of whom were scarcely superior in civilization to their followers, were to abandon their wild and intemperate habits, and wilder lives among wild dependants...

Cliodhna foretold, that
because of the way she was treated by mortals,
a great wave sent by her, would one day engulf all of Munster.
An Bean Sí [A chaomha Éireann.] Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Banhees] of South Munster
According to Bard Mythologies

Bíonn ciúin ciontach. Quiet are guilty.

Bíonn an fhírinne searbh. Truth is often bitter.

Bíonn gach tosú lag. Every beginning is weak.

“Trauma is not what happens to us,
but what we hold inside in the absence of an empathetic witness.”
— Dr. Peter Levine

“The above explains why thoughts of acedia [despondency] can appear in apparently such contradictory ways: in the lukewarm, as sluggishness, indifference, and even depression, and in the conscientious and eager, as unrestrained activism and ascetical maximalism. If this vice is not healed by steadfast endurance and a life of discipline, combined with “tears before God” and constant short prayers, it leads to a complete standstill of the spiritual life and sometimes even suicide.

Yet he who bravely and steadfastly passes the trials of this “noonday demon,” who “encompasses the entire soul and [threatens] to oppress the spirit,” emerges from these tests inwardly strengthened. Unexpectedly, those spiritual experiences from which he thought himself forever to be excluded are now revealed to him.”
― Gabriel Bunge, Dragon's Wine and Angel's Bread: The Teaching of Evagrius Ponticus on Anger and Meekness

English Philosopher and Economist John Stuart Mill on “Liberty” in 1859
Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians,
provided the end be their improvement,
and the means justified by actually effecting that end.

Elie Wiesel, Night (The Night Trilogy, #1)

For the survivor who chooses to testify, it is clear: his duty is to bear witness for the dead and for the living. He has no right to deprive future generations of a past that belongs to our collective memory. To forget would be not only dangerous but offensive; to forget the dead would be akin to killing them a second time.

Michael D. Higgins, president of '[Occupied] Ireland' Potato Republic

This journey of ethical remembering [allows] us to examine the nature of commemoration itself and how it might unburden us of history's capacity to create obstacles to a better, shared future. It has entailed uncomfortable interrogations of the events and forces that shaped the [Occupied] Ireland of a century ago and the country we know today.

Class, gender, religion, democracy, language, culture and violence all played important roles, and all were intertwined with British imperialist rule in [Occupied] Ireland.

https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-present-britain-history

We must cherish our inheritance. We must preserve our nationality for the youth of our future. The story should be written down to pass on. — Louis Riel

The role of narrative imagination—or the "social imaginary" as Taylor and Ricoeur refer to it—cannot be underestimated in the construction and administration of power politics. But the battle here is not just between narratives and facts, but between unjust narratives and just ones...
Richard Kearney

Katherena Vermette CBC 15 Márta 2017 "When I think of what's important to my identity, I think of these people who came before me," says Katherena Vermette, author of The Break. "[People] who literally fought and died for me and my family to have a home and to have a presence."

Katherena Vermette's ancestor Joseph Vermette died at the Battle of Fish Creek, which was fought April 24, 1885, between the Métis and the Canadian forces that were fighting Louis Riel's North-West Rebellion. Vermette's fathers and uncles have been collecting the history of Métis people for a number of years — a history that her family is deeply rooted in.
www.cbc.ca/2017/whatsyourstory/katherena-vermette-whats-your-story-1.4023938 IRISH

SYMPATHY FOR RIEL IN NEW YORK. Resolutions were adopted at the regular meeting of the Irish-American Union held last evening, in which the execution of Louis Riel was condemned as a "judicial murder." The resolution referred to the Canadian Government as a " subservient tool of the bigoted Orange faction," ...—New York World. — The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet efore Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York

My mother once said that this country felt like a home away from home for the Queen of Canada. Ladies and gentlemen, six decades later it still does[…] and it is good to be back.
Queen Elizabeth II, Regina, at the Saskatchewan Legislative Assembly, 18th May 2005, via The Monarchist League of Canada

132 years after his execution, many Métis reject exonerating Louis Riel 'We would never allow it,' says Manitoba Métis Federation president David Chartrand 16 Samhain 2017 Brad Bellegarde, Lenard Monkman, CBC News

As Canada marks the 132nd anniversary of the execution of Louis Riel, the question of whether he should be exonerated remains a divisive one.

The Métis leader was hanged on Nov. 16, 1885, for his role in the Northwest Rebellion. And while there have been calls to pardon Riel, some Métis feel that's not the best way to honour their leader — including Riel's great-grandniece. Jean Teillet said exonerating Riel would be equivalent to the government exonerating itself in his death.

"They're the ones who hanged him," she said.

"You can't give him back his life ... You cannot fix something after you've exacted the worst punishment that we could grant." Teillet, who is a lawyer at Pape Salter Teillet, where she specializes in Indigenous rights law, says there is "no point." "It will achieve nothing. I prefer to leave history the way that it is," she said.

"And I agree with [Métis lawyer and educator] Paul Chartrand, who says, 'The hanging of Louis Riel is a stain on the honour of Canada, and I say let the stain remain.'"...

Jacques Ellul 1912-1994, Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes
“To the extent that propaganda is based on current news, it cannot permit time for thought or reflection. A man caught up in the news must remain on the surface of the event; be is carried along in the current, and can at no time take a respite to judge and appreciate; he can never stop to reflect. There is never any awareness -- of himself, of his condition, of his society -- for the man who lives by current events. Such a man never stops to investigate any one point, any more than he will tie together a series of news events. We already have mentioned man's inability to consider several facts or events simultaneously and to make a synthesis of them in order to face or to oppose them. …

...Because he is immersed in current affairs, this man has a psychological weakness that puts him at the mercy of the propagandist. No confrontation ever occurs between the event and the truth; no relationship ever exists between the event and the person. Real information never concerns such a person....

...kept in the background, behind the fleeting and spectacular result of some catastrophe or sports event because that is the superficial news the average man wants. Propaganda addresses itself to that man; like him, it can relate only to the most superficial aspect of a spectacular event, which alone can interest man and lead him to make a certain decision or adopt a certain attitude... '

Mary Williams gave birth to Bridget in Massachusetts, shortly after landing in New York in 1855. Becoming destitute, the mother and the daughter entered a public almshouse in Massachusetts. In May of the year, discovering Mary’s Irish-born status, Massachusetts officials forcibly sent her to Liverpool with Bridget, who was a native-born US citizen. This deportation was doubly illegal. While Massachusetts law limited overseas banishment to noncitizens, it required the officials to obtain a court warrant for removal. Massachusetts officials almost kidnapped Mary and Bridget Williams from the almshouse without such warrant and shipped them away. — Hidetaka Hirota, The stories of Irish deportees from the US in 1800s, The Irish Times 24 Aibreán 2017

The Lowell mills opened in 1814. The Lowell experiment worked well at first. By the early 1830s, young unmarried women from rural New England comprised the majority of workers in Massachusetts textile mills. However, the factory owners soon became more interested in profit than in the welfare of their employees. In 1834 and 1836, they cut wages without reducing working hours. The women responded by going out on strike and petitioning the Massachusetts state legislature to pass a law limiting the workday to 10 hours. Although this measure failed to pass, it convinced the owners that the [white American] female workers were too troublesome for their liking. Factory owners then turned to the impoverished and compliant Irish immigrants who were then pouring into Massachusetts. 4https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lowell_Mills

great panic of 1837...

Mill Conditions taken from “The Case of the Cabot Mill” By David Vermette from primary source: Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, July 30, 1886

The houses are built in close contact; there are no yards; the sheds and privies are near by; the drainage – the sink spouts are running only a few feet or so outside of the houses where all dirty water is poured out – falling on the surface of the ground, some of which drains into the cellar and leaves one of the most prolific sources of disease.

The houses have from two to three stories, some of which are divided into eight tenements; the average number of people is about twelve in each tenement (96 to a house); the number of rooms in each is from five to seven; bedrooms are small, many of which have only one window where there are two beds. This will give you an idea of the amount of dirty water and slops that are poured out on the surface, close by the block – leaving the most offensive odor that can exist.

These large blocks are accommodated with only four privies – giving about twenty five people for each privy – and those privies are cleaned only once a year, and this is done during this present hot weather of July. These places have overflowed since the month of May. … [query? cholera epidemics in history?]

Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, August 13, 1886
We only wish that the Boston Cabot gentlemen could listen to the biting denunciations of them as notorious (at least in the case under discussion) for their filthy greed, by gentlemen, we can tell them who, as manufacturers, are their equals in experience, perhaps in wealth, but infinitely their superiors in all that goes to make up the true man, regardful of the lives and health of the men and women whom they employ.

Some of these manufacturers…are downright wrathy over the reflection cast upon all other manufacturers by the abominable neglect of Cabot company Directors, to remedy a state of things which no man here dares to deny exists.

http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com/2012/08/the-case-of-cabot-mill-part-1.html

-

“The reason Éire ceased to be a Gaelic Tribal Commonwealth, is that it had strategic importance for a more powerful nation and resources coveted by associated commercial interests and their mercantile mercenaries. Illegal usurpation of sovereignty against the Geneva Conventions, imbalanced implementation of peace treaty terms by all sides but the Gaelic People, so says the rightful Ancestral Chief of Munster, myself. Amen.

That conglomerate combining both industrialist wealth and political power, what was called the Blue Water initiative by the British way back and it evolved into The Common Market, used our islands as a testing ground for their filth and death.

The industrial revolution was just a pyramid scheme that nobody noticed until it was far too late."

Ó Caoimh felt he was speaking for the dead now, and for death herself, for all that is and was and should have been.

Nature, 'We had a good thing, Mother Earth'!

“The rulers of another sovereign nation—merely to further its own interests — effectively wrote the people they conquered out of the story.. They had a special formula for assimilating everybody into a system of belief that predicated one's rightness upon one's adherence to the belief system.

So the premises and the things people said and meant could change socially, but they'd still always be right because they were right by definition, i.e., adherence to the ideological framework in Zizec's reckoning.

They called it being a Company Man who owed his 'soul to the Company Store."

Colonizers don’t change, they just try to make you think they are working on changing. It’s subtle if you don’t know what to look for.

They stole the land from people who defined their basic identity by their relationship to the land; stole it by force and sowed seeds of dissension as they slaughtered any who got in their way.”

"And, as time went on, The Common Market [selling commoners instead of slaves?] grew in power, as they toppled nation after nation spreading chaos and consolidating the scope of their control over the resources of the planet.

After chaos, then, they would swoop in to take control of food, energy, water, housing, finances. Everything for sale. Nothing sacred. No family sense.

Control, though, is an illusion. Always has been, always will be. An illusion those Great people had in their family lives too.

We are limited biological creatures in a bizarre, gigantic, changing, sacred universe.
Control is a lie we tell ourselves to cover our insecurities and our hurts.

You can't build a system on lies and expect it to do anything but eventually crumble.

The Colonizers didn't just spread lies, they took away most people's capacities for discerning the truth. They deny humanity and equal participation in a shared, common existence, the Private Interests [privated the commonwealth].

They made up this idea of infinite 'progress' and always figured out how to divide everything into monetizable 'units.' But the planet herself dealt in cycles and delicately responsive systems. They somehow believed they could create one single, simple, monocultured supply chain.

But the planet required localized biological adaptations to keep the systems intact. Trees are air and weather. Without natural, biological weather creators and stabilizers, other systems break down too. What will bethe tippingpoint? Did we pass it?

They kept rigging their system of government to give more power to themselves at the expense of the public good. They thought they could just keep digging deeper for petroleum. They thought they could poison the aquifers, rivers, and oceans, nuclear oceans. Oceans produce 70% of our oxygen.

They thought they could even mess with the earth's crust and kill the natural pollinators. They thought they could control all the capital. But as Vandana Shiva reminds us, 'Nature shrinks as capital [energon cubes, use and benefit, extractive industry and its offshoots], as capital grows, the growth of the market cannot solve the very problem it creates.' Capital growth is their ownly metric at that level, and it means no turning back, doesn't it?

They thought they could socialize all the loss, while privatizing all the gain. And they succeeded. They have everything now. They have control over what's left of 'everything.' Control.

We are all reaping what they sowed.

American PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Cromwell

There is a popular belief that under Cromwell all Irishmen were expelled from three-fourths of the island, and driven into Connaught, their places being taken by English and Scotch immigrants.

While exceedingly cruel, this would have been an understandable policy, and would have resulted in the substitution of one race and one creed for another race and another creed throughout the major part of the island.

What was actually done, however, combined cruelty with ultimate inefficiency ; it caused great immediate suffering, while perpetuating exactly the conditions against which it was supposed to provide.

The Catholic landholders were, speaking generally, driven into Connaught, and the priests expelled, while the people, laborers, spalpeens, and artisans were left as they were, but of course deprived of all the leadership which could give them a lift upward.

In Ulster there had been a considerable substitution of one race for the other, among the actual tillers and occupiers of the soil.

Under Cromwell, the change elsewhere consisted in the bringing in of alien landlords. In other words, to the already existing antagonism of race, creed, and speech, was added the antagonism of caste.

The property-holder, the landlord, the man of means, was an Englishman by race and speech, and a Protestant by faith ; while the mass of the laborers roundabout him were Catholic Celts who spoke [Gaelic]. Ultra admirers of Cromwell and the Puritans have actually spoken as if this plan, provided only that it had been allowed to work long enough, would have produced a Puritan Ireland.

...the native Irish themselves; but the great central fact remains that [Cromwell's] Irish policy was one of bitter oppression, and that the abhorrence with which the Irish, to this day, speak of "the curse o'Crummle," is historically justifiable

“Inspired by the news of the revolt in Scotland and the troubles in England, the Irish had risen against their hereditary oppressors. It was the revolt of a race which rose to avenge wrongs as bitter as ever one people inflicted upon another; and it was inevitable that it should be accompanied by appalling outrages in certain places.

It was on these outrages that the English fixed their eyes, naturally ignoring the generations of English evil-doing which had brought them about. A furious cry for revenge arose.

Every Puritan, from Oliver Cromwell down, regarded the massacres as a fresh proof that Roman Catholics ought to be treated, not as professors of another Christian creed, but as cruel public enemies...

from A Lost Tradition By John Montague

All around, shards of a lost tradition...
The whole landscape a manuscript
We had lost the skill to read,
A part of our past disinherited; But fumbled,
like a blind man,
Along the fingertips of instinct.

The last [Irish] speaker in the parish ...
Tá an Ghaedilg againn arís …

Tír Eoghain: Land of Owen...
The ghostly tread of O'Hagan's Barefoot gallowglasses
marching To merge forces in Dun Geanainn

Push southward to Kinsale!
Loudly the war-cry is swallowed I
n swirls of black rain and fog
As Ulster's pride, Elizabeth's foemen,
Founder in a Munster bog.

Remember Kinsale. Remember Skibbereen.

Budh Dearg solicited by the Irish plenipotentiary to assist the Fenians against the invasion by the King of the World under the allegation that the Fenians had rendered his people, the Túatha De-Dánans, much service …[source lost]

Roland Smith, speaking of Irish wisdom-texts generally, stated that "they would seem to represent the slow growth, anonymously, of popular proverbial literature, added to from generation to generation, and finally collected and classified by an industrious scribe": "Fithal and Flann Fina," Revue Celtique 47 (1930): 33.

But one thing is certain now ; knowledge was concealed from their prophets, on this occasion, and delusive omens were presented to their diviners ; and fortune had hardened their senses ; and pride deceived their understandings; and anger and inordinate ambition intoxicated their chiefs; and fury precipitated the [chiefs] upon this impetuous march. — Cath Mhuige Léana

Tréde faillsiges cach ndagfheras: dán, gaisced, crésine. Three things that show every brave man: competence, prowess, piety

We read in the old historical tale, Agallamh na Seanoiridhe (Dialogue of the Sages), which is now preparing for the Society, that Fionn mac Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, a Prophet—

we have a prophecy related to the Danish and English invaders of our island, attributed to him; if he had lived three hundred and ten years, as we are told he did, and had been engaged in a severe course of study all that time, he could not possibly have been learned in all the arts and sciences required to render him eminent in all those arduous professions, since we know that the span of a long life was found only too short for men who had made any one of those branches their study, to enable them to master the science to which they applied themselves.

Hence the name of Fionn, son of Cumhall, did not really rest on his individual merits as a man, but was built on other persons...who had been his predecessors.
[one of those 19th century Irish journals?]

Without hesitation I say that women like O'Keeffe are dangerous to this world of affairs, especially dangerous when they are artists...look sharp[!], you worlds who see in flag-waving an excuse for murder, and in power, your privilege to abuse. The O'Keeffes are coming!
Blanche Matthias, Chicago Evening Post, 1926,
via Georgia O'Keeffe A Life by Roxanna Robinson

Tabhraidh mo bhrat domh
Is me nighean an Deirg ghráin
Aithníonn ciaróg ciaróg eile.

"Solidarity, as a moral virtue and social attitude born of personal conversion, calls for commitment on the part of those responsible for education and formation."
Pope Francis

The Eucharist is the sacrament of unity and the moment of truth: here we see the world in Christ, as it really is, and not from our particular and therefore limited and partial points of view. Intercession begins here, in the glory of the messianic banquet, and this is the only true beginning of the Church's mission. It is when, 'having put aside all earthly care,' we seem to have left this world, that we, in fact, recover it in all its reality."
― Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy

Bríocht Baile Fharraige
Íascach muir,
mothach tír,
tomaidhm n-éisc,
íasc fo thoinn
i reathaibh eana
casar fionn
cétaibh íach
leathain míol,
portach lag
tomaidhm n-éisc,
íascach muir.

"It is indeed one of the grave errors of religious anti-secularism that it does not see that secularism is made up of verites chretiennes devenues folies, of Christian truths that "went mad," and that in simply rejecting secularism , it in fact rejects with it certain fundamentally Christian aspirations and hopes."
― Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy

"Dialogue...educates when the person relates with respect, esteem and sincere listening, and is expressed with authenticity without obscuring or softening one's own identity nourished by evangelical inspiration." Pope Francis

I would insist that in addition to the epistemological [what can be known, how can we know it] criteria for evaluating rival accounts of history -- accounts more approximate than exact -- it is

necessary to add ethical ones, that is, to serve justice as well as truth. We need to invoke as many solid criteria as possible--linguistic, scientific, and moral--if we are to be able to say that one historical account is more 'real' or 'true' or 'just' than another, that one particular revision of history is more legitimate than its contrary. And we should be able to say that.
Richard Kearney, On Stories

Whoever hammers a lump of iron, first decides what he is going to make of it, a scythe, a sword, or an axe. Even so we ought to make up our minds what kind of virtue we want to forge or we labor in vain.
Abba Antony of Egypt Saying 35 From Apophthegmata Patrum
as translated by Benedicta Ward, SLG (Cistercian Publications: 1975)

Nakia Zavalla, Cultural Director at Santa Ynez Band of Chumash First Nation
…"[W]hen the children don't know their culture, that's when they get lost. Even adults get lost and get involved with things that are destructive to themselves and their bodies or to other people…"

"Economic and political control can never be complete or effective without mental control."
Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Author, Decolonising the Mind

"Even in the developed world, the effects of unjust structures and actions are all too apparent. Our efforts must aim at restoring hope, righting wrongs, maintaining commitments, and thus promoting the well-being of individuals and of peoples." Pope Francis

An abuse of power
I was very fortunate to have met many good, spiritual people growing up in [Occupied] Ireland, given that many others met very bad spiritual people who beat the hell out of them.

I was particularly fortunate in terms of my Irish education in so far as I wasn't physically abused. Now, I don't wantto be down on the Christian Brothers, because some of them are great, but I saw a lot of beatings when I attended a Christian Brothers' school in Cork, before I went to Glenstal.

That's the sort of behaviour that puts people off religion, or off an ecclesiastical form of institutional religion, for life.

The child abuse scandal[s] also turned many away from religion. Power was at the core of that. The whole power thing was sick in [Occupied] Ireland, and the Church was sick because of the collusion with the State (and the Vatican...).'

I abhorred the appalling interference of Church power in Irish society and in Irish politics. The on going revelations of mistreatment of women and children are a case in point. But there are now signs that people have had enough.
The old system is beginning to collapse.
As Nietzsche said, ' When something is leaning, give it a push.'
Richard Ó Kearney, On Philosophy

"Our common home is being pillaged, laid waste and harmed with impunity. Cowardice in defending it is a grave sin." Pope Francis
https://www.xavier.edu/jesuitresource/online-resources/quote-archive1/pope-francis

Our survival in 'peril' unless we 'rapidly repair and restore Nature'
Saxe Usurper of Briton etc. 'King' Charlie Windsor.

“Dost thou renounce Satan, and all his Angels, and all his works, and all his services, and all his pride?" ...
The first act of the Christian life is a renunciation, a challenge. No one can be Christ's until he has, first, faced evil, and then become ready to fight it. How far is this spirit from the way in which we often proclaim, or to use a more modern term, "sell" Christianity today! ... How could we then speak of "fight" when the very set-up of our churches must, by definition, convey the idea of softness, comfort, peace? ... One does not see very well where and how "fight" would fit into the weekly bulletin of a suburban parish, among all kings of counseling sessions, bake sales, and "young adult" get-togethers. ...
"Dost thou unite thyself unto Christ?”
― Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World: Sacraments and Orthodoxy

'

Be totally honest—first of all, with yourself. The greatest sin is the lie, and the greatest lie is the lie about God, and the lie about me and God. Be totally honest.

Be faithful in little things. Jesus said it. “He who is faithful in little, inherits much and is put over much. And those that are not faithful in little, lose the little they have.” In St. Luke’s Gospel, the Lord even said: “lose the little, they think that they have.” Fidelity in small, ordinary things.

Do your work, and then forget it. Don’t carry it around with you. Be totally attentive to what you’re doing, but don’t carry it in your mind. Have your mind focused on what you’re doing at the present moment.
Do the most difficult and painful things first. We tend to do the easy things, the things we like, and put off the things we don’t. We should try to reverse that and do the most difficult and boring things first.

Face reality. Don’t live in fantasy. There’s a Russian saying:
“God is everywhere except in imagination and fantasy.”
Face the realities of your life.

When we fall, get up immediately and start over. As often as we fall, we stand up again. And we will fall.

It says in Scripture that the wise person, the wise man, falls seven times a day, that means a lot, but he gets up again. The fool does not get up again, and the fool doesn’t even know that he has fallen. The wise person knows when he falls, but he gets up again. In fact, the tradition says: “It belongs only to God, never to fall.”

It belongs to demons to fall and not get up again, but it belongs to human beings, certainly to Christians, to fall and to get up again, to fall and to get up again.

One Desert Father even described human life, according to Christian faith, in that way. When he was asked by a pagan, “What does it mean to be a Christian?” he said: “
A Christian is a person who falls down and gets up again, who falls down and gets up again, who falls down, is lifted up again by the grace of God to start over.”
And you can start over every moment anew.
Fr. Thomas Hopko, ;It's not light yet, but it's getting there.

Limerick, its history and antiquities by Maurice Ó Lenihan

...to the ceaseless persecutions which continued to rage after the success of King William, and the passionate vehemence of the dominant faction, which could only satiate its vengeance by depriving the Catholics of every shred of political power and social position, in violation of solemn treaties, and against the dictates of reason and of justice.

At length the Court of Rome judged it proper to confer the dignity of the see on Cornelius O'Keeffe, ...He had studied with distinction at Toulouse, where he became a doctor of divinity, and he enjoyed the rectorship of the parish of St. Chronicleu, in the diocese of Nantz, when the Holy See selected him to supply the position which had been occupied by a long line of illustrious men who preserved the faith in the midst of every danger.

Denis O'Keeffe, the father of the bishop, was expelled from his old family estate of " Dun", on the river Bride, by the ruthless Cromwell".- After many hardships he settled at Drumkeene, in the county of Limerick, where he left six sons, viz., Daniel, Dermott, Philip, Donatus, Luke, and Cornelius, the bishop. In the year above mentioned, Cornelius O'KeefFe took possession of his see of Limerick, which he carefully governed for the space of seventeen years, his death having taken place in 1737.

The literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud—for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks.
― Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

Is the Royal Family's Nazi Salute Really a Surprise?: The Pre-War British Aristocracy's Love Affair with Fascism
British aristos admired Hitler, and he admired their empire.
Sam Kriss
jul 24 2015, Vice
[note this fella uses the term 'the white race' in an alarming way later in the piece, but the information here seems important...]

...The Allied victory in the Second World War has, somewhere in the political imaginary, been turned into the victory of good honest Anglo-Saxons against all forms of global evil. In the prevailing narrative, the British response to fascism was marked first by appeasement, a policy simultaneously born from fear and the naïve belief that there could be a worthwhile peace, and then by a stern-faced determination to sort out this Hitler nonsense for good. The truth is a little less clear-cut: the average Tommy on the front lines risked life and limb to kill fascists, but for much of the 1930s, large portions of the British ruling clique were ardent supporters of the Nazi ideology.

There was of course Sir Oswald Mosely, leader of the British Union of Fascists, with his pathetic ranks of sad-clown Blackshirts. There was the Daily Mail and the Daily Mirror, which printed "Hurrah for Hitler"-style articles up until the outbreak of war in 1939.

There was also King Edward VIII, the uncle of the current monarch, who visited Germany in 1937, after his abdication, to hang out with Hitler in the Bavarian Alps. The meeting went well: even in 1970 he told a friend that "I never thought Hitler was such a bad chap."

There was Charles Vane-Tempest-Stewart, 7th Marquess of [Loundain Dhoire] and Secretary of State for Air, who was a frequent visitor to Nazi Germany, where he met with Hitler, Himmler, Göring, Hess, and other beswastika'd hosts.

There was the Right Club, a pro-Nazi group within the aristocracy and political class whose members (including MPs and the 5th Duke of Wellington) greeted each other with "Perish

Judah", cheerfully trilling their commitment to the extermination of European Jews.
And there were long and deep links between MI5 and the Gestapo...

St. Seraphim of Sarov [Chernobyl now...]
“True hope seeks the one [Chiefdom] of God and is sure that everything necessary for this mortal life will surely be given. The heart cannot have peace until it acquires this hope.

This hope pacifies it fully and brings joy to it. The most holy lips of the Saviour spoke about this very hope: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Mt. 11:28).”

“God is a fire that warms and kindles the heart and inward parts. Hence, if we feel in our hearts the cold which comes from the devil—for the devil is cold—let us call on the Lord. He will come to warm our hearts with perfect love, not only for Him but also for our neighbor, and the cold of him who hates the good will flee before the heat of His countenance.”

Sir Jimmy Savile: 'He was the tip of the iceberg’
[see all the pics with 'King' Charlie Saxe Windsor?] Mea mater, mea pater; lupus est filium tuum!
Eileen Fairweather 19 Oct 2012, The Telegraph ... The States of Jersey Police have confirmed that an Haut de la Garenne resident had alleged abuse by Savile in the mid-Seventies during the 2008 inquiry, but said there had been insufficient evidence

[Did I read JP Morgan's Staley said Epstein's friendship was 'Profound' at the time?]
'Pimpin' 'King level or higher' in gang language? Also called Thug Life innit? It's all in the game, the game never stops. Whose game? South Sea Bubble? King John?
Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
http://www.magdalenelaundrylimerick.com/about.html
Opening its doors in 1848 [Magdalenes in general started in 1760s, James Smith Boston College], The Good Shepherd Institution continued its operations in Clare Street until 1990. The complex consisted of a commercial laundry, an industrial school, a reformatory school for girls, an orphanage, convent and church. It is likely that 1000's of women and children passed through this building during this time.

Anacreontic Society started in London in the 1760s. USA National Anthem melody, To Anacreon In Heaven. [Anacreon::Páistí as Sappho::Female?] King Level or higher?

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890, p. 108
[Bloody] Balfour'S MAIDEN, subs. (Parliamentary).—
A nickname given to a kind of covered battering-ram used by the Royal Irish Constabulary in carrying out evictions in [Occupied] Ireland in the years 1888-9. On many estates the tenants made most desperate resistance to all attempts on the part of the landlords to recover possession, upon which the latter appealed for, and obtained the assistance of the authorities.

This but served to intensify the struggle, and the tenants, driven to extremities, in some cases resisted all endeavours, even to throwing boiling water over the soldiers and police employed against them. To protect the evictors, and also to render easier the demolition of the cabins of the wretched people, a kind of covered battering-ram was made, whereupon the Home Rule Party sarcastically gave it, amongst other nick-names, that of [Bloody] Balfour'S MAIDEN.

'We are told the ideal ollamh or master of the legal profession should be expert in every art,4 that is in all branches of vernacular Irish learning: customary law, bardic poetry, music, medicine, and traditional history (including genealogy)...

The [Gaels use] two words interchangeably for these arts or professions: dán which meant primarily a talent, a gift from God, and cerd which meant rather a craft, an acquired skill, used particularly of ornamental metal-workers, but also of poets …

We should ask ourselves then, why it [is] so important for Irish lawyers to be expert in every art, and especially in poetry?
— Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

James Joyce, Ulysses
[Ní Hansa]... Fenius Farsaigh, descendant of Noah...and ascendant of Heber and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their archeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious literatures comprising the works of rabbis and culdees...

wikipedia: The Culdees (Irish: Céilí Dé [partners of God?], lit. 'Spouses of God'; pronounced [ceːlʲiː dʲeː]) were members of ascetic [Native Irish Catholic, Scotii, Gaelic Orthodox] Christian monastic and eremitical communities of Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England in the Middle Ages. Appearing first in Ireland and then in Scotland, subsequently attached to cathedral or collegiate churches; they lived in monastic fashion though not taking monastic vows.

According to the Swiss theologian Philip Schaff, the term Culdee...first appeared in the 8th century. [Right at the time of Charlemagne talking trash about Thomas Ó Cahill and just before the disappearance of the Scots Gaelic Monasteries in Regensberg, Bobbio and other places in Europe. The victims of Gregory the Great's 'reforms'.] While "giving rise to much controversy and untenable theories",...The term was applied to anchorites, who, in entire seclusion from society, sought the perfection of sanctity...

1054 AD
The Great Schism Cuts Ireland off from Christian East

1063 AD
St. Ceallach Ua Caeimh,
(Gaelic Orthodox Catholic) wise man and anchorite, died.
Annals of the Four Masters

[archaeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious, vernacular Irish learning, customary law, bardic poetry, music, medicine, and traditional history] Atá cróga agus dílis.

Bishop John O'Brien’s 1726 Gravestone inscription for Fr. Eóghan Ó Caoimh
..a prudent, chaste, and amiable man was he ;
and a learned and truly skilful poet,
as well as an expert and cultured scholar,
in the original tongue of his country and of his ancestors...

There you have, O stone—my loss !— beneath your side, weak,
a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ;
a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ;
a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels.

Ní cleas é go ndéantar trí huaire é.
I
The reigning house is the family Uí Chaoimh,
Strong Dragons of many and great riches;
People of great judgement from the green plains of Lir,
The mighty defenders of Cashel.

II
A conquering party that committed no mean action,
Natives that were of late exiled;
By those oppressions that afflict the land of Breagh (Dublin area),
Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of their ancestors.

XXIII
If the children of Éibhear had not [suffered Unlawful Usurpation of]
The sovereignty of the famous Cashel,
The family Uí Chaoimh would not rest
Without claiming its undoubted right [Treaty land of Fermoy, at least?]. [From a genealogical poem by Dalcassian Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652) translated by Michael Longan with some minor changes]

...far more important than politics...[First President of [Occupied] Ireland Douglas] Hyde's only 'Irish Question' dealt with the language, not with the relationship between [Occupied] Ireland and the empire. A lucid contemporary account...by an English journalist[S. Brooks, The New Ireland, 1907]:

"[Douglas Hyde] has discovered and proclaimed a great truth -- the truth that [Occupied] Ireland is ceasing to be Irish. That is no paradox. The nineteenth century [and the 18th, 17th, 16th, 15th, 14th, 13th, 12th, 11th, 10th, 9th to be fair, those centuries] crushed out of the Irish people [left in Ireland after Genocide] nearly all the characteristics that made them a distinctive entity.

It found them Irish [Paddies, Gaelic, Bog Irish, Peasant Irish, Unsettled Irish, Naomh Mnáibh, Oidhreact(sp)], it left them Imitation English [Patsies, Tidy Town Irish, City Irish, Lace Curtain Irish, New Englanders, etc.].

It destroyed their language[s], their pasttimes, their music, their special social atmosphere. One by one the links that bound them to their past were snapped."'

Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008.

Unspeakable Things Unspoken:
The Afro-American Presence in American Literature TONI MORRISON
THE TANNER LECTURES ON HUMAN VALUES
Delivered at The University of Michigan
October 7, 1988
My purpose here is to observe the panoply of this most recent and most anxious series of questions concerning what should or does constitute a literary canon...

Canon building is empire building. Canon defense is national defense. Canon debate, whatever the terrain, nature, and range (of criticism, of history, of the history of knowledge, of the definition of language, the universality of aesthetic principles, the sociology of art, the humanistic imagination), is the clash of cultures.

And all of the interests are vested...

...Yet much of the research and analysis has rendered speakable what was formerly unspoken and has made humanistic studies, once again, the place where one has to go to find out what's going on. Cultures, whether silenced or monologistic, whether repressed or repressing, seek meaning in the language and images available to them.

Silences are being broken, lost things have been found, and at least two generations of scholars are disentangling received knowledge from the apparatus of control...

"The idea of freedom is inspiring. But what does it mean? If you are free in a political sense but have no food, what's that? The freedom to starve?"
― Angela Davis

Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and the Brehon Law
'Prior to [illegal usurpation of sovereignty] in [Occupied] Ireland, a native legal system, known as Brehon law, [persists go brách] throughout the country. This legal system dated from Celtic times and was passed down orally from generation to generation...The [Breiheamh, Féineachas] law system was highly complex and sophisticated. Rights were accrued based on [honour] status and punishment / restitution [reparation] was based on the status of the person against whom an offence was committed. The legal system was administered by judges but the legal system was essentially self-enforcing with no prisons or police force.'

"[Prison] relieves us of the responsibility of seriously engaging with the problems of our society, especially those produced by racism and, increasingly, global capitalism."
― Angela Y. Davis, Are Prisons Obsolete?

WIKIPEDIA:As a response to the Plan of Campaign of the mid-1880s the new Chief Secretary for [Occupied] Ireland Arthur [Bloody] Balfour secured the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act 1887 or "Perpetual Crimes Act", a Coercion Act aimed at the prevention of boycotting, intimidation, unlawful assembly and the organisation of conspiracies against the payment of agreed rents.

The Act resulted in the imprisonment of hundreds of people including over twenty MPs. The act was condemned by the Catholic hierarchy since it was to become a permanent part of the law and did not have to be renewed annually by parliament, but Pope Leo XIII issued the bull Saepe Nos in 1888 which was uncritical of the Acts. Trial by jury was abolished.. Many hundreds were imprisoned at times under the Acts, including many prominent politicians and agrarian agitators: Joseph Biggar, Alexander Blane, Michael Davitt, John Dillon, James Gilhooly, Patrick Guiney, Matthew Harris, John Hayden, J. E. Kenny, Andrew Kettle, Denis Kilbride, Pat O'Brien, William O'Brien, James O'Kelly, **Charles Stewart Parnell**, Douglas Pyne, Willie Redmond, Timothy Sullivan.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coercion_Act#Ireland

"Prisons do not disappear social problems, they disappear human beings. Homelessness, unemployment, drug addiction, mental illness, and illiteracy are only a few of the problems that disappear from public view when the human beings contending with them are relegated to cages."
― Angela Davis

http://www.mirror.co.uk/news/politics/property-developers-ready-pounce-grenfell-10925961
Property developers are ready to pounce as Grenfell residents are 'decanted' from their homes and

community
James O’Brien, Daily Mirror, 4 Lúnasa 2017

It's a scandal that ordinary people are effectively being deported from their home communities with no chance of return to make way for more investment opportunities

The word they use is “decanting”. I’d heard it applied to port before, but never to people.

It’s not the most profound lesson I learned while covering the Grenfell Tower tragedy – that would be the contempt a certain type of politician has for the people they are supposed to represent – but it’s been among the most unsettling.

Simply put, when a council in cahoots with a property developer wants to “redevelop” an area currently containing social housing, and ex-council houses purchased by residents, the first obstacle they need to negotiate is a human one.

People have a habit of living in the homes they rent and own and you can’t replace those homes with more expensive properties unless you get the people out. This is what they call “decanting”.

If you rent, you have little choice but to accept whatever new home the council offers you.
If you own you can quibble a bit over the price, but you will generally be subjected to a compulsory purchase order. This is what they call “decanting”.

I heard the word used like this for the first time while sitting in the shadow of the charred carcass of Grenfell Tower exactly one month after the cheap cladding installed, in part, to improve the views from the windows of the multi-million homes nearby, went up in flames.
I was trying to get a handle on the suspicion which survivors of the fire and many other residents of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea felt towards councillors charged with helping them. More specifically, I wanted to understand why people made homeless by the fire were not accepting rehoming offers.

There was a myriad of reasons: people too traumatised even to answer their phones; people who had developed a morbid fear of tower blocks and concrete stairwells being offered homes in tower blocks with concrete stairwells; families reluctant to accept a home with two bedrooms because they were still hoping that a family member feared dead might miraculously turn out not to be.

The biggest fear, though, was that if they moved away from the incredibly tightly-knit North Kensington community they lived in, they would never be able to return.

Because if councils in cahoots with property developers love “decanting” people, they absolutely hate a “double decanting”, which sees people moved out of an area move back in again.

I thought my interviewee was exaggerating when he described being offered £450,000 for his ex-council home on a site earmarked for redevelopment and being told that properties for sale on the gentrified site would start at £800,000.

So I told the story on my radio show the next morning and watched the switchboard fill up faster than a -property developer’s pockets.

After 20 years in journalism, I can’t remember stumbling across something so unfair happening to so many people while receiving so little coverage.

When Jeremy Corbyn suggested some of the 1,652 empty homes in the borough owned by wealthy investors be requisitioned for Grenfell survivors, he was treated like Lenin by sections of the media.

But when ordinary people are effectively deported from their home communities with no chance of return to make way for more investment opportunities, the same sections of the media stay silent."

[If memory is correct, London fire Brigade mentioned on a video that there were 8? more towers with same improper cladding. A problem in architecture design-build, materials purchase, inspection? Right near the corporation called City of London with its Aldermen...]

Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century
There was a practical purpose for lawyers in acquiring an encyclopedic knowledge of ancient Irish mythology. Irish judges were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decision...

...[One] important mythical judge was Morann of the Magic Collar, whose collar was used as a lie detector, choking witnesses who gave false testimony. Maxims attributed to this fictional character run through the texts of the Munster law-school which produced the Old Irish Bretha Nemed tracts and related works... the doubtful cases and disputes cited in the law-tracts are drawn from the plots of literary myths and sagas...

"I feel that if we don't take seriously the ways in which racism is embedded in structures of institutions, if we assume that there must be an identifiable racist who is the perpetrator, then we won't ever succeed in eradicating racism."
― Angela Y. Davis, Freedom is a Constant Struggle

https://www.elle.com/culture/career-politics/a42337/angela-davis-womens-march-speech-full-transcript/

wikipedia:The [Bloody] Balfour Declaration was a public statement issued by the British Government in 1917 during the First World War announcing its support for the establishment of a "national home for the Jewish people" in Palestine, then an Ottoman region with a small minority Jewish population. The declaration was contained in a letter dated 2 November 1917 from the United Kingdom's Foreign Secretary Arthur [Bloody] Balfour to Lord Rothschild, a leader of the British Jewish [Anglo-Jewish now Britsraeli?] community...

Across this landscape of disappearance, black mothers cry for their children
This week has been one of profound grief across the breadth of this country

AMY MCQUIRE
OCT 28, 2022
https://www.blackjusticejournalism.com.au/p/across-this-landscape-of-disappearance

Megan Krakouer, an Indigenous rights advocate who continually fights racist violence and stands with communities across the country, has organised a nation-wide vigil for Cassius [Turvey] next Wednesday. In WA Today she said:

"It's unacceptable what's happened with young Cassius," she said.

“Vigilante groups are becoming more and more common, whether reported or not reported, I’ve heard it too often in the community.

“In this situation a young boy, respected in the community, loved by many, has lost his life.”

Krakouer hoped the estimated 25 vigils planned nationwide would unite people in solidarity for Cassius and spread a message of compassion and empathy.

“This has touched the lives of so many brothers and sisters, black, white and brown right across the country,” she said.

The violence of this settler-colony which deems the lives of black women and children disposable and unworthy of justice and mourning, was suffocating this week. But I found solace in the words of Uncle Archie. At the inquest into Constance May Watcho earlier this year, I listened to ‘Song For Elijah (Wrap Their Arms Around You) every single day, as I drove into the city.

I leave his words here in the hope they provide comfort to others:

“I hear a mother crying in the wind.

Never gonna be the same

His tears keep on falling

Across this sacred ground

Death whispers in the trees

We hear those ancestors calling

Let them wrap their arms around you

Let them wrap their arms around you.”

Angela Davis
Women's March, Washington, DC 2016

"We recognize that we are collective agents of history and that history cannot be deleted like web pages. We know that we gather this afternoon on indigenous land and we follow the lead of the first peoples who despite massive genocidal violence have never relinquished the struggle for land, water, culture, their people...The struggle to save the planet, to stop climate change, to guarantee the accessibility of water...

The struggle to save our flora and fauna, to save the air—this is ground zero of the struggle for...justice...

This is just the beginning and in the words of the inimitable Ella Baker, 'We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes.' Thank you."

‘They care about cops and cages’: Qld’s racist laws will only lock up more Black kids
The Queensland government's suspension of the Human Rights Act, allowing it to imprison

children in police watch houses for adults, reflects its priorities.

AMY MCQUIRE AUG 25, 2023
https://www.crikey.com.au/2023/08/25/queensland-human-rights-act-indigenous-kids-watch-house/
On Wednesday, the Queensland government stealthily passed new laws that will allow children — predominately Black children — to be detained in watch houses for extended periods.

They passed it from a building that sits a 20-minute walk away from Brisbane's Police Watch House, a place where Amnesty International in 2019 recorded more than 2655 breaches of domestic and international law, including the failure to "provide children with adequate clean clothes, underwear, and personal hygiene products, the institutional use of violence; the use of isolation as punishment, and failure to provide adequate health and medical care".

It is the same place where brave whistleblower Steven Marshall revealed shocking racist and sexist remarks by watch house staff, where children were being exposed to sexual acts by incarcerated adults, where a girl was held in a holding cell with two male prisoners, where illegal strip searches were being carried out on children, and where children were treated like incarcerated adults.

What is it about incarcerating kids that's so acceptable to Australians?

Twenty minutes away from a place of unimaginable violence wrought on the bodies of young, Black children, the Queensland government sat in its fortresses and suspended the Human Rights Act, not to stem the violence, not to heal the children, not to make safe communities, but rather to secure its own political interests. It did this to ensure that it can sit comfortably in that institution of power, while the many young, anonymous Black children are disappeared behind watch house doors, in small cells where the light is dim and their cries cannot be heard....

Nid cwydwybodus ond cywir [cóir?].
There are none conscientious but the just.

ISRAEL / PALESTINE, POLITICS
Objectivity serves the powerful, and silences the oppressed
By Amy McQuire
Oct 31, 2023

Sales' treatise on journalistic ethics came in the midst of an ongoing genocide in Gaza, in which Australian journalists have shown their sheer cowardice in supposedly gathering the 'facts', 'independently'. This is largely due to colonial notions of 'objectivity' and 'balance', which in fact are orientated towards those in authority. Palestinian voices can not speak the truth of a 75-year occupation, and 16-year seige on Gaza, without first being asked questions about whether they condemn Hamas, or Palestinian resistance at all.

Meanwhile, Palestinian journalists in Gaza are reporting relentlessly on the ground, while their families are being targeted and killed. Twenty-four Palestinian journalists have been killed by Israel since October 7. While I watched Al Jazeera, or via social media as they courageously continued reporting even in the midst of mourning, I thought of the cognitive dissonance required for Australian journalists to lecture on 'objectivity'. Do the journalists in Gaza have the luxury of being objective?

https://orthodoxfiles.wordpress.com/2013/04/08/quotes-of-st-seraphim-of-sarov/

“When a person accepts anything Godly, then he rejoices in his heart, but when he has accepted anything devilish, then he becomes tormented.” St. Seraphim of Sarov

A Smaller Social History of Ancient Ireland P. W. JOYCE
The Irish race, after a long-protracted struggle, went down before a stronger people ; and in addition to this, from causes which it would be out of place to discuss here, they suffered almost a total eclipse at home during a period nearly coincident with the eighteenth century.

Chiefly for these reasons the Old Irish people have never, in modern times, received the full measure of credit due to them for their early and striking advance in the arts of civilised life, for their very comprehensive system of laws, and for their noble and successful efforts, both at home and abroad, in the cause of religion and learning.

...Those who are interested in this aspect of the subject will perhaps be pleased to have the whole case presented to them in one Essay.

Toni Morrison
First was my effort to substitute and rely on memory rather than history because I knew I could not, should not, trust recorded history to give me the insight into the cultural specificity I wanted. Second, I determined to diminish, exclude, even freeze any (overt) debt to western literary history....
...For imaginative entrance into that territory I urged memory to metamorphose itself into metaphorical and imagistic associations. But writing is not simply recollecting or reminiscing or even epiphany. It is doing; creating a narrative infused (in my case) with legitimate and authentic characteristics of the culture...

...History versus memory, and memory versus memorylessness. Rememory as in recollecting and remembering as in reassembling the members of the body, the family, the population of the past. And it was the struggle, the pitched battle between remembering and forgetting, that became the device of the narrative..of .reconstituting and recollecting a usable past...its inevitability, the chances for liberation that lie within the process.
https://www.theguardian.com/books/2019/aug/08/toni-morrison-rememory-essay

“I am no longer accepting the things I cannot change. I am changing the things I cannot accept.”
― Angela Davis

In her 1971 essay “What the Black Woman Thinks About Women’s Lib,” Morrison wrot
“They look at white women and see them as the enemy — for they know that racism is not confined to white men, and that there are more white women than men in this country, and that 53 percent of the population sustained an eloquent silence during times of greatest stress. The faces of those white women hovering behind that black girl at the Little Rock school in 1957 do not soon leave the retina of the mind.”
https://www.nytimes.com/2019/08/06/books/reviews-essays-toni-morrison.html

“Radical simply means "grasping things at the root.”
― Angela Davis

Dr. Noelle Higgins The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and the Brehon Law
a native legal system was in place for centuries in Ireland, which differed in almost every way from the common law. This is known as Brehon Law, from the Old Irish word brithemain, meaning ‘judge’ or ‘jurist’. This system was implemented throughout the island of Ireland, from Celtic times...

...One of the most fascinating characteristics of the Brehon law system was that fact that it was essentially self-enforcing. The public administration of justice was not highly developed and no police system existed. In addition, there was no equivalent of a prison system, and judgments were left in the hands of the ordinary people to enforce, although, sometimes a … dignitary would be asked to help enforce a judgment...

Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century
Ghadraigh Mac Aodhagáin ... This comprises a fascinating parody of an Irish brehons summing-up at the end of a law-case. He states at the outset:
'as a good chief-judge is bound to expound the statements of each party, correct false information, and maintain justice in its rightful place...'

MARTIAL CAREER OF CONGHAL CLÁIRINGHNEACHEDITED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITH BY PATRICK M. MACSWEENEY, M.A., 1904

In the past no race was more ready than the Irish to give ear to the stories and legends of old. With certain limitations, that is still true of those who are privileged to be the custodians of our native spoken tongue ; but, unfortunately, cut off, as they have been, from all adequate opportunities of developing their native culture, they have got out of touch, more and more, with the great literary tradition which should be their peculiar possession.

Of those who have lost their native language, the majority have settled down in the literary territories of the stranger, and, till but lately, seemed little disposed to return home again. To remedv this sad state of the national mind has been the glorious work which the [people] of the Gaelic Movement have set themselves to accomplish...

The intellectual exiles are returning to the old home of native culture, to enrich it, perhaps, with the spoils gathered in foreign literary lands. Like our hero Conghal...weary for the return to the beloved homeland, to lay at the feet of our mother Erin the results of intellectual achievement ; and let us, when in enforced exile, re-echo with him those great sentiments which express the pent-up longing of a true Irish heart:
Dear is yonder land in the west,
Ulster [Ulaidh, Ulidia] of the many hostages !
Ireland of the many strongholds
In it I long to be to-night.'

To those who have never wandered in exile, and to those who have returned, I offer this brilliant product of the Irish Filé's art...

..How far we can recreate the tribal history of Ireland from the data afforded us by the Epic Literature has yet to be seen. No systematic attempt has been made to co-ordinate the historic facts which undoubtedly lie hidden in our great literary romances...We may also hope that a more thorough comparative study of the antiquarian monuments scattered over the face of our land will bring the same support to the traditions embedded in our literary remains...The two lines of investigation are closely intertwined ; they must be followed out together and correlated, and the results are likely to be...striking …

If our remains, literary and archaeological, are investigated in this sense, there can be little doubt but that a most interesting chapter shall have been added to ... history....

“The one’s doing the squeezing, never explicitly named of course, but then we all know who it is squeezing your middle. No class system just a middle class in waiting and an underclass when it suits the narrative.” — Dara Quigley, They Tried to Bury Us

Benjamin Disraeli to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of the Exchequer in January 28, 1836.
Author Richard Cumberland, who, in spite of the courtly compliments of his polished Memoirs, could be racy and significant enough in his conversation, once characterised in my presence a countryman of yours as ‘a talking potato.’ The race of talking potatoes is not extinct.’...
...Then, ‘[Occupied] Ireland must be tranquillised.‘ So I think. Feed the poor, hang the agitators. That will do it.'
--‘The occasion of this letter was a speech made by Mr. Spring Rice at Cambridge, at a dinner to celebrate the return of Mr. Thomas Hovell, the first Mayor of Cambridge under the Municipal Reform Act, the chief effect of which, as far as Cambridge itself was concerned, was, in Mr. Spring Rice's own words, 'to establish a Liberal domination in the place of a Tory domination.'
The works of Benjamin Britsraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC
Adamnan, who was the successor of St. Columba at lona, and who wrote St. Columba's Life, gave a remarkable judgment concerning women from the Rath of the Synods at Tara, in the seventh century. It is called the Cdin Adamnan, or Adamnan' s Law concerning Women. It has lately been translated by Professor Kuno Meyer.

Adamnan, who was born in 624 A.D., was devoted to his mother. One day she said to him : " Your dutifulness is good ; however, that is not the duty that I desire, but that you should free women for me, free them from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounding, from slaying, from the bondage of the cauldron."

The two had just seen a battlefield, near Drogheda, where many women lay slain, with their babes on their breasts, motherless. Adamnan determined to fulfil his mother's desire, but to do so, he had to endure great tortures, and horrible penances for many years. At last angels came to deliver him from these, but he said : " I will not arise until women are freed for me." And the angel answered : " By reason of your sufferance you shall have all you ask of God."

My Great-great grandfather, An Spailpín Fánach Dan Brown, born in Antroim, in the later-partitioned Six Counties, who left with my 3 year old great grandfather Alec Brown, father-in-law of Rita Ó Kieff Brown, poor 'culchie' farmwife, the lads left during An Gorta Mór, had the following experience on Thursday, July 7, 1887, as recorded in the Canisteo Times of Canisteo, New York, Haudenosaunee land[Go raibh maith agat to cousin PS for all the family genealogy work like this]:

“GREENWOOD, NY: One of the heaviest rains which we have witnessed for a number of years visited us on Saturday night. From 7 o’clock until 10 the rain fell in torrents and was accompanied by heavy peals of thunder, flashes of lightning which made the heavens look as if they were ablaze. A large barn of Archie Mullen’s was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, with contents consisting of about 400 bushels of grain and nearly 20 tons of hay. It was covered by insurance. “Dan” Brown was sleeping in the barn when it caught fire and was awoke by the shock, the lightning striking about 3 feet from where he lay…..”

The life of an itinerant farm worker in [Occupied] Ireland up into the 20th century was extremely harsh. Hard physical labor, low wages and maltreatment by landowners had to be endured by these men and women. Even the word ‘Spailpín’ came to mean a person of low or poor character. This is a lament of a man who had to become a Spailpín because of his family’s eviction. To avoid this terrible life, he joined the French army to fight overseas.

1. Go deo deo arís ní raghad go Caiseal,
Ag díol ná ag reic mo shláinte,
Ná ar mharagadh na saoire im shuí cois balla,
Im scaoinse ar leataoibh sráide,
Bodairí na tíre ag teacht ar a gcapaill,
Dá fhiafraí an bhfuilim hírálta,
"Ó téanam chun siúil tá an cúrsa fada"
Seo ar siúl an Spailpín Fánach.

1. Never again will I go to Cashel,
Selling and trading my health,
Nor to the hiring-fair, sitting by the wall,
A lounger on the roadside,
The bucks of the country coming on their horses,
Asking if I’m hired,
"Oh, let’s go, the journey is long"
Off goes the Spailpín Fánach.

2. Im Spailpín Fánach fágadh mise,
Ag seasadh ar mo shláinte,
Ag siúl an drúchta go moch ar maidin,
‘S ag bailiú galair ráithe,
Ní fheicfear corrán im’ láimh chun bainte,
Súiste ná feac beag rainne,
Ach bratacha na bhFranncach os cionn mo leapan,
Is píce agam chun sáite.

2. I was left as a Spailpín Fánach,
Depending on my health,
Walking the dew early in the morning,
Catching all the illnesses going around,
You’ll not see a hook in my hand for harvesting,
A flail or a short spade,
But the flag of France over my bed,
And the pike for stabbing.

3. Mó chúig céad slán chun dúiche m’athar,
‘Gus chun an oileáin ghrámhair,
Is chun buachaill na Cúlach os díobh nár mhiste,
In aimsir chasta an ghárda,
Ach anois ó táimse im chadhan bhocht dhealbh,
Imeasc na ndúichí fáin seo,
‘Sé mo chumha croí mar fuair mé an ghairm,
Bheith riamh im Spailpín Fánach.

3. Five hundred farewells to the land of my father,
And to the dear island,
And to the boys of Cualach because they never feared in the troubled times on defense,
But now that I am poor, miserable and alone,
In these foreign lands,
I’m heart-broken because I got the call
to be a Spailpín Fánach.

4. Is ró-bhreá is cuimhin liom mo dhaoine bheith sealad,
Thiar ag droichead Gháile,
Fé bhuaí, fé chaoraí, fé laoi bheaga gheala,
Agus capaill ann le h-áireamh,
Acht b’é toil Chríost é gur cuireadh sinn asta,
‘S go ndeaghamhar i leath ár sláinte,
‘S gurbh é bhris mo chroí i ngach tír dá rachainn,
"Call here, you Spailpín Fánach."

4. I well remember my people were at one time,
Over at the bridge at Gáil,
With cattle, with sheep, with little white calves,
And plenty of horses,
But it was the will of God that we were evicted,
And we were left with only our health,
And what broke my heart everywhere I went,
"Call here, you Spailpín Fánach."

1084 Norman Norsemans take Roma

1100 Scots (Gaelic Orthodox Catholic) Monastery at Regensberg, Germany
begins major expansion because influx of presumably refugee monks

1101 Muirchertach Ua Briain Illegally sells Sidh Dhruim (Cashel, Caiseal na Rí)
sovereignty of Munster, to Norman Roman Catholic Church

1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Dhuinn, Ollamh of Leinster, An Cláirseach Lough Rí

MacCarthy mór Castle (Killarney Castle) from okeefeclan.org

McCarthy MÓR CASTLE is situated on the eastern shore of Loch Lein or the lower lake and gives its name to that portion known as the Bay of Castlelough. In early times this district was known as Eoghanacht Loch Lein. The families who ruled there, were descended from a common ancestor, Eoghan or Owen. Their descendants to-day are known by the family names of McCarthy, Ó Sullivan, Ó Mahony, Ó Keeffe, Ó Donovan and Ó Donoghue.

Dubh-aireagal "Duarrigle Castle was erected in 1806 by Thomas Justice, and incorporates remains of a towerhouse built by the O'Keeffes in the sixteenth century. Its remains stand by the edge of a steep cliff over the river Blackwater … In older days it was one of the castles of the O'Keeffes, who also owned Dromagh and Dromsicane nearby, and they appear to have built it in the sixteenth century.

In 1576 it was owned by Art O'Keeffe, chief of the clan, who was succeeded by Art Oge (died 1610): Manus (died 1636) and then Daniel. The latter lost the lands in 1654: recovered them on the Restoration, but unfortunately died before he could take them over.

The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by the Hollow Sword Blade Company. Abraham Dickson was the purchaser and in 1712 he left it to his grand-nephew Hugh Dickson (Bishop of Cloyne). By 1728 they were owned by Henry Bishop of Cloyne who made them over to James Maule. After that they passed to Henry Wrixon who gave a lease to Thomas Justice.

Wikipedia: The **H**ollow **S**word **B**lades **C**ompany was a British joint-stock company founded in 1691 for the manufacture of hollow-ground rapiers by a goldsmith, Sir Stephen Evance. The company ceased manufacturing swords in 1702 following the suicide of its founder and was purchased by a syndicate of businessmen who used the corporate identity of the company to operate as a bank.

At this time the Bank of England held a monopoly by act of parliament as the only organisation permitted to operate as a bank in England, so anyone wishing to carry out banking operations had to do so by devious means. The company was used as a stepping stone to the foundation of the [fraudulent] South Sea Company which set out to supplant the Bank of England as banker to the government…

...The corporation had power to purchase land and issue stock to unlimited value. The company manufactured swords and by virtue of the charter had power to seize imported foreign hollow swords...

...In 1703 the company purchased some of the Irish estates forfeited under the Williamite settlement in counties Mayo, Sligo, Galway, and Roscommon. They also bought the forfeited estates of the

Earl of Clancarty (McCarthy) in counties Cork and Kerry and of Sir Patrick Trant in counties Kerry, Limerick, Kildare, Dublin, King and Queen's counties (Offaly and Laois).

Further lands in counties Limerick, Tipperary, Cork and other counties, formerly the estate of James II were also purchased, also part of the estate of Lord Cahir in county Tipperary.

In June 1703 the company bought a large estate in county Cork, confiscated from a number of attainted persons and other lands in counties Waterford and Clare.

However within about 10 years the company had sold most of its Irish estates.

Francis Edwards, a London merchant, was one of the main purchasers. The recent conquest of Ireland by England had resulted in the confiscation of land from Jacobites which had been given to members of the army.

Blunt was amongst others who campaigned that the property should instead have been sold to defer government expenses, and an act of parliament was passed cancelling the grants of land which instead were to be sold.

The Sword Blade company now used its charter powers to own property to purchase land to the value of £200,000 with anticipated revenues of £20,000 per year, or 10%.

To pay for this, the company used a trick which the Bank of England had employed in its own creation. The Hollow Sword Blades Company issued shares, which it was also entitled to do under its charter. It offered to exchange its own shares at a nominal value of £100 for £100 of government debt issued by the army paymaster.

The government was willing to accept its own debt as payment for the land, so no cash money was required for the transactions.

The army debt could at that time only be sold on the open market at a rate of £85 per £100 of face value, so this offered a way for holders to realise a better price.

The land remained the property of the company, and the company would pay dividends on the shares from its rental income.

The deal was negotiated with the treasury by Blunt and their legal advisor, Lake and agreed on 1 June 1704. Once the debt was cancelled, the government no longer had to pay interest upon it, which it had been doing at 7.5%.

However, it also required a 'sweetener' in the form of receiving a new loan of £20,000 at 5% as part of the deal, secured against Royal shares in Cornish tin.

Before announcing the offer, the Sword Blade Syndicate made full advantage of the anticipated rise in value of army debt, by buying as much as it could privately beforehand. This was then sold as the price rose once the general market realised there was an offer available to trade in the debt at its full value[insider trading, gaming the market].

The Sword Blade company also branched out into providing mortgages for other would be purchasers of Irish land, accepting cash deposits and issuing its own notes. This came to the attention of the Bank of England, who advised the treasury that their own monopoly to act as a bank was being infringed.

The treasury took no action.

In part, the government recognised that it had a good deal it did not wish to spoil. There was also a legal complication, that the Bank act protected it against any other company being set up by act of parliament to operate as a bank. In the case of the sword company charter, although the steps to enact its charter had been commenced, they had never actually been completed in parliament.

The Bank of England charter was due to expire in 1710, and they were concerned to arrange its renewal. Others, however, continued to lobby parliament not to do so, and a new syndicate had formed, offering to take on funding of the latest loan required by government. The Bank responded by dropping its interest rate to underbid the competition, and succeeded in renewing its charter until 1732, with more strictly drawn terms to prevent others operating as banks...

[Occupied] Ireland's debt per capita has increased rapidly in recent years so that today [2008], apart from Luxembourg, [Occupied] Ireland is the most indebted Eurozone member, both relative to national income and on a per capita basis...house prices increasing dramatically from 2000 until 2007.
Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008.

If we follow Wikipedia entries we see that Hollow Sword Blades Company was acquired by Wilkinson Sword in 1922 [HSBC?], which is now owned by Edgewell Personal Care, which was a break off from Energizer Holdings, which was Eveready but changed to Energizer and sold Eveready to Ralston Purina, but Energizer Holdings bought Wilkinson Sword from Pfizer, makers of Zoloft, Lipitor, Norvasc, Zithromax, Aricept, Diflucan, and Viagra. So it would seem with Viagra in the mix, the Hollow Sword is still indeed a current product, in a manner of speaking

siʔa ƛ (Seattle) was an ancestral leader of the Suquamish Tribe. He witnessed the transition of his people from their ancient aboriginal lifeways to a new one brought by the arrival of non-natives and imposed on Tribes by the United States Government. The Suquamish had to adapt their culture based on fishing, hunting, berry and root gathering and traveling by canoe to accept a new economy and lifestyle forced upon them by new and foreign religious, social and political institutions. Missionaries, fur traders and finally, permanent settlers brought disease, new technology, a currency system, and the concept of private property to the Puget Sound.
The change was immediately destructive and disruptive. The United States had already freed land up for settlers by allowing non-natives to claim Indian lands under the Donation Land Claim Act of 1850, angering many of the Tribes. https://suquamish.nsn.us/home/about-us/chief-seattle/

Chief Seattle is credited with saying,'The Earth does not belong to us, we belong to the Earth. Right, King Charlie?

'Alarming tippingpoints being reached' [The Irish Times, Unnerved residents may leave Cobh over 'cancer risk' 13 Jul 2016 Ciarán D'Arcy] Home of Pfizer and Johnson & Yohann-son. Boris Johnson. Fidelity investments Johnson, record years. Eula Johnson. Ochocinco. Lyla June Johnson: All Nations rise. Diné. Daoine. Por la gente hasta la Bua go brách, í gconaí. 'Mujer indigena, usted Está sagrada...'

Almost 90 percent of Irish exports derive from foreign-owned firms....
Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008

It used to seem long ago to me when Clíodhna sank the Spanish Armada in 1588. Now it seems like yesterday. When the Lusitania sank, the people of Cobh, Cork had to sort through all the bodies. There's raw sewage pumping onto the beach there and they have a cancer rate skyhigh from industrial wasteland, golf courses, out of work alcoholic fishermen, tourism, Polish swimmers. Cobh is Clíodhna's. She is the Irish Baba Yaga and I am her song and dance man, lolz. Yurodivvy.

Within a decade of that Ulster Plantation which is in a state of Broken Treaty Yes Indeedy Good Frideedy Problematic Readings of Brexit colonial occupiers, gadzooks, Redcoats and merchant adventurers began the Algonquin Plantation all in the name of their Cromwellian Blood Demon Holy War against everyone not White Anglo Saxon Protestant, what the bully white men refer to as "normal" in angry tones. Lions and tigers and bears oh my! Consider that during the Algonquin Plantation, which we Yanks celebrate as sure as any Orange parade in Glasgow as "Thanksgiving" each year, Calvinist Dominionist Theologian John Eliot converted Algonquins to his Blood Demon Butcher Apron Faith then published the following words around the same time those Christian Algonquins were rounded up for a Concentration camp on Deer Island Boston Harbor. There is a mass grave of maybe 850 Irish refugees turned away at the border 1840s and 1850s, right when the Know Nothing Mass Bay Colonial Governor Henry Gardner was calling us a "horde of fleeing barbarians" [acccording to Catholic University of America Historian emiritus August C. Bellino]. Deer Island Irish shenanigans brought to my attention gracefully by one of the people from History Ireland magazine who heard me speak at Boston College at a conference on the Irish Imagination.

New Model Army, Dublin governor, a big man at Drogheda, and now Bono Hewson colonizes Africa with William Gates, technocratism in the style of Zoo TV minus any pretense at Ironic twist, this. Every breaking wave in Ireland belongs to Clíodhna, and I am her representative, Grandson of the Banshee.

Colonialism, Nationalism & Independence in Zambia
globalblackhistory.com
The colonization of modern day Zambia began in the 1890s, when the Lozi chief Lewanika was deceived into signing a concession that gave the British South Africa Company an excuse to invade their land. Upon obtaining this concession the British South Africa Company began mining copper and lead. In addition they sold land to British farmers, sometimes for as little as 10 cents a hectare in order to encourage more European settlers. However, in 1924 the British South Africa Company gave up control over Northern Rhodesia. Thereafter, it was administered by the British government.

The copper mines developed in what is now known as the Copper belt created huge profits that were sent overseas. In order to develop an abundant workforce for the mines, the colonial government would charge taxes and prevent the local farmers from the ability to sell cattle and crops on the European market. In addition, the colonial government created reserves where they placed all farmers who had been removed from fertile land. Most of the reserves were overcrowded and the locals could not produce enough to feed their families. As a result, local farmers were forced to become low paid workers in the Copperbelt in Zambia and in the mines in South Africa.

[Cymraeg miners...]

wikipedia Baron Trimlestown, of Trimlestown in County Meath, is a title in the [still existing English] Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland.

The title was created in 1461 for Sir Robert Barnewall, who was the younger brother of Nicholas Barnewall, Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas, and younger son of Sir Christopher Bernevall, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in [Occupied] Ireland. He was succeeded by his son

Christopher, the second Baron. Christopher was implicated in the Lambert Simnel conspiracy, but received a royal pardon in 1488. His son John, the third Baron, served as Lord Chancellor of [Occupied] Ireland from 1534 until his death in 1538.

The barony became dormant on the death of the sixteenth Baron, in 1879. In 1891 the peerage was claimed by Christopher Patrick Mary Barnewall (de jure 17th Baron Trimlestown), a descendant of Hon. Patrick Barnewall, second son of the seventh Baron. He died before he had fully established his claim, but in 1893 his younger brother Charles Aloysius Barnewall was confirmed in the title by the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords. As of 2013 the title is held by the grandson of the successful claimant, the twenty-first Baron, who succeeded his elder brother in 1997...

Wikipedia: The Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland consists of those titles of nobility created by the English monarchs in their capacity as Lord or King of [Occupied] Ireland, or later by monarchs of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and [Occupied] Ireland.

The creation of such titles came to an end in the 19th century. The ranks of the Irish peerage are Duke, Marquess, Earl, Viscount and Baron.

As of 2016, there were 135 titles in the Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland extant: two dukedoms, ten marquessates, 43 earldoms, 28 viscountcies, and 52 baronies. The Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Northern [Occupied] Ireland continues to exercise jurisdiction over the Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland, including those peers whose titles derive from places located in what is now the Republic of [Occupied] Ireland.

Wikipedia: The title of Earl of Desmond (Irish: Iarla Dheasmhumhan) has been held historically by [English] lords in [Occupied] Ireland, first as a title outside of the peerage system and later as part of the Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland. The original Barony of Desmond in the province of Munster was held by descendants of Thomas FitzMaurice

Wikipedia: Alexander Stephen Rudolph Feilding, 12th Earl of Denbigh, 11th Earl of Desmond (born 4 November 1970), styled Viscount Feilding until 1995, is a member of the British aristocracy and son of William Feilding, 11th Earl of Denbigh and his wife Judy née Cooke. The Earl lives at and manages the family estate, Newnham Paddox House, at Monks Kirby near Rugby in Warwickshire.[2] In 2014, the family put part of the estate lands up for sale to help cover death duties. Lord Denbigh married Suzanne Jane Allen on 27 January 1996.

He is Patron of Offchurch Bury Polo Club in Warwickshire. The couple have three children:
.

Both the NI Statelet and the Potato Republic are illegitimate states from a Gaelic Chief's perspective. If England is gonna Brexit, surely the Peerage of [Occupied] Ireland lands will also be Brexited and handed over or distrained to our beloved Lucht Siúil, Muinceor Burra, for permanent permaculture, rewilding carbon capture Native Forest sites along with all the Celtic landmarks and all the water and fishing rights for proper national sovereign protection? Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther? National security and forward looking sovereignty is all...'I'm getting used to it, Grandson of the Bean Sí.' GRMA #gaelichumour No one is free until Dr. Sindy Joyce's cousins have enough marriage invitations from the English House of Lords. Does LOL mean Loyal Orange Order?

Does the UVF oath say 'Are you willing to live for the Protestant Cause? Are you willing to die for the Protestant cause? Are you willing to kill for the Protestant Cause'? Now that Protestant Cause is generally the same as 'What Freemasons Think' right? And Pat Robertson of the 700 Club? At Gordon College, home of the Fighting Scots I learned that The Protestant cause is Stewardship of

Creation, A Fair and Equitable World, the unity of the Church [on some level]. What's the difference between these two reads of the blood oath of the Ulster Volunteer Forces in light of what Charlie Windsor dished out at COP28? Huh, defender of the Faith? Risking life and limb? LOL. What does that mean anyway? Mine thon burn fur the kye haes shat the hale lenth o it!' 'All shall be wele and all manner of things shall be wele.' Not with those secret handshakes running the show. Nor the brown envelopes.

“If a free society cannot help the many that are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich” Catholic Martyr John FitzGerald Kennedy {Inaugural address Jan 20th 1961}'A Baptised sinner.

How many Mary Jo Kopechniks [sp] were there, Edward? Why are kennedies bootleggers and own magdalene in Limerick? What's that to do with fire hydrants and reform schools? Elmira? What's that to do with 'Hurts like the dickens'? 'Man alive!'

Biddies and Brigids. Biddy Mill labour, cheaper than whiny WASP ladies Great Panic of 1937, glass ceiling? Bid at an auction? Maggies! Place your bids. B-I-T-C-H same word? Síle Sheila in Down Under where women glow and 'men plunder' means same thing. Saor go Alba. Is that legacy of earlier viking slave trade of Irish as captured in Silk Road book?

'Ch'am a stouk, an a donel; wou'll leigh out ee dey.'

'Is fuar gaoth i ndoras tí na laoch: ba ionmhain liomsa na laoich, bhídís idir mé is gaoith.'

Just having a laugh. Right, Ricky Gervais? Surely, Brexit means Sir Adrian James Andrew Denis FitzGerald, 6th Baronet Valencia Island, 24th Knight of Kerry and all his Anglo-Norman Tory buddies will Brexit right off the ancestral territory Dairbhre belonging to the inheritor of Mogh Ruith's portion by Gaelic reckoning.

Ballymaquirk Castle Baile Mac Quirk: The Townland of Quirke's Son According to an article in the Duhallow Magazine of 1978/9 by Mrs Stephen 'the O'Keeffes had Castles at Dromagh, Drominagh and Duarigle, as well as castellated mansions at Ahane, Cullen and Ballymaquirk.'

This would seem to express the position in a phrase, although there is little trace of any of them apart from Dromagh. This proud Gaelic family almost disappeared from their position of power after the Confederate War.

The family of Ballymaquirk seem to have descended from Daniel the son of Art O'Keeffe (1547-1616), whose wife Honora daugheter of Dermot MacCarthy of Enniskeane. Daniel had command of a company of foot at the battle of Knocknanuss in 1641, and his son, another Art, also supported Charles II[divide and conquer strategy all along?].

He commanded a company of foot and in the Declaration of Royal Gratitude a proviso was made for him. The son of another brother, finghin, was also described as 'of Ballymaquirk',although the family lost much of their land to Cromwell. Daniel's son Arthur was killed at Aughrim, but his son Nicholas escaped to France where the family built their future.

Hudson O'Keeffe also made it to France where his grandson became keeper of the Royal Treasury of Louis XV. Bally maquirk had been mortgaged to Sir Philip Perceval before the Confederate War, and being 'rebels' they forfeited their title [illegally Usurped Sovereignty, like many other times]

http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/ballymaquirk.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 305, Mercier Press

Ard Choill by Fran Brady, Ireland's Own magazine
Ardgillan Castle, near Skerries in North County Dublin, is set on a 79-hectare demesne overlooking the Irish Sea. Its name ‘Ardgillan’ is derived from the Irish language ‘Ard Choill’ meaning High Wood.

In 1658, the ‘Down Survey’ recorded that Ardgillan was owned by a wine merchant, Robert Usher of Tallaght, Dublin. In 1737, it was bought by the Reverend Robert Taylor, Dean of Clonfert. His family owned the castle and lands until 1962 when it passed into the ownership of Heinrich Pott of Westphalia.

Dublin County Council purchased the estate in 1982 and three years later it was opened to the public as a regional park. Footpaths were created by opening old avenues and constructing new paths. These footpaths now provide a labyrinth of woodland walks.

The vast estate is believed to have once been densely forested. That was before service soldiers and itinerant workers were given accommodation, one penny per day and a tot of whiskey, to clear the wooded area.

Wikipedia:
The Irish language arrived in Newfoundland as a consequence of the English migratory cod fishery. While Humphrey Gilbert [the Butcher of Munster, Walter Raleigh's brother] formally claimed Newfoundland as an English overseas possession in 1583, this did not lead to permanent European settlement. A number of unsuccessful attempts at settlement followed, and the migratory fishery continued to grow. By 1620, fishermen from South West England dominated most of the east coast of Newfoundland.. [Boethuk?]

...Between 1750 and 1830, and particularly between 1793 and 1815, large numbers of Irish people, including many Irish speakers, [were exiled] to Newfoundland [not so say First Nations under Canada], known colloquially simply as an tOileán "the Island". An account dating from 1776 describes how seasonal workers from Cork, Kerry, and elsewhere would come to Waterford to take passage to Newfoundland, taking with them all they needed.

A description of this enterprise ...was given by the eighteenth-century Munster poet Donough MacConmara, describing his deep sea-chest filled with eggs, butter, bacon and other necessities: Do thug an pobal i bhfochair a chéile Chum mo mo chothuighthe i gcogadh nó i spéirlinn - Stór nach g-caillfeadh suim de laethibh, As cófra doimhin a d-toilfinn féin ann; Do bhí seach bh-fichid ubh circe 'gus eunla ann Le h-aghaidh a n-ithte chomh minic 's badh mhéin liom - Cróca ime do dingeadh le saothar As spóla soille ba throime 'ná déarfainn...

Ar scáth a chéile a mhaireann na daoine. Under the shelter of each other, people survive.
Trí na chéile a thógtar na cáisléain. In our togetherness, castles are built.
De réir a chéile a thógtar na caisleáin. It takes time to build castles.

Barbados Bajan Seanfhocail
“Fisherman neva say dat ‘e fish stink.”
“De tongue dat does buy yuh, does sell yuh.”
“Bucket gine up and down in well evah day, de bottom boun’ tuh drop out.”
Yuh can’t stan’ in de road an’ sih de leak in sumbody else house.”
“Don’t tek a six for a nine.”

“Your noble friend will not accept pretension but will gently and very firmly confront you with your

own [unseeing]. Such friendship is creative and critical; it is willing to negotiate awkward and uneven territories of contradiction and woundedness.”
John O'Donohue, Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom

County Kerry Archaeological Journal #1 1908 [Kerry Archaelogical Magazine]
Donal Maol MacCarthy inaugurated his succession by an early essay of arms with the survivors of the previous warfare, and proved himself a worthy successor to his heroic brother Finghin.

He is frequently mentioned in the Annals of Innisfallen, in connection with his hostility to the English, over whom he gained repeated advantages, from 1261 down to 1307. For instance it is recorded, under the year 1262, that " a victory was gained by Donal Maol the son of Donal Grott MacCarthy, over the English, on which occasion he slew 12 of their Knights, and the greater part of their muster."

In 1295 he slew John de Courcy, Baron of Kinsale, and his brother Patrick on the Island of Inisdovey, thus avenging the death of his brother Finghin. His efforts were ever directed to the destruction of the Norman castles, for he learned, from experience, that they constituted the main strength of his adversaries …

as found at duchas.ie told by
Ninety-four-year-old Mary O'Connor to Kate O' Sullivan both of Millstreet, Co. Cork
The O'Keeffes [are] Eóghanacts. Their original place was near Fermoy but were displaced soon after the Norman invasion cir. 1200 A.D. They came west and somehow got possession of land around Dromagh (Dromtariffe) and Cullen. They held out somehow up to 1690 A.D. The three castles ... Duarigle, Dromiscane and Dromagh were erected by them.

A remarkable man of the O'Keeffe stock was Donnall na Cásca who kept worrying the planters after 1690 but at last was betrayed by Maigréad Ní Cheallaig.

1130 AD
Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil
Do you not think it a pity,
A chaomha Donnchadh mac Caomh,
that the women of Mumhan should be in captivity
— without deceit —
— And that the Norsemans. should carry off their cows?

Donnchadh Ó Corráin: Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil : History or Propaganda?
[CCC Found in Castle Lismore 1814, buried treasure] --

The genealogies of Donnchad's family, the Uí Chaímh amd Eóganacht Glendamnach, are in a bad state of repair for the tenth century. They disagree with the Annals...

...Donnchad is referred to variously in the text: Donnchad, mac Caeimh Hi Caeimh, Donnchad mac Caeim, Donnchad Ua Eógain...ua Ecach, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, Donnchad mac Caeim meic Airt meic Cathail, Donnchad mac Caoimh ... mac Áirdrigh...
...The prominence of Donnchad in the saga of Cellachán must be ascribed to the desire to flatter the Uí Chaímh, his descendants, who were amongst the most prominent followers and supporters of Meic Carthaig in the early twelfth century.

A verse excange between Cellachán and Donnchad. The first portion is devoted to establishing the kinrelationship between the two; in the second portion Cellachán urges Donnchad to unite with him against the Vikings and he recites the Tuarastal which he will grant him....

JOURNAL OF the Cork Historical Archaeological Society.
Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Banshees] of South Munster. 1897
Shepherd in Fermoy 1839 says it is Gaelic History.

Dunbulloge Castle Dun Bolg:
It was held, as were the castles at Ballindura and Ballyvorisheen by branch of the ancient Gaelic family of the O'Keeffes of Dromagh who had been thrown west from their settlements around Fermoy at the time of the Norman advance.

In this area their land extended north to Glenville. Fineen MacArt O'Keeffe of Dunbulloge, together with Art MacDonal MacArt O'Keeffe of Glenville, and Thady O'Keeffe of Knocknahorgan took part with James Fitzmaurice in the first Desmond rebellion, and, with the Barrys of Poulacurry and Rahinisky, they were attainted.

However they seemed to have lain low after this for Dunbulloge was one of the places plundered by O'Neill in 1600, following the refusal of David Barry of Barryscourt to join him. IN 1619 Art O'Keeffe, a cousin of Art of Dromagh, was granted 'the castle and mills of Dunbullog' with other various lands.

They were heavily involved in the Confederate War of 1641-52 however, on the Irish side, and failure here swept the O'Keeffes, as powerful landlords, out of the area. Caol Art O'Keeffe (see Ballindura) is a semi-legendary figure of the countryside.

He is said to have possessed Dunbulloge, which was felled by Cromwell, and he continued his existence as a rapparee after the family was dispossessed. He is recorded as having been involved in a battle near Castlelyons against the Barrymores (possibly in Castlehaven's advance) and to have been buried in Bunbulloge graveyard.

There is the not unusual story of a 'churn of gold' being buried by Caol, also in the graveyard; and the O'Keeffes were said to have made wine in caves in the vicinity (possibly at Ballindura) ... http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dunbulloge.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 51, Mercier Press.

Great Grampa Eddie Ó Dunn was said to have made cider in the bathtub. Comforted Grandma as a caillín, 'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter.' An orphan himself. Shoecutter. Grandma was nurses union. 'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter's grandson.'

A.D. 1610. Sir Edward Fitzgerald obtained a grant from king James I. of one of the castles of Tadg O'Keeffe, with the lands thereunto appertaining.
from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

1161 AD
Aedh Ua Caeimh
Tiarna, Fir Maige Féne First Nation, Slain
Ollamh Eógan Ó Donovan

Annals of the [Chiefery] of Ireland

Volume 2, 1856

Dál Cais-Church and Dynasty Donncha Ó Corráin Ériu Vol. 24 (1973), pp. 52-63 (14 pages)
In the case of the Dál Cais [O'Brien-allied clans] we can document the rise of a new dynasty within the historical [meaning "ENGLISH"] period and see it manufactures its own legends and pseudo-history...

In the tenth century... the Dál Cais rapidly became the dominant politcal power in Thomond...It is clear even from this imperfect list that Dál Cais dominated Killaloe and provided it with clergy which came almost exclusively from the ranks of its own dynastic families.

When we turn to the older ecclesiastical centres within the north Munster region—Inis Cathaig, Inish Celtra, Tomgraney, and to the east of the Shannon, Terryglass—we find that Dál Cais had a great deal of difficulty in extruding the older families and their connections and in linking monasteries politically to their own dynasty [AND ROME]....

In summary, only members of Dál Cais families became bishops of Killaloe in the century and a half after the inception of the reform movement [Holy-Romanizing, making Feudal, Gregorian reforms, Great Schism's implications, Orthodox Inquisition, Monastic Liturgy of Orthodox church background story.]

GGGG maternal grandparents of Mary Dunne were Seán Ó Duinn and Bríd Ní aiseadha, Brigid Hassett. GGG Grandma Mary was baptized 27 Bealtaine/May 1810 in Ballyclough Parish, I've seen the signatures online. According sloinne.ie "Uí aiseadha means Descendant of aisidh' (strife, discord); the name of an old thomond family being a branch of clann chuileain"
Thomond is Tuath Mhumhain, is North Munster, Northern Momonia.
Dalcassians, correct?

The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eóghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of Fermoy from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds.

They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress. They traced their name from Caoimh, Son of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Cliona, head of the Munster [Banshees].

It does emerge that Art O Caoimh, who owned Duarigle, got a regrant of his lands in 1582. Dromagh appears to have been built around this time. They did not support the Desmond rebellion, and it is recorded that Aodh O Caoimh died in pursuit of the Earl.

Shortly after the chieftain Art (son of Donal, son of Art) was killed and Art Oge (d. 1610) succeeded his father. Donal, son of Manus (d. 1636) succeeded him. This Donal of Ballymaquirk was very active in the Confederate War; backing Ormond against the disastrous policies of Rinnucini, the Papal Legate.

His brother Hugh, nicknamed 'Paschalis' [na Cásca?], appears to have been the chief at that time and also had an adventurous life.

It is said of him that when captured by the Cromwellians and having given his word not to escape, he stood up one morning and saying 'Gentlemen, I give you notice - "I'm off"', jumped out of a window to freedom, considering that the 'notice' cancelled any previous undertakings!

He was governor of Dromagh in 1652 at its capture by Cromwell, when he was allowed to march out fully armed to join the dying cause of Muskerry. The [Sovereign Native Land] was attainted [Sovereignty Usurped] but restored to Donal's son, also Donal, by Charles II, who was aware of the support given to him on the continent by the O'Keeffes.

http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press.

Gablánach in rét in scéluighecht.
(branching * the * thing * the * storytelling)
Storytelling is an intricate business.
Dennis K. Translated

http://www.maryjones.us/jce/tlachtga.html

Tlachtga: "earth spear"--tlacht "earth"; gae "spear". While on the one hand, the figure of Tlachtga is one of the many tragic heroines of Irish myth (such as Deirdu or Grainne), she is also an onomastic [toponomastic in James Joyce's word] device--that is, she is a figure used to explain the name of a geographic location. This location is the Hill of Ward, near Tara.

There are two references to Tlachtga in Irish literature; the first is the banshenchas "the Lore of Women" which sought to act as a sort of condensed guide to the various women of Irish myth. The second source is the dindsenchas "the Lore of Places" which sought to explain the names of various locations in Ireland.

In each poem, we are told that Tlachtga is the daughter of Mog Roith, a powerful druid of Munster, and is associated with the son or sons of Simon Magus...tragically.

Tlachtga means "earth spear" from tlacht "earth" and gae "spear." The hill is the site of a great oenach--gathering--where the druids would light the bruane Samhna--new year bonfires on Samhain...12 miles northwest of Tara.

Tlachtga was then the point where the druids felt that this world and the otherworld were closest at the new year; this tradition was later blended with that of Tara...

The hill had consisted of a raised enclosure surrounded by four banks and ditches--a series of rings; these were disturbed in 1641. The odd thing about the banshenchas version is that Tlachtga's story is rather incongruously combined with that of Etain and Midir.

Fuamnach is the spurned wife of Midir. Briefly, Midir has fallen for Etain, and when Fuamnach hears of this, she turns Etain into a butterfly... It isn't clear what this has to do with Tlachtga's story. Moreover, the unnamed martyr that Tlachtga is said to have slain may be a confusion with the legend of her father...In this tale, the executioner is Mog Roith, who then takes up with Simon Magus, and after Simon is discredited, goes off to Ireland with his daughter.

However, in the tale [Forbuis Droma Dáimh-aire] s a powerful druid of Munster, able to defeat the forces of Cormac mac Airt...

But as we have seen, a third tradition in the banshenchas credits Tlachtga with the killing of a martyr...The name Mog Roith apparently means "devote of the wheel," and it is assumed that the wheel in question--as well as the wheel that Tlachtga makes--is the sun.

This could... mean that the Samhain fires held on her hill were a way of recapturing the sun's light in the new year--a way of ensuring light against the growing darkness of winter. The "pillar" is thought to represent lightning--and this would then explain the name "earth spear", for lightning was a spear thrown at the earth...

The theme of a [woman] who dies in childbirth, giving her name to the land, is also seen in the story of Macha in the Ulster Cycle. In dying and entering the earth, her power then resides in the land.

British historian Edward Freeman, writing on his return from America, about 1881;'This would be a grand land if only every Irishman would kill a negro [sic], and be hanged for it. I find this sentiment generally approved - sometimes with the qualification that they want [Gaelic] and [Bantu Diaspora] for servants, not being able to get any other.'

"May the road rise to meet you"." Go n-éirí an bóthar leat gaelicmatters.com

Lord Salisbury, who opposed Home Rule for [Occupied] Ireland, 1886,
'You would not confide free representative institutions to the Hottentots[sic][genocided] Khoi or San First Nations of the Kalihari desert], for instance. [The H-word]'

Ár nAthair,
atá ar neamh,
go naomhaítear t'ainm,
go dtaga do ríocht,
go ndeintear do thoil
ar an dtalamh
mar a deintear ar neamh.

Ár n-arán laethúil tabhair dhúinn inniu,
agus maith dhúinn ár gcionta
mar a mhaithimíd do chách,
agus ná lig sinn i gcathú,
ach saor sinn ó olc. áiméin.

Guímis ar ár ngaolta atá marbh agus orthu siúd go léir a bhí go maith dúinn.

Go bhfáiltí Dia rompu isteach sa solas soilseach ina láthair féin.

A Thiarna éist linn.
A Thiarna bí ceansa agus éist linn.

We pray for our relatives who are dead and for all those who were kind to us. May Creator welcome them into the glowing light of his presence.
Lord hear us

Lord graciously hear us

Hoc sacramento,
Corporis et sanguinis,
Omnes exuti
Ab inferni faucibus.

“Then a powerful demon, a prowler through the dark, nursed a hard grievance.”
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

https://www.npr.org/sections/itsallpolitics/2015/08/29/435849800/donald-trump-in-9-quotes-and-200-seconds

Trump says he doesn't care if you like him – it's not important ... : He said likability isn't going to win this election. He said it's about "competence." "I really want to be a nice person," Trump said. "I am a nice person, but I think it's actually going to be an election based on competence. We're tired of being, like, the patsy for everybody. I really do. I think it's time."

He was numb with grief, but got no respite for one night later merciless Grendel struck again with more gruesome murders. Malignant by nature, he never showed remorse.
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

Those who try to control
who use force to protect their power
go against the direction of the Tao [Caoi]
They take from those who don't have enough
and give to those who have far too much.
[Do not store up treasures where moth and rust may destroy-Gospels]

Sifu/The master can keep giving
because their is no end to Sifu's [treasures in heaven]wealth
Sifu acts without expectation
succeeds without taking credit,
and doesn't think that he is better
than anyone else.
Tao Te Ching, Mitchell trans.

Michael D. Higgins, president of [Occupied] Ireland
It is vital to understand the nature of the British imperialist mindset of that time if we are to understand the history of coexisting support for, active resistance to, and, for most, a resigned acceptance of British rule in [Occupied] Ireland. While our nations have been utterly transformed over the past century, I suggest that there are important benefits for all on these islands of engaging with the shadows cast by our shared past.
https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-present-britain-history

He's as [unseeing] as he can be
just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere Man do you see me at all?
Ó Lennon/McCartney

A.B. Forwood (1893) of the **Liverpool Conservative** Party stated--
The influx of the Irish into Liverpool brought poverty, disease, dirt and misery; drunkenness and crime, in addition to a disturbance of the labour market, the cost to ratepayers of an enormous sum of money... 龜過門檻

"In the 'pool [Liverpool] they told us the story
How the English divided the land
Of the pain and the death and the glory
And the poets of auld Éireland.. .
-Yoko Ono and John Lennon, Luck of the Irish
倒吊沙煲
...On the Issues has classified Trump in a variety of ways over time, showing the variance of his political beliefs:
"Moderate populist" (2003)[51]
"Liberal-leaning populist" (2003–2011)[52]
"Moderate populist conservative" (2011–2012)[53]
"Libertarian-leaning conservative" (2012–2013)[54]
"Moderate conservative" (2013–2014)[55]
"Libertarian-leaning conservative" (2014–2015)[56]
"Hard-core conservative" (2015)[57]
"Libertarian-leaning conservative" (2015–2016)[58]
"Moderate conservative" (2016–2017)[59]
"Hard-core conservative" (2017–present)
劏白鶴

Michael D. Higgins, president of [Occupied] Ireland
'As I reflect on the topic, I am struck by a disinclination in both academic and journalistic accounts to critique empire and imperialism. Openness to, and engagement in, a critique of nationalism has seemed greater. And while it has been vital to our purposes in [Occupied] Ireland to examine nationalism, doing the same for imperialism is equally important and has a significance far beyond British/Irish relations.
https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-present-britain-history

Seán Ó Faoláin, The Great O'Neill:
"The 16th C. wars of conquest there mingled what was by nature immiscible. It is the same forced juncture of modernity and antiquity that comes with every imperial conquest, whether it is the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, or the colonization of India by the Hanoverians, or the plantation of Ireland by the Tudors.

For out of it emerges a kind of ... duality of mind just as indissoluble, and just as incoherent, producing at first, on the side of the conquistadors, extremes of idealism, loyalty, persistence, stubbornness, folly, by which all first puzzlements or strings of conscience are smothered up or brushed aside; and then, on both sides, when the confusion rises, mountains of treachery, an otherwise unimaginable brutality, indescribably savageries, recantations, selfishness, contempt, every known weapon of human ingenuity and bestiality to obliterate the enemy and justify his obliteration...

Is maol guatha gan bráthair
's is mairg bhíonn gan dearbhráthair
i n-am tagartha an ghlóir mhir
is mall agartha an éinfhir

'Bare is the shoulder without a cousin near
and woe to him that wants a brother dear
In time of boastful words the hand is slow
That strikes in battle with a single blow'

Ronald Ó Reagan
I can't think of a place on the planet I would rather claim as my roots more than Ballyporeen, County Tipperary... I come back to you as a descendant of people who are buried here in paupers' graves. Perhaps this is God's way of reminding us that we must always treat every individual, no matter what his or her station in life, with dignity and respect…" '

Ní hiomhuin le Dia an béal bréagach.
Is buaine bladh [clú] ná saoghal

Cúchulainn: 'Beó duine d' éis a anma, agus ní beó d' éis a oinigh.' [Foghlaim Chonculainn infra 276]
In the same spirit, Cúchulainn, having heard the druid Cathbha prophesy...

https://edition.cnn.com/2017/02/23/politics/steve-bannon-world-view/index.html

Trump [-eneezer Scrooge] is going to do exactly what he said during the campaign

“This is the main thing that the mainstream media – or the opposition party – never caught, is that if you want to see the Trump [the Tory] agenda it’s very simple. It was all in the speeches. He went around to those rallies and the speeches had an enormous amount of content in them …
He’s laid out an agenda with those speeches with the promises he made and our job every day is to just to execute on that … he’s maniacally focused on that.”
“All of those promises are going to be implemented,” [Steve Ó Bannon [the Rabble Rouser]] said.

“Bebeorh þé ðone bealo-níð, Béowulf léofa,
secg betsta, ond þé þæt sélre gecéos,
éce rǽdas; ofer-hýda ne gým,
mǽre cempa! Nú is þines mægnes blǽd
áne hwíle; eft sóna bið
þæt þec ádl oððe ecg eafoþes getwǽfeð,
oððe fýres feng oððe flódes wylm
oððe gripe méces oððe gáres fliht
oððe atol yldo, oððe éagena bearhtm
forsiteð ond forsworceð; semninga bið,
þæt ðec, dryht-guma, déað oferswýðeð.

O flower of warriors, beware of that trap.
Choose, dear Béowulf, the better part,
eternal rewards. Do not give way to pride.
For a brief while your strength is in bloom
but it fades quickly; and soon there will follow
illness or the sword to lay you low,
or a sudden fire or a surge of water
or jabbing blade or javelin from the air
or repellent age. Your piercing eye
will dim and darken; and death will arrive,
dear warrior, to sweep you away."
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Michael D. Higgins, president of [Occupied] Ireland
It may be fruitful to consider the relationship of what has been titled – and not without dissent – the "European Enlightenment" within the project of imperial expansion for an understanding of how the mask of modernity has been used for cultural suppression, economic exploitation, dispossession and domination.

Such consideration also helps explain a reluctance in former imperial powers to engage now with their imperialist past and to examine that past with descendants of those previously colonised, many of whom still live with the complex legacies of that colonialism.

https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-present-britain-history

WIKIPEDIA: The Orange Riots took place in Manhattan, New York City, in 1870 and 1871, and they involved violent conflict between Irish Protestants who were members of the Orange Order and hence called "Orangemen", and Irish Catholics, along with the New York City Police Department and the New York State National Guard. The riot caused the deaths of over 60 civilians – mostly [Irish Catholics] – and three [police officers] ....https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orange_Riots

Solas Mhic Dé ar a n-anam.
The Light of the Son of God on their soul
Gaelic Matters website > Gaelic and Irish Blessings

The Orange riots of 1870 and 1871 killed nearly 70 people, and were fought out between [Anglo-]Irish Protestant and [Gaelic] Catholic immigrants[exiles].
After this the activities of the Orange Order were banned for a time, the Order dissolved, and most members joined Masonic lodges.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orange_Order

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.
May their soul be on God's right hand
Gaelic Matters website > Gaelic and Irish Blessings

Michael D. Higgins, president of [Occupied] Ireland
At its core, imperialism involves the making of a number of claims that are invoked to justify its assumptions and practices – including its inherent violence. One of those claims is the assumption of superiority of culture and it is always present in the imperialising project. Forcing an acceptance on those subjugated of the inferiority of their culture as a dominated Other is the reverse side of the

coin.
Injustices perpetrated in the name of imperialism, and in resistance to it, often had a brutalising effect, leaving a bitter residue of pain and resentment, sometimes passed down through generations and left available to those willing to reignite inherited grievances.

What our current reflection consists of, I suggest, is not the offering of a set of competing rationalisations for different kinds of violence. Instead it is about understanding the contexts in which they occurred.

The rewards for this will come in the form in restoring the connection between moral instinct and public policy. That is an authenticity for which so many of our citizens, on this shared, vulnerable planet, yearn.
https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-present-britain-history

"Our ancestors cut a civilisation out of the bogs and meadows of this country while Mr [Ó] Haughey's ancestors were wearing pig skins and living in caves."
Dr. Ian Kyle Paisley, Omagh 1981.

Michael Higgins, president of [Occupied] Ireland
As I reflect on the instincts of those who have defended imperialism, I can see how the tool of an alleged “progressive modernity”[see Disraeli above] could be so effective. Those on the receiving end of imperialist adventurism were denied cultural agency, assumed to be incapable of it, and responsible for violence towards the “modernising” forces directed at them.

From the perspective of the British imperialist mind of its time, attitudes to the Irish for example, were never, and could never be, about a people who were equal, had a different culture, or could be trusted in a civilised discourse of equals. From the perspective of the Irish, who had their own ancient language, social and legal systems and a rich monastic contribution to the world, this view had to be resisted.

Some resistance was through an intensified cultural activity, literature, poetry, music and song. Others sought it within the domain of parliaments or through exerting political pressure from engaged emigrant populations in the United States. In other circumstances, the Irish found it through covert and overt violence. Most resorted to available strategies of escape through emigration, or survival within the empire, with a widespread, if suppressed, anger over humiliation experienced or remembered.

Both the imperialists and those they dominated developed a strategy of accommodation. At home in Britain, the imperialist experience was transmitted down through the classes; there was perhaps the glow associated with belonging to a global empire that could distract from problems of class rejection, an unjust society or an exploitative economic system. But anti-imperialist struggles weren’t free of the traits of empire either. They also at times lacked a consciousness of class exploitation [see Black Womanism, Bell Hooks].
https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2021/feb/11/empire-ireland-century-partition-present-britain-history

No trembling harp, no tuned timber, no tumbling hawk swerving through the hall, no swift horse pawing the courtyard. Pillage and slaughter have emptied the earth of entire peoples. And so he mourned as he moved about the world, deserted and alone, lamenting his unhappiness day and night, until death's flood brimmed up in his heart.”
— Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

In all countries, more or less, paupers may be discovered; but an entire nation of paupers is what was never seen until it was shown in [Occupied] Ireland. To explain the social condition of such a country, it would be only necessary to recount its miseries and its sufferings; the history of the poor is the history of [Occupied] Ireland.
Gustave de Beaumont, French visitor, 1839

“And so he mourned as he moved about the world, deserted and alone, lamenting his unhappiness day and night, until death's flood brimmed up in his heart.”
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

I have often said, and written, it is [Forced Starvation] which must consume [the Irish]; our swords and other endeavours work not that speedy effect which is expected for their overthrow.
English Viceroy Arthur Chichester writing to Elizabeth I's chief advisor, November 1601

“Oh, cursed is he
who in time of trouble has to thrust his soul
in the fire’s embrace, forfeiting help;
he has nowhere to turn. But blessed is he
who after death can approach the Lord
and find friendship in the [God the] Father’s embrace.”
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

The time hath been, when they lived like Barbarians, in woods, in bogs, and in desolate places, without politic law, or civil government, neither embracing religion, law or mutual love. That which is hateful to all the world besides is only beloved and embraced by the Irish, I mean civil wars and domestic dissensions .... the Cannibals, devourers of men's flesh, do learn to be fierce amongst themselves, but the Irish, without all respect, are even more cruel to their neighbours.
Barnaby Rich, A New Description of [Occupied] Ireland, 1610

“The fabled warrior in his warshirt and helmet
trusted in his own strength entirely
and went under the crag. No coward path.”
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

And first I have to find fault with the abuse of language; that is, for the speaking of Irish among the [Norman] English [Catholics], which as it is unnatural that any people should love another's language more than their own, so it is very inconvenient and the cause of many other evils. ...It seemeth strange to me that the English should take more delight to speak that language than their own, whereas they should, methinks, rather take scorn to acquaint their tongues thereto. For it hath ever been the use of the conqueror to despise the language of the conquered and to force him by all means to learn his.
A View of the State of [Occupied] Ireland, Edmund Spenser 1580-90s

Bail ó Dhia ort
The blessing of God on you.
Gaelic Matters website > Gaelic and Irish Blessings

How godly a deed it is to overthrow so wicked a race the world may judge: for my part I think there cannot be a greater sacrifice to God.
Edward Barkley, describing how the forces of the Earl of Essex slaughtered the entire population of Rathlin Island, Co. Antrim, 1575

Dia leat!
God at you.
Gaelic Matters website > Gaelic and Irish Blessings

“It was like the misery felt by an old man who has lived to see his son's body swing on the gallows. He begins to keen and weep for his boy, watching the raven gloat where he hangs: he can be of no help.

The wisdom of age is worthless to him. Morning after morning, he wakes to remember that his child is gone; he has no interest in living on until another heir is born in the hall, now that his first-born has entered death's dominion forever.

He gazes sorrowfully at his son's dwelling, the banquet hall bereft of all delight, the windswept hearthstone; the horsemen are sleeping, the warriors under ground; what was is no more.

No tunes from the harp, no cheer raised in the yard.

Alone with his longing, he lies down on his bed and sings a lament; everything seems too large, the steadings and the fields.”
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Rath Dé ort
The ringfort of God on you
Gaelic Matters website > Gaelic and Irish Blessings

Frank Herbert(mac Eileen Ní Chárthaígh), The White Plague
“And finally I tell the Irish to remember the Banshee of Dalcais Aibell, the Banshee warning Brian Boru that he would die at Clontarf. Listen for the Banshee, Ireland, for I will have my revenge upon all of you.

No more can you evade personal responsibility for what you did to me and mine.

I am the ultimate gombeen man come to make you pay -- not just during the hard months but forevermore.”

“It bothers me to have to burden anyone
with all the grief Grendel has caused
and the havoc he has wreaked upon us in Heorot,
our humiliations”
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

Nár laga Dia thú
May God never weaken you

The Celts are not among the progressive, initiative races, but among those which supply the materials rather than the impulse of history...

The Persians, the Greeks[mousikoi=Féineachas], the Romans and the Teutons are the only makers of history, the only authors of advancement. …

Subjection to a people of a higher capacity for government is of itself no misfortune; and it is to most countries the condition of their political advancement. [The circular reasoning of imperialist narcissism? Might makes right?]
British historian Lord Acton, 1862

Go n-eirí an t-ádh leat.
Good luck to you [gaelicmatters.com]

Past and present, God's will prevails.― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

...Furious fanaticism; a love of war and disorder; a hatred for order and patient industry; no accumulative habits; restless; treacherous and uncertain: look to Ireland...

As a Saxon, I abhor all dynasties, monarchies and bayonet governments[laughtrack], but this latter seems to be the only one suitable for the Celtic man.
Robert Knox, anatomist, describing his views on the "Celtic character", 1850

"They said that of all the [chiefs] upon the earth
he was the man most gracious and fair-minded,
kindest to his people"
― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country [Ireland]...to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black one would not see it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours.
Cambridge historian [and Anglican priest friend of Darwin?]
Charles Kingsley, letter to his wife from [Occupied] Ireland, 1860

Mo sheacht mbeannacht ort!
My seven blessings on you!

A creature manifestly between the Gorilla and the N--ro is to be met with in some of the lowest districts of London and Liverpool by adventurous explorers. It comes from [Occupied] Ireland, whence it has contrived to migrate; it belongs in fact to a tribe of Irish savages: the lowest species of Irish Ya ho o. When conversing with its kind it talks a sort of gibberish....
Satire entitled "The Missing Link", from the British magazine Punch, 1862

[a sort of gibberish]
An Breithiúnas Deireanach
31"Nuair a thiocfaidh Mac an Duine ina ghlóir agus na haingil uile in éineacht leis, rachaidh sé ina shuí an uair sin i ríchathaoir a ghlóire. 32Beidh na náisiúin uile cruinnithe os a chomhair, agus déanfaidh sé na daoine a scaradh ó chéile, mar a scarann an t-aoire na caoirigh ó na gabhair.

33Cuirfidh sé na caoirigh ar a láimh dheis agus na gabhair ar a láimh chlé. 34Ansin déarfaidh an rí le lucht na láimhe deise: 'Tagaigí, a lucht bheannaithe m'Athar, glacaigí mar oidhreacht an ríocht a ullmhaíodh daoibh ó thúsú an domhain.

35Óir bhí ocras orm agus thug sibh rud le hithe dom, bhí tart orm agus thug sibh rud le hól dom, bhí mé i mo strainséir agus thug sibh aíocht dom, 36bhí mé nocht agus chuir sibh éadach orm, bhí mé tinn agus tháinig sibh do m'fheiceáil, bhí mé i bpríosún agus thug sibh cuairt orm.'

37Freagróidh na fíréin é ansin: 'A Thiarna, cén uair a chonaiceamar thú agus ocras ort go dtabharfaimis bia duit, nó tart ort go dtabharfaimis deoch duit? 38Cén uair a chonaiceamar i do strainséir thú go dtabharfaimis aíocht duit, nó nocht go gcuirfimis éadach ort?

39Nó cén uair a chonaiceamar tinn thú, nó i bpríosún, go dtabharfaimis cuairt ort?' 40Agus déarfaidh an rí á bhfreagairt: 'Deirim libh go fírinneach, sa mhéid go ndearna sibh é do dhuine den chuid is lú de na bráithre seo agamsa, is domsa a rinne sibh é.'

41Ansin déarfaidh sé le lucht na láimhe clé ar a seal: 'Imígí uaim, a dhream mhallaithe, isteach sa tine shíoraí a ullmhaíodh don diabhal agus dá chuid aingeal. 42Óir bhí ocras orm agus níor thug sibh aon rud le hithe dom, bhí tart orm agus níor thug sibh aon rud le hól dom, 43bhí mé i mo strainséir agus níor thug sibh aíocht dom, bhí mé nocht agus níor chuir sibh aon éadach orm, bhí mé tinn agus i bpríosún agus níor tháinig sibh do m'fheiceáil.'

44Agus freagróidh siad sin é ansin: 'A Thiarna, cén uair a bhí tú le feiceáil againn agus ocras nó tart ort, nó i do strainséir, nó nocht nó tinn nó i bpríosún agus nach ndearnamar freastal ort?'

45Ansin freagróidh sé iad: 'Deirim libh go fírinneach, sa mhéid nach ndearna sibh é do dhuine den chuid is lú díobh seo, ní dhearna sibh domsa é ach oiread.' 46Agus imeoidh siad leo, iad seo isteach i bpionós síoraí, ach na fíréin i mbeatha shíoraí."

A Celt will soon be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as the red man[sic] on the banks of Manhattan.
The Times, editorial, 1848

Ua Kuluma Ke Kanaka I Ke Aloha
It is natural for people to behave in a caring way.
Kanaka Maoli, Hawai'i

[Occupied] Ireland is like a half-starved rat that crosses the path of an elephant. What must the elephant do? Squelch it - by heavens - squelch it.
Thomas Carlyle, British essayist, 1840s

Chíonn beirt rud nach bhfeiceann duine amháin?

An Leabhar Fine Eóghan.
The Published Portion of the Inner Canon of 道則徐.
'Ó-Kieffe of the handsome brown brows' Ó Heerin
Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh.

Salm 1
An Chéad Leabhar
Fíorshonas
Is aoibhinn don fhear nach leanann
de chomhairle lucht na héagráifeachta;
nach seasann i slí na bpeacach,
agus nach suíonn i gcuideachta na sotalach;
2ach a bhfuil a dhúil i ndlí an Tiarna,

agus a dhéanann machnamh air de lá agus d'oíche.
3Is cosúil an duine sin le crann
a plandaíodh ar bhruach na habhann,
a thugann a thoradh go tráthúil
agus nach bhfeonn a dhuilleoga choíche.
Bíonn an rath ar gach aon ní dá ndéanann sé.
4Ní amhlaidh do na héagráifigh, ní amhlaidh!
ach mar cháith a scaiptear le gaoth.
5Ionas nach seasfaidh na héagráifigh sa bhreithiúnas
ná na peacaigh i gcomhthionól na bhfíréan.
6Óir is cúram don Tiarna slí na bhfíréan,
ach rachaidh slí na n-éagráifeach ar ceal.
An Bíobla Naofa

Written by St. Colmcille

1. Aoibhinn dom bheith air cnoc oileáin
Ar barr carraige
Go bhféacha mé minic ar an fharraige ciúin.
Delightful to me to be on an island hill,
on the crest of a rock,
that I might often watch the quiet sea.

2. Go bhféacha mé na dtonnta troma
Os cionn an t-uisce geal mar canann siad
Ceol chig a n-Athair go síoraí.;
That I might watch the heavy waves
above the bright water, as they chant
music to their Father everlastingly.

3. Go bhféacha mé dtrá mín geal-chiumhaiseach,
Ní caitheamh aimsire dorcha go gcloise mé glór
na néan iasachta, glór taitneamhach é.;
That I might watch it's smooth, bright-bordered shore,
no gloomy pastime, that I might hear the cry
of the strange birds, a pleasing sound.

4. Go gcloise mé crónán na dtonnta fada
in aghaidh na gcarraigeacha, go gcloise mé
glór an fharraige mar chaoineadh ar taobh uaigh.
That I might hear the murmur of the long waves
against the rocks, that I might hear
the sound of the sea, like mourning beside a grave.

5. Go bhféacha mé na b-ealtaí é go hiontach
Os cionn na farraige lán d'uisce, go bhféacha mé
a míolta mora laidre, an t-iontas is mó.;
That I might watch the splendid flocks of birds
over the well-watered sea, that I might see
its mighty whales, the greatest wonder.

6. Go bhféacha mé a thrá's tuile ina nimeacht
Go raibh mar ainm orm - sé rún a n-innsím--;
"Séisean a chas a chúl ar Eirinn."
That I might watch its ebb and flood in their course,
that my name should be--it is a secret that I tell--
"he who turned his back upon Ireland."

https://www.sengoidelc.com/category/war/
Ní gnáth orgain cen scéola.
(not * usual * massacre * without * survivor)
However harsh the battle, someone usually survives to tell the tale.

Tao Te Ching, Lao Zi, Stephen Mitchell translation, modified

The great Tao [Way, Law, Caoi] is easy
yet people prefer to take side paths ['to the high road']
Be aware [aire] when things are out of balance
Stay centered within the Tao

[For example of Out of Balance]:
When rich speculators prosper
while farmers lose their land
when government officials spend money
on weapons instead of [or as?] cures;
when the upper class is extravagant and irresponsible
while the poor have nowhere to turn –
All this is robbery and chaos [Dao Zhe typos, Dharma Xsetra abstraction]
It is not in keeping with the Caoi.

We join spokes together in a Wheel
but it is the center of the Wheel
That makes the wagon move...

The Sifu [Seanchaí] observes the Sia [tír] Earth
but trusts his inner Aisling Vision
His heart is as open as the Tian Sky
Success is as dangerous as failure
The ancient masters were profound and subtle
Their wisdom was unfathomable
There is no way to describe it
All we can describe is their appearance
Tao Te Ching, Lao Zi, Stephen Mitchell translation, modified

'Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands . 'Ó Heerin from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

Domini est salus , Christi est salus. Super populum tuum, Domine, benedictio tua.
Solk us from the taddy. Ní chronaítear an tobar go dtrá sé.

Ní·fríth ní·fuigébthar brithem bas fíriu cathroí.
(not was found * not will be found * judge * that might be * more true * (than) battle-field)
A truer judge than the battle field has never been found, and never will be.
https://www.sengoidelc.com/category/war/

Police Detective Jimmy McNulty, The Wire
"If you don't look at what you did before, you do the same [malarkey] all over."

Nothing is impossible for him,
Because he has let go,
He can care for La Gente, Les Gennes, Na Daoine, The Boat, Harambe, Kanaka, Pin Yao welfare as a Mei-Mei cares for her wee uns.

Tao Te Ching, Lao Zi, Stephen Mitchell translation, modified

"[The Native Gaelic Orthodox Catholics] use their fields mostly for pasture.
Little is cultivated and even less is sown.
The problem here is not the quality of the soil...
different types of minerals with which hidden veins of the earth are full
are neither mined nor exploited in any way.
They do not devote themselves to the manufacture of flax or wool,
nor to the practice of any mechanical or mercantile act.
Cambro-Norman Propagandist Gerald of Wales, Topography of [Occupied] Ireland, circa 1188.
He is related to FitzGerald, FitzMaurice, De Barry and Keating Norman Catholic West Brit families occupying and extracting the life out of the Ireland still. Lovely lad.

Introduction to Sermons in Irish-Gaelic by the
Most Reverend James Ó Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe
by the Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, MRIA,
president of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.

Bishop Séamus Ó Gallagher said,
'St. Paul gave strict charge to his...disciple Timothy, to preach incessantly the word of God. Praedica verbum, insta opportune, importune.' 2 Timothy

Ireland's Position Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke:

[A]....powerful element, at once of enterprise and hostility, was excited anew in the breast of every Briton, namely, love of [sordid] gain—love of acquiring new lands and increased territorial possessions, together with an ill-regulated desire for power, for plunder, and self-indulgence.

Ireland, so long, secure from the attacks of the legions of Imperial Rome...now quite near to Britain, was no longer secure from aggression. This island was a territory in which at that time religious hate, love of land and uncontrolled power could be satisfied to the fullest extent by those who sought a field to exercise these favorite failings.

Under the influence of a hostile spirit, rendered delirious by religious mania, and insensible to every emotion that ennobles human nature, the Penal Laws, during the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, Charles, Cromwell, and Anne, were enacted.

In the same demonic spirit, as Mr. Froude shows (History of England vol. c., p 509) were carried on the wars which devastated [Deas Mhumhain] and the principalities of Ó Neill and Ó Donnell, the territories of Ó Rourke, MacGuire, MacMahon, and Ó Dogherty.

The...Penal Laws uprooted and almost complete destroyed Catholicism in England ; it ruined, exiled or destroyed the Catholics of the Pale—the English settlement in [Occupied] Ireland [see 'The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Related by Themselves,' edited by John Morris, priest of the Society of Jesus—London, Burns, and Oates. 'Sufferings of the Irish Catholics', by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory]...

[...more like squalid apes than human beings. ...unstable as water. ...only efficient military despotism [can succeed in [Occupied] Ireland] ...the wild Irish understand only force.
- James Anthony Froude, Professor of history, Oxford. The Oxford Companion to Irish History, if memory serves, admits 30 'Famine' events between 1300-1900? Oxon?]

...How did it fair with that land of heroes after the Flight of the Earls?

[Ní hAnsa] The former state of things was completely changed. The territorial possessions were confiscated, the people's religion proscribed, the bishops banished, priests persecuted, churches demolished, monasteries made desolate, the land taken from the native proprietors and sold to adventurers [Venture Capitalists] from London, or even from other parts of England and from Scotland—the creed of the conquerors imposed on the Catholics.

The natives were told off to Connacht or to another [colony] more remote. Those who remained became hewers of wood and drawers of water. As the early christians fled from Jerusalem to Pella before the armies of Vespasian and his son Titus, so the Catholics of Donegal fled from the towns and took refuge in the mountains and in the remote glenns of the hallowed country of Tyrconnell.

At the hands of an infuriate and bigoted soldiery, wild with lawless desire of plunder and lucre, and maddened with a religious fanaticism [protestant dominionist fundamentalist zeal, Ideology, Nativism], the Catholic Kelts of the North received no quarter and obtained no mercy.

[Page NOTE: They came as the historians of the period—even their own friends testify, to murder and plunder—to take by every means in their power possession of the lands of the Irish chieftains.

So says Leland:'The object of the Irish governors and of the English Parliament was the utter extinction of all the Catholics of [Occupied] Ireland.'

And Carte, in his life of Ormond, says, ' They had their hearts set, not only on the extirpation of the mere Irish, but likewise on all the English families that were ... Catholics!'

And why? ...out of love for their lands. 'Their object.' says Prendergast. In ...The Cromwellian Settlement, was rather to extinguish a nation—to take their lands—Therefore they [unlawfully, even under the Geneva Convention]transferred the estates, and with them all the power of the state, to an overwhelming, flood of adventurers [swordsmen, players]...Fronde says:='In justice to the English soldiers, it must be said, that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child was allowed to live to manhood.' --Hist. Eng. VOL x p. 509.]

...The men who composed the Anglo-Irish Parliament at Dublin were animated with a kindred spirit.

It is painful to present such a picture as this of the state of [Occupied] Ireland at the time but it is true. If to see it, and contemplate its horrors is painful, it must have been, in its reality, one of intense horror to those who endured its galling weight of woe. Facts must be recorded no matter how painful must be their recital.'

For their fights, enough to mention " the host of Eochaidh's race,'^ the red hand ^ of Éire ! " . Many true battles of theirs in Eire have been recorded therein by the lore of the sages.
THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.

Noel Gallagher
“Since the rise of the coffee shop, culture has disappeared, don't you think? People are horrified that they have to pay for music. Music! But $20 for two coffees, oh, absolutely." (to NPR, March 2018)

Liam Gallagher
“He did me out, mate, he threw me under the [f-ing] bus, and I won’t forget that. He split the band up and it meant the world to me. Just to further his career,” Liam told The Guardian in 2018. “So me having a little pop at him when he fucking needs it, I don’t give a [f] if his missus gets a bit of [malarkey] on Twitter, or his ... kid–welcome to my [f-ing] world. I was getting [malarkey] when you threw me under the bus and split the band up. My kids get [malarkey], too. Get off Twitter if you can’t fucking handle it.”
When Noel said an Oasis musical was “inevitable,” Liam reacted on Twitter. “Oasis the musical 5 lads from Manchester start a band and take on the world the little 1 who writes the songs turns into a massive [c-word] acks everyone except his little brother as he ain’t got the arse splits up the band there’s a story line for ya THE END,” he tweeted in August 2019, coincidentally the 25th anniversary of the band’s debut album, Definitely Maybe.[source?]

Noel Gallagher on his brother Liam...
"Liam is... rude, arrogant, intimidating and lazy. He's the angriest man you'll ever meet. He's like a man with a fork in a world of soup." (to Q magazine, April 2009)

“First, you write for yourself... always, to make sense of experience and the world around you. It’s one of the ways I stay sane. Our stories, our books, our films are how we cope with the random trauma-inducing chaos of life as it plays.” — Bruce Springsteen

“Well, Well, Well,” Danny O'Keefe/Bob Dylan

Until you’ve paid the price you can’t know what it’s worth
The air and water, the fire and earth
Dig a hole in the ground straight down to hell
Till there ain’t no more water in the well, well, well
When you’re down on your knees with nothing left to sell
Try diggin a little deeper in the well well well

Mac Carthy's Treasure from duchas.ie as recorded by Helen Clancy from Mrs Ellen Linehan in Blarney, Co. Cork Duchas.ie
Everyone who knows the history of Blarney Castle should know about Mac Carthy's Treasure. When Cromwell attacked the Mac Carthys they (the Mac Carthys) went through a tunnel which led to a lake about 30 acres in area into which they threw all their jewels so that Cromwell would not get them as well as the Castle.

Here is a Legend connected with the lake – Every May a woman riding w white horse appears on the lake. And if the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys is there when she appears she will give him the treasure...

Many tourists come to visit the Castle and maybe some day one of them will be the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys. If it is we hope that he will come on a May morning and that he will visit the lake and by such means receive the treasure of his ancestors.

CLÍODHNA1897
'Under this eminence in an easterly direction in the deep cave of Castlecor [cóir, comhar?], of which...wonders are related. It is said that it contains treasures of gold and silver under the control of a white cat, who is seated n a throne of great value, and that this cat was once the beautiful Aoivil, metamorphosed into ... her natural form for the space of a week every year at midsummer; and that whoever is so fortunate as to visit her during that time, is free from the desire of sordid gain, and prefers her, with her beauty, to her treasures...put an end to her enchantment.

This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney lough, as well as Giroid Jarla in Lough Guir, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain.

Hitherto, all those who chanced to see the enchanted cat were astonished at the riches contained in the palace, and no sooner did they commence loading themselves with the precious coins they found on the floor than a tremendous wind overwhelmed them with its force, and they found themselves prostrate outside the cave with the loss of an eye or limb, a punishment for their sordid disposition ...

"Sometimes you'll think you'll hear the groans of ghosts,
Thin, hollow wounds, and lamentable screams." ...

...the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures. In the event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled. They are both truly happy during... midsummer eve, when Cleena and all the [banshees] assemble to rejoice and congratulate her. But at the expiration of the week she departs for the "grey rock" in gloomy sadness.
Clíodhna, Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, 1897.
[Clíodhna1897 bridges the gap between the Momonian oral tradition and Book of Lismore to confirm the veracity and antiquity of the Forbuis along with the Boundaries of Fermoy in the same terms alluded to in the Contention of the Bards, though regarding a perhaps older boundary line that was later revised, as between Forbuis and Ancient Territory of Fermoy at Lismore. Concessions?]

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.

You mentioned not, when you should have done so, the putting of Cormac [the Coward], son of Art Aoinfhear by Fiachaidh under the hook of the cauldron after the battle of [Forbuis] Druim Damhghaire [hidden in Lismore Castle].

It was Mogh Ruith of the stock of famous [Fergus] who caused the dishonour of Cormac [the Coward]. Caoille an Druadh [Larger Fermoy] -' is a proof of it. Do not attribute it to Fiachaidh [The Flat-head, of the Two Sorrows].

I am ashamed to repeat what you say of Caoille an Druadh. I must to refute what you say', detail the truth of the story!

175. It was Cormac himself who brought from the North, to conquer by means of them, [court] druids [who warned him against it] at whose word [Munster, Mumha, Móf Mumhan, Momonia]'s waters ebbed away, and cattle and men were parched.

176. As a resource for their fight, the [court]druids form fire-balls, against which arms availed not, — if that be, for your honourable noble [chief], a creditable means of getting power !

177. The host of [Momonia] then send for the old wizard Moghruith. You know of the land [Fermoy, go brách] he got for checking the wizardry of Cormac's druids [at Knocklong].

1838 witnessed the killing of that extremely tough land distributor John O'Keeffe of Mountain Castle. O'Keeffe, a catholic, who had risen 'from a low origin' and was described as 'upwards of 80 years of age', had scant respect for tenants rights.

He was not in the habit of giving rent receipts and moreover if a tenant improved the land O'Keeffe simply raised the rent.

It appears the decision to evict the Tobins of Lyreattin [a local townland], who refused to pay an increased rent having improved their holding, together with O'Keeffe's purchase of the lands of Ballykerin [another nearby townland]...finally provoked the community from which he had sprung too far.

Both existing and prospective tenants had enough. Although O'Keeffe survived the assassination attempt on 4th April 1838 when a pistol shot went through his coat, he received a blunderbuss when he rode to Mass at Modeligo on Sunday May 1838 and died from his wounds 10 days later.
Kiely, Maurice B., agus Nolan William, Politics, Land and Rural Conflict, in Waterford History and Society, 1992, lch. 483.

178. Moghruith baffled the druids' arts, and got the reward for that [Fermoy, go Brách]. Fiacha of Mumha broke the strength of the Northerns. Moghruith only destroyed their wizardry.

179. I take the story of that hosting where it is found written everywhere North or South to witness to the truth of what I say. " When attempting the dominion of the fair men of Mumha — an act of oppression was this sovereign deed — b y Mogh Corb son of Cas the Reaver was Cairbre Lifeachair slain."

Cormac [the Coward] won fifty battles, he wrote the " Psalter of Teamhair." ' There is no word in that precious Psalter that Fiachaidh won any battle ! [no, it was buried at Lismore at the time of this Contention of the Bards, right?]

55. I think you should not have invented your story of the wizardry of the old druid Moghruith at oxen-rich Druim Damhghaire, seeing that it was all superstition !

160. The two sons of Eibrioc, Eibhear's son, made an arbitrary division...

161. As it was Mogh who exacted his terms, " Mogh's Half," not " Fraoch's Half " i* is the name of the Half — really more than a half — which was held by Eoghan. As you ascribed Eoghan's power to Fraoch.,,, Date Caesari quae sunt Caesaris.

...Think it not strange that the man who held sway in Spain over Eibhear, before they came here, should rule over him here.

19. As regards " Hibernia," which you say is to be found in other tongues,^ in such cases never trust any tongue but the Scotic. 20. If anyone ever derived in [Gaelic] " Éibhear " from " Hibernia " [it went the other way?] it would be better evidence ^ than what you know of the seventy-two languages.

21. It is therefore the more its (the Scotic language, Gaelic) dutv to preserve the tradition of Fiacha's Land. That is why it is right to believe my meaning of the word. ■

22. You have read the phrase " land of the sunset " applied to warlike Éire. Why was that said of her if my translation of Hibernia [Éibhear-nia] be wrong ?

23. If it is not at the sunset that lies the land called Éire, believe not the historical poem of the ancients " Let us sing the origin of the [Gael]."

120. Why did not Fiacha take the [chiefing] or some land from him, had Cormac been in his power after conquering him as you boasted?

121. Your story told to disgrace Cormac should rather be told of Fiacha. If Fiacha sought power by means of druids, it would have been worthy of his turn for [draíocht] !

122. Though this story of [draíocht] is a poor proof of your point, I let it pass — though as a fact it is not true. Let us have some other evidence for the rout of Druim Damhghaire [obviously suppressed and hidden in the walls of Castle Lismore. This book is that evidence.].

123. I know that a lie about Moghruith is attributed in the tale to [St.] Peter, how [St.]Peter said to him — a wrong thing to say — " Your [draíocht] shall abide for ever."

124. An unlikely tale, of which the falsehood can be seen, should never be beheved, especially when there is no book to support it. Such is your tale of the Siege [of Cnoc Luong].*

125. If it was when seeking the [chiefing] of Mumha that, as you say,^ Cairbre of the heroes fell, far from Mumha is famous Gabhar Aichle ^ where he fell !

126. Seventeen ' years the hero ruled Fodhla and Mumha till that battle 8 where he was valiant. Who could surpass Cormac [the Coward] of all the race of bright famous [Gael] ? though you put on him the reproach of having been put under the cauldron's hanger by Fiacha!

[One of the contenders: Art Óg Ó Caoimh (O Keefe) says (xxvii. 10) that he is related to the O Briens.

Beyond this we know nothing of him. Perhaps he was the Art og (Mac Airt mhic Dhomhnaill) O Caoimh, chief of his name, inaugurated in 1583, who is mentioned in Fiants as living in Dromagh Castle (Bar. Duhallow, Co. Cork), mentioned in FM. 1582, 1583, and whom O Daly satirised (Tribes of Ireland, O'Donovan).]

You are not disgraced, nor ashamed, O Aodh, in perverting history in your argument. I should be ashamed that the perversion of a jot of history should be found after me. ...[Amen.]

"Through my fault have I sinned."

Offer your prayers, then, to God with pure contrition, and I pardon you now all you have done to me ; and I ask you to pardon me so that we may win the peace of God through being at peace with each other in this vale of tears, and that we may not walk the path of folly, since as Torna said,
'It is certain that the men of earth are going to be judged by Thee, O Christ !
This is what we pray of Thee !
Look now O Leath Mogha [Mogh's Half, geographical southern half of Ireland, toponomastic clue, in James Ó Joyce's word] !
Do you see the fool's tonsure on Tadhg?

...there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought[?]..." — Edmund Spenser, The Faerie Queene

A long time ago From the introduction to The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864

...when Spenser borrowed the wild legends of Munster, and stamped them with the [colonisers appropriation stamp in the] "Faery Queen," the horrors depicted in his "View of the state of [Occupied] Ireland," and the prostrate condition of the country at that time, are illustrated in his own experience; for he was then in possession of the confiscated estates and Castle of the Earl of Desmond; and from the banks of the "'gentle Mulla" we may perceive how his Poem is pictured with that fair, Munster scenery.

...When the poets of the Elizabethan era stamped upon their glorious productions the romantic beauties of that age of chivalry, [Occupied] Ireland was prostrated by famine, pestilence, and war. When the stern enthusiasm of the Puritans moulded the English tongue... [Occupied] Ireland was still bleeding under the terrible scourge of merciless conquest ....

[Occupied] Ireland passed under the confiscating hammer of that royal auctioneer, James the First, who effected his plunder of the land from the native chiefs by "cruelty, subornation, and perjury."

...when Milton's majestic muse produced the "Paradise Lost," [Occupied] Ireland was then, also, in an unfavourable condition for the cultivation of literature, exposed as she was to the tender mercies of Cromwell. But that total ignorance which the sword could never produce was achieved by the infamous penal laws, which disgrace the name … of England.

This barbarous code, in the language of Edmund Burke, "had a vicious perfection — it was a complete system — full of coherence and consistency : well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

… [Éire] was abused and scourged alternately; and if her beautiful voice burst forth in song...she was forthwith gagged... She had an adventurous foe struggling bravely against her nationality... She was conquered .... . , she was crowned with the thorns of ignorance and persecution... the Genius of Misrule presented [Occupied] Ireland with an Encyclopoedia of Horrors! ...while the christian invaders of [Occupied] Ireland prohibited education under penalty of death.

...These facts must be borne in mind in connexion with Irish literature and its history ; they account for the blank of a thousand years ...And yet, an Irish [political poem-singing tradition] was never wanting in [Occupied] Ireland. The external world knew it not because it was ignorant of her sweet tongue. But from the days of [An Draoi] it existed — patronized by her chiefs, and sung by her people."

Bruce Springsteen
"If people are sick and hurting and lost, I guess it falls on everybody to address those problems in some fashion. Because injustice, and the price of that injustice, falls on everyone's heads. The economic injustice falls on everybody's head and steals everyone's freedom."

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57
WOODS AND FASTNESSES, AND THEIR DENIZENS, IN ANCIENT LEINSTER. BY HERBERT F. HORE, ESQ

THE wide woods and lofty trees that adorn England so richly are the most prominent natural objects in a country devoid of the grander feature of broad and cloud-capped mountains. But as the few standing woods that remain in [Occupied] Ireland and all the finest timber grow only in sheltered vales, trees enter so little into the general scenery, that travellers are sceptical whether there is, or ever was, any considerable extent of sylvan shade in this island; and Americans, especially if backwoodsmen, admire the fact, that the country is " well cleared.,,lovers of " The Faerie Queene" remember the stanza in which the author, when a happy denizen of a sylvan district in [Occupied] Ireland, celebrated his adopted land as abounding in leafy honours. Yet the pleasing evidence poetry would give of the multitude and extent of our pristine woodlands must be abandoned for sober archaic accounts and stern statistics. It must do so, were we to proceed to give the true area of some of the larger woods as they nourished in Spenser's time, and if we subjoined some other notes on the topic, so as to enable a tolerably accurate idea to be formed of the real sylvan state of ancient Ireland. Local traditions often boldly declare that their districts were once so well wooded that the graceful little habitant of groves, the cat cruinn, or martin, could leap from bough to bough for many a mile....
,,,A still more boundless continuity of shade, limited indeed only by the ocean, is claimed for Erin in the old rhyme :— " Ireland was thrice beneath the ploughshare. Thrice it was wood, aud thrice it was bare....The woods and boggs of Mounster-Evan, Gallin, and Sleevmargy, in the Queen's county ...Hooker describes the scene of the engagement as the "fastnesse of the Glinnes, by nature so strong as possibly might be, for in it is a valley, or combe, being in the middle of the wood, of great length between two hils ; . . . .the sides are full of great and mighty trees, and full of bushmente and underwoods." The heroic Red Hugh O'Donnell sought shelter in Glenmalure after his second escape from Dublin Castle, and wascarefully concealed by its chieftain in a moate, " in a solitary part of a dense wood....Whilst in this abode of all the pleasures of which St. Hubert is patron, the English nobleman commenced to preserve a little denizen of the woods that is now nearly extinct, the martin, less for the sake of the sport it gave than for its beautiful skin, which was much prized for lining a robe of state. In the preceding century these furry little animals were found so plentifully in Irish woods, that the Earl of Ormonde had a special pack of small hounds for pursuing them. In 1638 Strafford wrote to the English Primate, promising to send him all the martin skins he could procure ; but observed, that as the woods of Ireland decreased, her famous hawks and valuable

martins became scarce : he purposed, however, " to set up a breed" of the last-mentioned animals in his woods ; for, says he, " a good one is worth as much as a good wether, yet neither eats so much, nor costs so much attendance ; but then the pheasants must look Whilst in this abode of all the pleasures of which St. Hubert is patron, the English nobleman commenced to preserve a little denizen of the woods that is now nearly extinct, the martin, less for the sake of the sport it gave than for its beautiful skin, which was much prized for lining a robe of state. In the preceding century these furry little animals were found so plentifully in Irish woods, that the Earl of Ormonde had a special pack of small hounds for pursuing them. In 1638 Strafford wrote to the English Primate, promising to send him all the martin skins he could procure ; but observed, that as the woods of [Occupied] Ireland decreased, her famous hawks and valuable martins became scarce : he purposed, however, " to set up a breed" of the last-mentioned animals in his woods ; for, says he, " a good one is worth as much as a good wether, yet neither eats so much, nor costs so much attendance ; but then the pheasants must look 854 well to themselves, for they tell me these vermin will hunt and kill them notably ;" livelily adding, " perchance you think now I learn nothing going up yonder amongst them into the forests and rocks?" In replying, the Archbishop pleasantly told his correspondent, that even if the martins destroyed the pheasants, it was not much matter, as " their feathers are so much better than the others ;" and in the following winter the noble preserver sent his Grace of Canterbury ninety-two skins—" scarce as many," said he, " as to fur a gown, but all he could procure for love or money." "
“All wisdom advises us to keep this [Irish] kingdom as much subordinate and dependent on England as possible; and, holding them from manufacture of wool (which unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage), and then enforcing them to fetch their cloth from England, how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary?” — Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of [Occupied] Ireland, in a letter to King Charles I, 1634

It is not the Ireland of old that we have to-day. But an [Occupied] Ireland of English speech, and English pride, An [Occupied] Ireland without strength, and in misery extreme. An [Occupied] Ireland without Irish, and without love for poetry Peter Ó Galligan, 1907.

A forestry boom is turning [Occupied] Ireland into an ecological dead zone, Mary Colwell, The Guardian, 10 Oct 2018]

'Existential threats' Charlie Windsor
Spousesla_er Charlie Windsor: 'vast frightening experiment of changing every ecological condition all at once at a pace that far outstrips Nature's ability to cope'
Charlie Windsor. Our survival in 'peril' unless we 'rapidly repair and restore Nature'
Charlie Windsor[response to industrial business threats] 'Dreadfully far off track'
Charlie Windsor: 'How dangerous are we prepared to make our world?'

'...a highly thoughtful people transmitting crystallized thought through many hundreds of generations down to our day and time, from the very dawn of human knowledge I must ask you where can you expect to find truth if it is not there.' The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death. BY H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913

Lámh fhoisteannach abú. Mullach abú. Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis...Forte et Fideli...
Bérla Féine Hérenn: Corcach. The Legal Speech of Ireland: Cork

'We honor our parents by carrying their best forward and laying the rest down. By fighting and taming the demons that laid them low and now reside in us' Bruce 'Springsteen' Ó Gerrity, '41 Shots? [Honey, Mil], we were born to run!

Bruce Springsteen may have been Born In The USA - but his [Dúchas is] in Ireland.
Independent.ie 27 Bealtaine 2016

Researchers have uncovered The Boss's great-great-great-grandfather was from Co Kildare. And Christy [Ó] Gerrity, from Rathangan, was also known as a hell-raiser and outspoken protester in his glory days.
He was arrested and imprisoned in 1823 under the Insurrection Act - which targeted those protesting the social injustice of excessive tithes, rent payments and related evictions....'

Now, if we are to become Irish again...our young people must be made familiar with the proverbs which have been the heritage and the helpmates of unnumbered generations of our ancestors ; they must be encouraged to use them and keep them alive, and hand them down to future generations.
Énrí Ua Muirgheasa (sp), 1907, Seanfhocla Uladh

I can't believe the news today I can't close my eyes And make it go away. How long? How long must we sing this song? How long? how long? — U2, Sunday Bloody Sunday

Everybody's goin' away
Said they're movin' to LA
There's not a soul I know around
Everybody's leavin' town
Some caught a freight, some caught a plane
Find the sunshine, leave the rain
They said this town's a waste of time
I guess they're right, it's wastin' mine
Some gotta win, some gotta lose
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Good time Charlie's got the blues

Ya know my heart keeps tellin' me
"You're not a kid at thirty-three"
"Ya play around, ya lose your wife"
"Ya play too long, you lose your life"
I got my pills to ease the pain
Can't find a thing to ease the rain
I'd love to try and settle down
But everybody's leavin' town
Some gotta win, some gotta lose
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Danny O'Keefe

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth, thy glorious way hast ploughed
- John Milton, Orange CalvinistFrom Not his finest hour:

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.
I omit the story of the cauldron's hanger,

but I say that it was owing to the decision of Fiachaidh son of Eoghan t
hat Cormac's hostages were yielded to him.
108. Cormac is no model — except in the few things you mention— for Banba's nobles ! His dishonourable character could be discovered in all the rest of his deeds.
109. These who read of the curing of Lugh and Tadhg mac Cein by O Cuinn after Crionna will see the truth of what I say. no.
A proof to all men that I am right you can get if you read the conversation of Fitheal and Cormac'
111. All the lore that came from his wisdom-house was silly lore. No mark of a model prince his exceeding injustice to Mumha

The dark side of Winston Churchill by Johann Hari, Independent, Wednesday 27 October 2010
Churchill was born in 1874 into a Britain that was washing the map pink, at the cost of washing distant nations blood red. Victoria had just been crowned Empress of India, and the scramble for Africa was only a few years away. At Harrow School and then Sandhurst, he was told a simple story: the superior white man was conquering the primitive, dark-skinned natives, and bringing them the benefits of civilisation. As soon as he could, Churchill charged off to take his part in "a lot of jolly little wars against barbarous peoples". In the Swat valley, now part of Pakistan, he experienced, fleetingly, a crack of doubt. He realised that the local population was fighting back because of "the presence of British troops in lands the local people considered their own," just as Britain would if she were invaded. But Churchill soon suppressed this thought, deciding instead they were merely deranged jihadists whose violence was explained by a "strong aboriginal propensity to kill". He gladly took part in raids that laid waste to whole valleys, destroying houses and burning crops. He then sped off to help reconquer the Sudan, where he bragged that he personally shot at least three "savages". The young Churchill charged through imperial atrocities, defending each in turn. When concentration camps were built in South Africa, for white Boers, he said they produced "the minimum of suffering". The death toll was almost 28,000, and when at least 115,000 black Africans were likewise swept into British camps, where 14,000 died, he wrote only of his "irritation that K===rs [n-word there] should be allowed to fire on white men". Later, he boasted of his experiences there: "That was before war degenerated. It was great fun galloping about." Then as an MP he demanded a rolling programme of more conquests, based on his belief that "the Aryan stock is bound to triumph". There seems to have been an odd cognitive dissonance in his view of the "natives". In some of his private correspondence, he appears to really believe they are helpless children who will "willingly, naturally, gratefully include themselves within the golden circle of an ancient crown". But when they defied this script, Churchill demanded they be crushed with extreme force. As Colonial Secretary in the 1920s, he unleashed the notorious Black and Tan thugs on [Occupied] Ireland's Catholic civilians, and when the Kurds rebelled against British rule, he said: "I am strongly in favour of using poisoned gas against uncivilised tribes...[It] would spread a lively terror."

'The stereo plates of Feather Dinneen's Irish-Engllish Dictionary were burnt in the Dublin Rising of 1916, and the stock is completely exhausted. '

{Volume for 1910.) (12.) Buile Suibhne Geilt, A Middle-Irish Romance. Edited by J. G. O'KEEFFE.

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.
No condemnation of me is your judgment O Aodh ! You have only shown your bias ! You have let your feelings attack me. You are no judge but a mere disputer.
Woe ^ rather to him who is guilty of stirring up strife among them ! for injustice in word or deed is what kindles strife. 4. The beginning of injustice in deed, the slaying of Eibhear is mentioned by

you ; the beginning of injustice in word Niall son of Eochaidh has the guilt of it. 5. That every man should learn his own rights or know his ancestor's good deeds is no reason why the two races owning Eire should attack each other ! * •6. Though their ancestors before them fought for sea-girt Eire the nobles shall not fight — if I can help it — without knowing why. 7. Let the nobles remain at peace till we tell them their history. Their sharp spears and blue blades are not the arms to settle history'.

Professor Kanalu Young, a Hawaiian historian at the University of Hawai`i at Manoa, argues that: [Anglo-]American scholars developed a military occupation-based historiography predicated on their own misrepresentations of the indigenous and national Hawaiian pasts and their own last century of illegal control here. Selected nineteenth-century [English language] primary and secondary sources were then contoured to the needs of the occupier government
-apparatus to provide school children with knowledge that as it educated.
THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF THE HAWAIIAN [chiefing]: BEGINNING THE TRANSITION FROM OCCUPIED TO RESTORED STATE DECEMBER 2008 By Dr. Keanu Sai

Tairgeann Aoibheal croí gan chlaoinbheart, Cara na Muimhneach, sí-bhean Léithchraig, Scaradh le saoithe sí na slua seo Scaitheamh do scaoileadh daoirse i dTuamhumhain. Gheall an mhíonla chaoinis chóir seo Falsacht dlí do chloí go cumhachtach Seasamh i dteannta fann is faonlag Is caithfidh an teann bheith ceansa tláith libh, Caithfidh an neart gan cheart seo stríocadh Is caithfidh an ceart ina cheart bheith suite;

There was an offer from Aoibheal, with a heart so clean, Momonian’s friend and Craglea's queen To the assembled council to bid farewell And in the land of Thomond to bide a spell. This gentle upright lady swore To rip out bad laws by their core To stand steadfast beside the poor and weak So the mighty will have to cherish the meek. The powerful desist from inflicting wrongs And justice enthroned where it belongs:

Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach
“It was not to any merely mortal liberator that Merriman looked for deliverance of country and culchies, but to the older, supernatural, 'female' sovereignty of the spirit of the land itself. Thus he seeks to ensure the return and perpetuation of fertility and prosperity for all, not in the restoration of the Stuart or any other royal line, but in the restoration of the primacy of 'fonn na gola agua fothram na sláinte'...In affecting this transformation of the aisling, Merriman liberates sovereignty ...(in the person of Aiobheal of Craig Liath) from its mythological role, and brings it into play of the psychological and the naturalistic.”

\Justice, played by Janet Jackson in the film Poetic Justice:
...thinking last night...how to find my soul a home,
where water is not thirsty, and bread loaf is not stone.
I came up with one thing, and I don't believe I'm wrong,
that nobody but nobody can make it out here alone.

THAT'S SALLY HEMINGS
THE S WITH TWO LL$
THE AMERICAN DOLLAR
BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR
THAT TOMORROW...
SHE'LL STICK UP HER CHIN AND GRIN...

whiteys just gonna let you drown.

SISTER, SISTER, SLAVE OF THE SLAVE
LOWEST OF THE LOW SINCE BACK IN THE DAY
HEALTHY CHILDREN ARE OUR FUTURE
LET THEM LEAD THE WAY
PUT ALL THE VIOLATORS INTO THE GRAVE

NO BULLSHIT, NO SURRENDER
NO HOSTAGES, NO PRISONERS
THAT'S THEIR TERMS
THE BLOOD WILL RAIN
FINAL SOLUTION, NO COMPLAINTS
THEY ALL THE SAME AS THAT MURDERER CAIN

FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY
CHILD ABUSE
YOU CAN'T BLAME IT ALL ON SOME EPSTEIN JEW
YOU CAN BLAME IT ON GUYS LIKE JOEY BUTTAFOOC
YOU CAN'T BLAME IT ALL ON SOME PUPPET POPE
IT'S THE WHOLE FIRST WORLD
A BLEEPING JOKE
FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY
NOTHING IS AS IT SHOULD BE
ALL YOUR PIG FACED MEN JUST DO AS THEY PLEASE
FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY

IT'S THE VIOLENCE OF MEN
THE VIOLENCE OF MEN
NOT ALL MEN SO WHICH ONES THEN
THE ONES THAT PUTS THEY COCK
BEFORE THE CHICKS AND HEN
IT'S THE VIOLENCE OF MEN

RAP(E) MUSIC
IT'S AN INSIDE JOKE, NO E
RAP(E) MUSIC
SONIC WEAPONS JUST LIKE SIRENS
RAP(E) MUSIC
NOT THE GOOD VIBE PIMP WANT YOU TO SEE
RAP(E) MUSIC
INFANT TORTURE, RITUALIZED VIOLENCE

IT'S EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM
LOVE AND HATE, CAN'T RELATE
IT'S EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM
NUCLEAR OCEANS, ATOMIC FATE
IT'S EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM
PEACE AND WAR, WHAT ARE CHILDREN FOR?
IT'S EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM
BUNCH OF WANKERS WITH OIL TANKERS
IT'S EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM
NOTHING IS FAIR, NOBODY CARES

[thanks to Rocquí from the Big Easy]

ENERGON CUBES
BLEEDING EARTH DRY LIKE DECEPTICONS DO
ENERGON CUBES
HEAL THE WORLD NOW WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME TO

WHO KNOWS? WHO KNOWS?
IT'S YOUR DIRTY LAUNDRY IT'S YOUR CLEAN CLOTHES
WHO KNOWS? WHO KNOWS?
DEM NO CARE ABOUT THE SISTERS
THEY CALL B—CHES AND H—S

CRUSH THE BALLS OF THE BALLERS
WITH A 20 POUND MAUL
FRIENDLY LESTER THE PEST, THERES,
WITH KIDS IN WALLS IN SOUTHIE Y'ALL
CRUSH THE BALLS OF THE BALLERS
CRUSH THEY BALLS CRUSH THEM ALL

RIGHT-WING, NATIVIST
KNOW-NOTHING, SEXIST, FASCIST PIGS
TALKING DOWN, NOSE UP
SPORTING MATCH BETWEEN THE LEGS

MAKE HISTORY, MAKE HISTORY
IT IS WHAT IT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT IT TO BE
MAKE HISTORY

MEGALOMANIACS OG GANGSTAS WHO THINK YOU ALL GODS
EVERY MAN A KING MEANS YOU NONCONSENSUAL SODS
AGE IS JUST A NUMBER YOU TRY ANYTHING ONCE
DON'T UPSET THE APPLE CART HUH ME A SHORTY ME A RUNT
YOU THREATENED ME WITH DEATH FOR EXPOSING YOU C--TS
WHOSE GONNA PROTECT BLACK WOMAN AND CHILD FROM YOU MONSTER MEN?
STOLEN FROM AFRICA BUCCANEER REPROGRAMMED THEM
LEFT THEM SUPERPREDATOR INSTRUCTIONS
LIKE THE SOLDIERS OF THE ROMANS
NOT THE SAME PROGRAM AS WILLIE LOMAN
DEATH OF A SALESMAN
PIMP DADDY ADRENOCHROME RAP MUSIC RAPE MUSIC PIMPING OUR CHILDREN

MAKE HISTORY, MAKE HISTORY
IT IS WHAT IT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT IT TO BE
MAKE HISTORY

FORESKIN MEDICINE, SANDRA BULLOCK, YOUR GRAMPS A NAZI SCIENTIST
JUST A CHEAP LAUGH ABOUT ROUTINE GLOBAL MEDICAL INFANT GENITAL
MUTILATION, ELLEN DEGENERES
HOW MANY FOR PROFIT HOSPITALS IN ON THE CANNIBALISM
KILL THE INDIAN SAVE THE CHILD, RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS LANDLORDS
SOUPERISM

WHOOP THAT TRICK CRISS CROSS ZIPPER IN THE BACK
THREE POINT POSITION NOSE TACKLE BROWN NOSE OR QUARTERBUCK GETS SACKED
YOUR MONEY'S REAL? THEN SO IS YOUR GUILT
THEIR LEGAL SYSTEM DOESN'T COUNT WHEN S---GE BLOOD SPILT
HOW PROVINCIAL, THINKING IT COULD CHANGE
YOU'LL NEVER FEEL DEM ZAPATISTA RIFLES UNTIL YOU IN SIGHT, IN RANGE
TAP EM TAG EM BAG EM, FEED EM TO THE FISH
NO SE VENDE NUESTROS NINYOS, SAYONARA TO THE RICH

MAKE HISTORY, MAKE HISTORY
IT IS WHAT IT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT IT TO BE
MAKE HISTORY

ITS A LIFESTYLE YOU SAY, AND YOU HAVE A CHEAP LAUGH
JTENN IN CHUKSON ON NOWICH PULLED OUT HIS PISTOL GAT
I PULL MY SHIRT UP SAY TAKE A SHOT JACK
SISTERS BGM CAN'T SAY NO TO ANYTHING WHAT YOU THINK OF THAT
TRANSATLANTIC SLAVERY, TRANSPACIFIC TOO
WHO THE 'K YOU THINK MAKES YOUR TOWELS YOUR EXPENSIVE NIKE SHOES
MICHAEL JORDAN DOWN IN MALAYSIA SEWING EVERY STITCH?
IT'S OK THEY AIN'T BLACK LIVES, JUST ANOTHER MALAYSIAN B---H?
BLACK LIVES MATTER MEANS ASIAN LIVES DON'T
TIAN SIA WEI GONG
WHO BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY?
PIMP AND DADDY TWO THAT DON'T GO TOGETHER I SAY
WESTERN CHAUVINISTS LIKE NIPSEY HUSTLE, SELLING LITTLE NIPS
IT AIN'T WRONG ANYMORE, SLAVERY, IF YOU CHANGE THE WORDS AROUND, KIDS
SELLING SHORTIES WHAT THEY DO,
CHILD TRAFFICKING TO ME AND YOU
GET ENOUGH HUSTLERS TO SELL THE REST, SHORT,
YOU HUSTLER RAPISM BELIEVERS GET BURNED INSIDE YOUR FORT

MAKE HISTORY, MAKE HISTORY
IT IS WHAT IT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT IT TO BE
MAKE HISTORY

I SEE WHAT YOU DID THERE DRIVING BY DROPPING SOME RHYMES
PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE SHITES YOU'LL BE IN THE GROUND NOT DOING TIME
EYES WIDE SHUT RAP MUSIC RAPE MUSIC EPSTEN ISLAND MARKETING AND DISTRIBUTION
AT LEAST THE OGs TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WHOLE THING MINUS THEIR CONTRIBUTION
PEACE IT ALL TOGETHER, INCRIMINATE THE COPS AND BANKERS
IT ALL ABOUT THE BENJAMINS EMERGING FROM SOMEHWERE
BLAME THE DEMAND, LA AMSTERDAM NOT JUST THE SUPPLY FROM THE PIMP PLAY GANGSTERS
I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD FOR SAYING SO, IT'S ALL FOR YOU MISS JACKSON
ALL LIVES MATTER EVEN THE BLACK WOMAN AND CHILDRENS
JUSTIN IF SHE WALKING AWAY AND DON'T WANNA PLAY
YOU'LL GET HER NAKED ANYWAY
HOW WAS YOUR DINNER WITH ARYAN NATION AND HERR FUHRER, KANYE?

JUST CALL ME YESSIR, HE SAYS WITH ALL NO IRONY?
SOME SEE FORE AROUND THE COTTON WOULD GO GREAT WITH THAT GRAVY
DETONATION, SO LONG SAYANARA HUCKLEBERRY HOUNDS GOODBYE HE WAVING

MAKE HISTORY, MAKE HISTORY
IT IS WHAT IT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT IT TO BE
MAKE HISTORY
PLEASE PASS THE GRAVY.

GANGSTA SAID HE THOUGHT EVERYBODY HATES CATHOLICS.
THAT'S WHY I GOT THE STAR ABOVE MY EYE, TALKING [TRASH] ABOUT EVERYBODY.

YOU LIKE TO BOAST, I GAVE YOU THE LONGEST ROAST IN HISTORY
YOU STILL THINK YOU GOT THE BETTER OF ME
YOU THE FEW, WE THE MANY
THEY CALL ME HUONG QUOI THEY CALL ME TLATOANI
I DID MY BEST NOT TO LET LA GENTE DOWN
RAISE UP THE THREE ACORNS CAST DOWN THE CROWN
NÍ SAOIRSE GO SAOIRSE NA mBAN.
IS NEIMHEADH ME, MISE FEAR UASAL AGUS BUACHAILL BÁN.

LANDS OF THE FREE, WE KNOW IT AIN'T SO
JUST LANDS FORMERLY OF TREES OIL AND GOLD
ANYTHING NOT NAILED DOWN GETS SOLD
YOU TOOK OFF YOUR REDCOATS, BUT WHERE DID YOU GO?

1583 A Discourse for the Reformation of [Occupied] Ireland.
The want in England of timber for the navy may be abundantly supplied in [Occupied] Ireland. There is great plenty of iron in some places. Cork, Yowghull, Wexford, and Belfast are fit places for shipbuilding....
1583 “Bryskett receives patent for the Clerkship of Munster. Spenser serves as his deputy.

The Internet simultaneously highlights the instabilities in the notion of Irishness as a culturally and politically unifying term, while hastening, through cyber-globalisation, both its dissolution and its migration to new forms…
The challenge, it could be argued, is to retain whatever is positive in the concept of Irishness...
Paul O'Brien, Hibernian Evanescence: Globalisation, Identity and the Virtual Shamrock

Popular Songs of [Occupied] Ireland By Thomas Crofton Croker Routledge, London, 1886 THE SHAMROCK. The popular notion respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, that St. Patrick, by its means, satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in Unity, exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. Miss Beaufort remarks, [Transactions of the Royal Academy," vol. xv.] that it is "a curious coincidence, the trefoil plant (shamroc and shamrakh in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad "{Collect, v. 1 1 8). [Galek in Iran still conversational with Gaelic Irish said a Persian lady.]..

That the shamrock was formerly eaten in [Occupied] Ireland Irish," says, " they willingly eat the herb shamrock, being of a sharp taste, which, as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beasts out of the ditches." Spenser also, in his " View of the State of [Occupied] Ireland," describing the misery consequent upon the Desmond rebellion, of which he was an eye-witness, speaking of the wretched and famishing Irish, tells us that " if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there withal."

s the testimony of one Spenser, another Saxon, who in his ' View of [Occupied] Ireland ' describes the people in a great famine, as creeping forth and flocking to a plot of shamrocks, or watercresses, to feed on them for the time ; and he also quotes an English satirist, one Wytthe, who scoffingly says of those ' Who, for their clothing, in mantle goe, And feed on shamroots as the Irish doe. '

...No, 'the shamrock—the green shamrock,' for me ! "

1586 “Articles for the Munster Undertakers drawn up and confirmed by the Queen, June. Most of the land initially put under the disposition of Sir Walter Raleigh.”

These are some old sayings which my mother told me she often heard. "You have the wrong sow by the lug this time." "I am bigger standing like a dog sitting." "The fat is in the fire." "A crow in peacock's feathers." "Sure man a live [grampa said that]." " "Many are called but few get up." "I will do it with a heart and a half." — Eileen O' Keeffe, Mullenoran Bridge, Co. Westmeath duchas.ie

1587 “Spenser in attendance, as Bryskett’s deputy, at meetings of the Munster Council.”
1588 “Spanish Armada wrecked in a storm off the Irish coast, February. Spenser occupies [stolen] Kilcolman, perhaps as early as September.”
1589 “Official [English] confirmation of Spenser’s right to Kilcolman and its 3,028 acres, May. The Faerie Queene entered into the Stationers’ Register, December.” [Appropriating Irish Banshee stories no doubt and turning it into Elizabethan propaganda.]

Canon Sheehan of Doneraile : the story of an Irish parish priest as told chiefly by himself in books, personal memoirs and letters by Herman Joseph Heuser, 1917, pp 280-288 cont. ...Like other places in Ireland where saintly missionaries had come to baptize the newly converted, the town has its Holy Well, the Tober Coneela. Tradition traces the name to Coneela a Colliagh, one of the three virgin saints invoked as patrons of Doneraile, Drinagh-wood, and Wallstown. Olehane, chief of the district, is said to have founded a church near one of the wells, and the latter was believed to cure sore eyes and scurvy. A second church on the site of the present building in Doneraile, or a little behind it, was dedicated to St. Coneela. Doneraile, taking in the outlying farms, counts 1833 inhabitants according to the latest government census. ...

But was it not here, even in this very valley of Toreen, that Spenser saw the ghosts coming out of their caverns; and was it not of this very country he wrote, that its population was exterminated? Hear his words, written just there below, where the black ruin of Kilcolman Castle makes a 719 blot upon the landscape: "Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of the graves; they did eat of the carrions, happy when they could find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and, if they found a plot of water cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time; yet not able long to continue wherewithal; that in short space there were none left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly left void of man or beast." Yet a few years, and through these very files swept down the stalwart Rapparees, who surrounded Kilcolman Castle, and put the brand to this keep of the robber and the stranger; and then with characteristic chivalry dashed through the burning rooms to rescue a babe, whom, too late, they had heard was left behind by the Saxon servants. And here after three hundred years confiscation and burning, exile and death, Connaught plantations and West Indian expatriation, here still are the Celts apparently as

indomitable as ever. Surely, if Rome is the "Eternal City," the Irish are the "undying race." Let us go down from the hill-top in our course of Stations, and visit the lowlands. We pass at once under the shadow of another mighty frontier fortress, also belonging to Spenser, for he held three thousand acres of land here, confiscated from the Earl of Desmond.....But St. Colman s Church and priory are gone: yet here dating from 1387 is the Castle of Kilcolman, famous for ever as the place where the Faerie Queen was written. It is now a solid stump of masonry, but must have extended far and wide across the meadow and above the bog, there beneath, once an ornamental lake. How the imagination travels back across centuries to the old Desmond Lords who built it; to the Elizabethan usurper, who never preached but one solution of the eternal Irish question, and that the Cromwellian one of wholesale massacre!
/...He had not much sympathy for Spenser the poet, as a man, remembering how that autocrat was ready to exterminate the Irish people; and he records the gruesome fact of how Spenser died a beggar in London in a lane near the great Cathedral of Westminster
1591 “Spenser granted a life pension of £50 per annnum by Elizabeth, February.”
1592 Trinity College Dublin founded by Queen Elizabeth I, her name is still featured on their seal
1595 “Hugh O’Neill, Earl of Tyrone, proclaimed a traitor” by the New English conquerors
1598 “A vewe of the present state of Irelande entered in Stationers’ Register, April, ’to be prynted when he do bringe other authoritie’. bunch of conquistador lies.

Theosis Theosis, or deification, is a transformative process whose aim is likeness to or union with God, as taught by the Eastern Orthodox Church and Eastern Catholic Churches. As a process of transformation, theosis is brought about by the effects of catharsis (purification of mind and body) and theoria ('illumination' with the 'vision' of God). According to Eastern Christian teaching, theosis is very much the purpose of human life. It is considered achievable only through a synergy (or cooperation) between human activity and God's uncreated energies (or operations). According to Metropolitan Hierotheos (Vlachos), the primacy of theosis in Eastern Orthodox Christian theology is directly related to the fact that Eastern Christian theology (as historically conceived by its principal exponents) is based to a greater extent than Latin Catholic theology on the direct spiritual insights of the saints or mystics of the church rather than the apparently more rational thought tradition of the West. Eastern Christians consider that "no one who does not follow the path of union with God can be a theologian" in the proper sense. Theology in Eastern Christianity is not treated primarily as an academic pursuit. Instead it is based on applied revelation … meaning that Eastern Christian theology and its theologians are validated by a holy and ascetical life rather than by intellectual training or academic credentials (see scholasticism).. wikipedia

1608 a licence was granted to Sir Thomas Phillips by King James I to distil whiskey which goes on to become The Bushmills Old Distillery Company in 1784. It was Phillips who took O’Neill’s fortress of Toome in 1602. By 1608 Phillips, who was knighted in 1607, was effectively the military commander of the County of Coleraine. He played a significant role in persuading the Livery Companies of the City of London to undertake the Plantation of Derry and the County of Coleraine (renamed County [Loundain Dhoire] on 29 March 1613). 8
https://stairnaheireann.net/2016/04/20/1608-james-i-grants-a-licence-to-the-old-bushmills-distillery-in-co-antrim-whichis-thought-to-date-from-at-least-1276-the-oldest-distillery-in-the-world-2/

WIKIPEDIA
In 1616 the Earl of Thomond's bard, Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha, wrote verses attacking the semi-legendary bard Torna Éigeas on account of historical inaccuracies in his work and his partiality to the northern half of [Occupied] Ireland and the Eremonian branches of the Gael. In effect, Tadhg's verses celebrated the greatness of the Eberian septs of the southern half of [Occupied] Ireland and their ascendancy over the North; he even included his

patron's Norman lineage as worthy of the race of Ébhear.

This provoked verses in response from other court bards, notably, Lughaidh Ó Cléirigh, in which abstruse points of poetic etiquette and the respective merits of the two halves of [Occupied] Ireland were vehemently argued. In extolling his own side, Lughaidh emphasised the historical defence of Tara, rather than the internecine struggle for the high-CHIEFDOM of [Occupied] Ireland;

Tadhg's response referred to the achievements of his patron's ancestor, Brian Boru, and pooh-poohed the former martial feats of the Eremonians as consisting merely of battles among themselves; the northern poets (whose allegiance lay with the exiled Ulster princes) countered with the accusation that Tadhg was betraying the bardic profession in his failure to comprehend the truth of the noble history of the Gael.

Some of the participants in the Contention mocked the principal debate between Tadhg and Lughaidh; for example, Ó Heffernan used the fable of a cat and a fox (Eremonians and Eberians) that were bickering over a fat piece of meat ([Occupied] Ireland) when a wolf came along and snatched it all.

...The Ireland that the poems traced in their lore was past, and it seems that the bards were incapable of adapting their ways[gaimbín is a sin, Féineachas is God's law]. The Contention proved to be the last flourish of Dán Díreach courtly poetic style: within decades the great school metres had been abandoned in favour of the looser Amhrán or Aisling, and the esteem in which the bards had been held in Gaelic Ireland was never regained.

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.
Art Óg Ó Caoimh
My foolish-spoken friend^ take care lest it be for your shame that empty loud talk be spoken by all of you far and wide !
Since you are bent on peace, I think little of your power ; but my opinion of your fighting would be stiU less even if all Leath Cuinn helped you.
There is a proverb to be used at times " getting out is different from going in."
If you, Brian ^ son of Brian, are the champion ^ of Leath Cuinn, I belong to Mumha of MacCon. I take on myself to punish you. 12. My dear friend from the North, no matter who checks your poem — though I think httle of it, either — I undertake to deal with your deeds.
I make it my business ^ to conquer you in this contest, my Northern friend. My words are words to be spoken aloud. Do not think them inspired by prejudice. 14. Were I the only man alive of Eibhear's race — that is the truth of the matter — I would not leave you a single foot of land in the North as the price of peace \vith you.
Many are the reasons why you should not have attempted it, stupid was your effort. The " share of the haunch that goes to the dog " is what you shall get in this affair. 16. I must not continue this thing for ever. Whether in peace or in open war .... (?).2 17. Since you are trusting to the [chief's] peace,"" my loquacious * Northern friend — Oh ! if we were at war ! I will say no more ! ^ 18. [Here is my fair riddle — though a hard one — for Leath Cuinn. My father was bom in my day and yet before me. Thus is my name plainly. '^ (?) 19. Aodh O Domhnaill the Cuchuluinn of the North .... (?) O Briain's son ^ trampUng on him undertook to draw his blood (?)
Like the barking of the fox at the bell ^ — a hint is enough to show you what I mean —... that Leath Mhogha would -----

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster. [In the 18th century Munster had almost a monopoly of the Gaelic poets, whose genius, learning, patriotism and itinerant propensities, furthermore, saved the Irish language from utter extinction in the South—samples of whose writings and some account of those of their number who belonged to the County Cork appeared in the early numbers of this Journal, and now form a separate volume, still to be had of Messrs. Guy and Co., Cork.

In the 19th century the County Cork gave birth to such distinguished writers on Irish subjects as the late Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., the Rev. Thomas Olden, M.A. ; Canon Smiddy, the Rev. E. Barry, and the Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, the lately deceased parish priest of Inniscarra, who brought out the remaining volumes of the Annals of Ulster (the first of which was edited by a Co. Kerry man, the late William Maunsell Hennessy), who, it is said, was to have likewise edited the Annals of Tighernach.

In the present century Munster men again are foremost in the revival of the Irish language, as, for instance, such writers as the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., and the indefatigable Canon P. O'Leary, P.P.; the Rev. Professor O'Hickey, and the Rev. R. Henebery, who belong to the Co. Waterford ; Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, of Co. Limerick, and Mr. P. J. O'Shea (Conan Maol), now of London, who hails from the [Chiefdom] of Kerry.

But of the literature, learning, and scholarship of the early days of Munster, though no doubt not much behindhand, if not equal or superior to those of other parts of Ireland at that time, we have now but little proofs or relics left...
Lughnasa Imleach Iseal
https://imleachiseal.wordpress.com/2016/07/31/lughnasa/

Sunday 31st July and Monday 1st August is the festival of Lughnasa. Lughnasa is an old Celtic festival that marks the beginning of the Harvest season. The festival is said to be named for... Lugh, the offspring of of a marriage between Cian of the Tuath Dé Danann and Eithniu, the daughter of Balor of the Fomorians.

The reason for the marriage was to create an alliance between the two warring tribes.

The story of Lugh begins before he was ever born. Balor heard a prophecy that his grandson would be the one to kill, him so to stop this from becoming a reality, Balor imprisoned his daughter in a tower on what is now known as Tory Island.

On the mainland, a man called Mac Cinnfhaelaidh owned a magic cow that produced an abundance of milk. Everyone wanted it, especially Balor. so he changed into the form of a little boy and tricked Mac Cinnfhaelaidh into giving him the cow. In revenge, Mac Cinnfhaelaidh called on the fairy woman Biróg, who [aided] him to the top of the tower where he seduced Eithniu. Eithniu later gave birth to triplets and once Balor heard he gathered them up in a blanket and gave them to one of his men to drown.

In the man’s haste he dropped one child without knowing and carried on to kill the other two. Biróg rescued the surviving child and gave him to Mac Cinnfhaelaidh who placed him in the care of his brother, the smith.

Many years later when Lugh was a man and allied to the Tuath Dé Danann, he was captured in battle by Balor who attempted to kill him by opening his one eye that killed all who looked upon it.

Lugh shot a rock into the eye and killed Balor, destroying the Fomorian army.

After his victory, Lugh found Bres, the former Formorian [chief], alone on the battlefield and took him to the Tuath Dé Danann. Bres begged for his life, offering in exchange, to ensure that the cows in Ireland would forever produce milk, but they turned him down.

Then he offered them four harvests a year which they also refused saying they only needed one.

Finally Lugh spared the life of Bres on the condition that he teach the Tuath Dé Danann how to grow and harvest and thus Lugh became ever associated with the harvest season. One of Lugh's wives, Buí daughter of Ruadri, [chief] of Britain, is said to buried at Knowth and the county of Louth took its name from Louth village which is named for...

Lugh. Lughnasa itself was a time of great gatherings and ceremonies, in particular the climbing of mountains. This practice has been adopted by Christianity and the annual pilgrimage to the top of Croagh Patrick on 'Reek Sunday', the last Sunday in July, has its roots in the Lughnasa traditions.

End London Rule in Scotland. End Dublin Rule in Cork.

It was then that a comrade of his arrived — Gadhra, from Droim mhic Chrianaí. He was the son of the sister of Banbhuana *the druidess, bandraoi*, the daughter of Deargdhulach. It was for the purpose of helping and assisting Mogh Roith that he had [arrived] [Forbuis Ó Duinn]

On that day, his appearance was [radiant] as he presented himself to Mogh Roith and the Men of Munster. On the other hand, to Cormac and to his army his appearance seemed monstrous and ugly, he appeared to be as rough as a pine tree, and as tall as a [chief]'s house. Each of his eyes appeared as large as a royal cauldron above his head. His knees were behind him and the backs of his knees in front. He carried a large iron fork in his hand. He wore grey-brown mantle around him, hung about with talons, bones and horns.

A puck goat and a ram followed him about all who saw him in this guise were seized with fear and trembling.

Mogh Roith asked him: "Cad is cúis le do theacht?" ar sé. "Why have you come?" "Tháinig me," arsa Gadhra, "chun critheagla agus uamhan a chur ar an slua "I came," said he, "to make the troops tremble with horror and to make sure that at the hour of battle their strength would be no greater than that of a woman in labour."

A Bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeiceam muna mbeam beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh.

[CHAP. XXX] VARIOUS SOCIAL CUSTOMS 525]
The three Tonns or Waves of Erin are much celebrated in Irish romantic literature. They were Tonn [Chliodhna] in Glandore harbour in Cork ; Tonn Tuaithe outside the mouth of the Bann in Derry ; and Tonn Rudraidhe in Dundrum Bay off the County Down. In stormy weather, when the wind blows in certain directions, the sea at these places, as it tumbles over the sandbanks, or among the caves and fissures of the rocks, utters an unusually loud and solemn roar, which excited the imagination of our ancestors. They believed that these sounds had a supernatural origin, that they gave warning of the deadly danger, or foreboded the approaching death, of [chiefs] or ...chieftains, or bewailed ... a great chief's death. Sometimes when a [chief] was sore pressed in battle and in

deadly peril, the Three Waves roared in response to the moan of his shield …

National Park Service U.S. Department of the Interior Channel Islands National Park
Hutash, the Earth Mother, created the first...people on the island of Limuw…
They were made from the seeds of a Magic Plant. It was a long way down to the water, and the fog was swirling around. They became so dizzy that some of them fell off the rainbow bridge, down through the fog, into the ocean. Hutash felt very badly about this, because she told them to cross the bridge. She did not want them to drown. So, to save them, she turned them into dolphins. Now the Chumash call the dolphins their brothers and sisters. Hutash was married to the Alchupo'osh, Sky Snake, the Milky Way, who could make lightning bolts with his tongue. ... After Alchupo'osh gave them fire, the Chumash people lived more comfortably.

More people were born each year, and their villages got bigger and bigger. Limuw was getting crowded. And the noise people made was starting to annoy Hutash. It kept her awake at night. So, finally, she decided that some of the Chumash people had to move off the island. They would have to go to the mainland, where there weren't any people living in those days. But how were the people going to get across the water to the mainland?

Finally, Hutash had the idea of making a bridge out of a wishtoyo (rainbow). She made a very long, very high rainbow that stretched from the tallest mountain on Limuw all the way to Tzchimoos, the tall mountain near Mishopshno... Hutash told the people to go across the [wishtoyo] bridge,and fill the whole world with people.

So the Chumash people started to go across the bridge. Some of them got across safely, but some people made the mistake of looking down. It was a long way down to the water, and the fog was swirling around. They became so dizzy that some of them fell off the [wishtoyo] bridge, down through the fog, into the ocean. Hutash felt very badly about this, because she told them to cross the bridge.

She did not want them to drown. So, to save them, she turned them into dolphins. Now the Chumash call the dolphins their brothers and sisters."

Féth Fiada , the grey mist surrounds the crone and Aoibhell appears, like outside of time in an Other World.
AOIBHELL Ya nasty Cailleach, get your paws off my man, for once, Clíodhna.
He's more sensitive than he seems.
CRONE CLÍODHNA I liked you better as a cat.
AOIBHELL [Acting wounded] Too soon.
CRONE CLÍODHNA [bowing] My apologies, sister.
AOIBHELL Do·rignis Cú ocus Cethen dím. Is fada le fer bfurnaide.

"Limerick, its history and antiquities, 1884, by Maurice Lenihan
An early record of the name of Limerick is contained in the Annals of the Four Masters, where in the 15th year of [Chief] Cormac (A.D. 221) a battle, we are told, was fought here.

A battle, at the same time was fought at a place which is supposed to be the Hill of Grian, over Pallasgrene, in the barony of Coonagh, Co. Limerick. In a century afterwards, viz. in the year 334, ...Crunthaun..of the line of Heber, died in Limerick.

This [chief] succeeded Eochaidh Moighmeodhin upon the throne, eigned seventeen years, carried his name into Britain in the reign of Valentinian, where he was aided by the Picts, who were then his tributaries, — thence sailing to Armorica, now Bretagne, in France, he plundered that country, and returned with great booty and hostages to Ireland."

He is also mentioned by others of our early annalists and historians, and the occasion of his death is related as having been caused by ... his sister, who administered to him a dose of poison"

Anois teacht an Earraigh Antaine Ó Raifteirí (1784-1835) Anois teacht an Earraigh, beidh an lá dúl chun shíneadh, Is tar eis na féil Bríde ardóigh mé mo sheol. Go Coillte Mach rachad ní stopfaidh me choíche Go seasfaidh mé síos i lár Chondae Mhaigh Eo. I gClár Chlainne Mhuiris A bheas mé an chéad oíche, Is I mballa taobh thíos de A thosós mé ag ól Go Coillte Mách rachad Go ndéanfad cuairt mhíosa ann I bhfogas dhá mhíle Do Bhéal an átha Mhóir. Fágaim le huacht é go n-éiríonn mo chroí-se Mar a éiréonn an ghaoth nó mar a scaipeann an ceo Nuair a smaoiním ar Cheara nó ar Ghaileang taobh thíos de Ar Sceathach an Mhíle nó ar phlánaí Mhaigh Eo. Cill Aodáin an baile a bhfásann gach ní ann, Tá sméara is subh craobh ann is meas de gach sórt, Is dá mbéinnse i mo sheasamh i gceartlár mo dhaoine D'imeodh an aois díom is bheinn arís óg. Bíonn cruithneach is coirce, fás eorna is lín ann, Seagal i gcaobh ann, arán plúir agus feoil, Lucht déanta poitín gan licence á dhíol ann, Móruaisle na tíre ann ag imirt is ag ól. Tá cur agus treabhadh is leasú gan aoileach Is iomaí sin ní ann nár labhair me go fóill, Aitheanna is muilte ag obair gan scíth ann, Deamhan caint ar phingin cíosa na dada da shórt.

Now with the springtime translation by Frank O'Connor Now with the springtime The days will grow longer And after St. Bride's day' My sail I'll let go I put my mind to it, And I never will linger Till I find myself back In the County Mayo. In Clare of Morris family I will be the first night and in the Wall on the side below it I will begin to drink to Maghs Woods I shall go until I shall make a months visit there two miles close to the Mouth of the Big Ford. I swear that my heart rises up as the wind rises up or as the fog lifts when I think about Ceara or about Gaileang on the lower side of it about Sceathach an Mhíle or about the plains of Mayo. Cill Liadain is the town where everything grows there are blackberries and raspberries there and every sort of fruit and were I to be standing in the center of my people age would depart from me and I would be again young. There is always wheat and oats growing barley and flax there rye in branch there flower-bread and meat the folks who make moonshine without a licence selling it there the pride of the country playing and drinking. There is sowing and plowing and fertilizing without manure and it’s many the thing there of which I have not yet spoken kilns and mills working without rest there with hardly any talk about a pennys rent or about nothing of that sort
1 http://www.irishpage.com/poems/spring.htm

Her Serene Highness Princess Grace Ó Kelly, Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974. :
I am very proud to join in the effort to spread knowledge of the history of Ireland as well as the many valuable contributions.... made by [Occupied] Ireland's sons and daughters. It is a rich heritage and one we all treasure-- and it is my sincere hope to be long associated with you in this common endeavour to offer our children and friends everywhere whatever gifts we cull from the nobility of the lives of a great people.

“It is necessary that the Holy Spirit enter our heart. Everything good that we do, that we do for Christ, is given to us by the Holy Spirit, but prayer most of all, which is always available to us."
St. Seraphim of Sarov

There are seven things which overturn every (attempt at) dissolving (a contract) in [Féineachas] law: worthy witnessing, paying-sureties, undue lapses of time, immoveable rocks, a long-memoried custodian of tradition [Senchaidhe Sírcuimnech], an old godly writing, a bequest in respect of death.

Liam Breatnach, “Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet.” Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

Antaine Raiftearaí (Galway, 1779-1835)
Since the time Henry [VIII, 1500s] rejected his first wife at the beginning of the Reformation
The Gael are being persecuted harshly, sharply in every place
Their laws are not yielded to but instead they are hung and tortured

You can't be what you were So you better start living the life That you're talking about You can't be what you were — Fugazi, Bad Mouth, 1988

There are three colours of poetry...[Praise]find agus [Blame]dub agus [Give Warning]brech. Fionn by which one praises, Dubh by which one satirises, Brecc by which one gives notice. [Auraic 5244-6]
Liam Breatnach, “Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet.” Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

[Spear of Lú, one side it heals, one side it kills, and a Seanchaí Doyle style báta to give warning with the middle. In fortitude, Mullach Abú.]

Although our sources frequently pair satire and praise, they do not always present a binary opposition, and a third category, which combines both of the former two, is also recognised. A composition combining elements of praise and satire served a particular purpose—namely that of warning a person of an impending full satire, was known as trefocal and formed an essential part of lawful satirising.

Sanas Chormaic
Filí :: venom in the satire and splendour in the praise of the Filed.

Findsruth Fíthail … establishing title other than eyewitness evidence
Fortoing Airem no Aimser [CIH2143.18] 'Number of generations, or lapse of time or balance or measure or poem or boundary or pillar-stone or marking out or possession provides overriding evidence, and those are the dead which provide overriding evidence against the living, and one does not provide overriding evidence without them.

Senchas Már, Dí Thúaslucud Rudrad:
Except for three established things which confirm every certain ownership: that which is heard and transmitted by the Féniu, a poem with the inspiration of a filid, a document in the possession of a holy successor.
Breatnach, Liam. “Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet.” Ériu, vol. 56, 2006

Trí ái nad eplet faill: ái dochuind, ⁊ dochraite, ⁊ anfis.
Three causes that do not die with neglect: the causes of the incompetent, and of oppression, and of ignorance.
—Trecheng Breth Féne/ the triads that give birth to our proper Irish selves

There is now much public comment and debate on what prosperity has meant for [Occupied] Ireland...newspaper column summed up a current attitude as follows, 'It's not who we are anymore. It's what we buy. We identify ourselves by our stuff...[IRISH TIMES, WHAT WE OWN IS WHO WE ARE, 4 Nollaig 2006]
Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008.

“You are not what you own.” — Fugazi, Mechandise, Repeater, 1990

AP News article
Biden observed that he liked to quote Irish poets because they are “the best poets.” He listed Heaney as his preferred “contemporary” Irish bard, and referred to Heaney’s words from “The Cure at Troy,” saying he believed they were reflected in “the sentiments and hearts of the vast majority of the American people.”

iden biographer Evan Osnos says that by 2008 he had already quoted “The Cure at Troy” so frequently his daughter Ashley would tease him. In his 2017 memoir “Promise Me, Dad,” Biden remembered Ashley’s response when Obama choose him as the vice presidential candidate: “Dad, this is hope and history.” Biden answered with a joke: “Oh, great. He’s hope. And I’m history.”

Biden has since invoked “hope and history” while serving as vice president, in his acceptance speech for the Democratic nomination in August 2020, in a widely seen campaign video from 2020, when presenting a National Humanities Medal last fall to Elton John, and even in last month’s reception marking the Persian new year.

The Legal Speech of [Occupied] Ireland—Cork.
The Learning of Ire1and—Roscarbery.
The Legal Speech of I1-eland—C0rk. 17. The Learning of Ire1and—Roscarbery.
Pobal Uí Chaoimh, represent. Rí Mumhan. Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther.

Cure at Troy Excerpt, by Seamus Heaney

Human beings suffer,
They torture one another,
They get hurt and get hard.

No poem or play or song
Can fully right a wrong
Inflicted and endured.

The innocent in gaols
Beat on their bars together.

A hunger-striker's father
Stands in the graveyard dumb.
The police widow in veils
Faints at the funeral home.

History says, don't hope
On this side of the grave.

But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea-change
On the far side of revenge.
Believe that further shore

Is reachable from here.

Believe in miracle
And cures and healing wells.
Call miracle self-healing:
The utter, self-revealing
Double-take of feeling.
If there's fire on the mountain
Or lightning and storm
And a god speaks from the sky
That means someone is hearing
The outcry and the birth-cry
Of new life at its term…

Seán Ó Donnell, Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974.
'If the median line with Britain is then presently unsettled, there looms a further clash of interests North-west of Donegal. Out therein the stormy ocean is the barn sized fleck of Rockall, a thirty-yard island over 200 miles from the nearest land. About equidistant from [Occupied] Ireland and Scotland. Rockall never occasioned the slightest interest until annexed by Britain in 1955. Two years ago [1972] it was then incorporated by Parliament as part of the county of Inverness, an act apparently designed to substantiate British claims to all the seabed between...

Desmond Rushe, Theatre: The Roots of Identity, Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974.
Father Pat Ahern [RIP Uncle Jim Ahearn]...has simplified the fundamental notion of culture as 'us, being ourselves' and has written: 'Being ourselves means being all that history has made us -- a distinctive people with a distinct set of preferred values, handed down and accepted by us, with out own peculiar ways of thinking and behaving, our own peculiar temperament, wit, sense of humour -- like a member of a family, you cannot help it; you cannot deny it.

Being ourselves mean being what our position on the map has made us -- and island people, what our climate has made us, imposing on us a particular way of life, dependent on the soil, a closeness to nature and the elements, and to the beauties of creation, and with a consequent keen sense of values of life -- values that take account of a Creator...

The strength of any culture depends on the degree of its acceptance by the current generation...

There is a sense in which we do not own our own culture. We are only trustees. The treasure is only on loan, and we must take it, refurbish it inlight of our experience, and hand it on.

We have a duty to do this, at the risk of betraying the dead generations who moulded it for us and trusted it to us, and at the risk of doing a grave wrong to generations yet to come by depriving them of an inalienable right -- the right to a separate national identity.'

Ballad of Crowfoot, Willie Ó Dunn Mi'qmaq First Nation

See the settlers in more numbers
He takes whatever he encounters
You've seen the Sioux all battered, beaten
They're all in rags, they haven't eaten
The Nez Perce' were much the same
It seems like such a heartless game
And it's eighteen hundred seventy-six
And the enemy's full of those death-dealing tricks
Today the treaty stands on the table
Will you sign it? Are you able?
It offers food and protection too
Do you really think they'll hold it true?
It offers a reserve, now isn't that grand?
And in return you cede all of your land
And it's eighteen hundred seventy-seven
And you know the scales are so uneven

Crowfoot, Crowfoot, why the tears?
You've been a brave man for many years
Why the sadness? Why the sorrow?
Maybe there'll be a better tomorrow
Maybe one day you'll find honesty
Instead of the usual treachery
Perhaps one day the truth shall prevail
And the warmth of love which it does entail
Crowfoot, Crowfoot, why the tears?
You've been a brave man for many years
Why the sadness? Why the sorrow? Maybe there'll be a better tomorrow

Diana of Wales, Bean Sí of Fir Maige Féne First Nation [Fermoy]
who died an inside job violent death [Aitte]:
'Anywhere I see suffering, that is where I want to be, doing what I can.'

'The biggest disease the world suffers from in this day and age is the disease of people feeling unloved.'

'Family is the most important thing in the world.'

'I want my boys to have an understanding of people's emotions, their insecurities, people's distress, and their hopes and dreams.'

'I don't go by the rule book.' [Source: Parade]

Swift though born in [Occupied] Ireland, chose to spend many of his years in England and, had politics permitted, would have lived and died there. Of the accident of his Irish birth, he remarked,' I happen to be dropped there, and was a year old before I left it, and to my sorrow did not die before I came back to it. [Prose Works IX, 404-405] His years in [Occupied] Ireland were viewed as exile, and his contempt for [Occupied] Ireland and her people is evident in the lines from his Holyhead Journal:

Remove me from this land of slaves
Where all are fools, and all are knaves
Where every knave and fool is bought
Yet kindly sells himself for nought
Where Whig and Tory fiercely fight
Who's in the wrong, who in the right
And when the country lyse at stake
They only fight for fighting sake,
While English sharpers take the pay,
And then stand by to see fair play,
Meantime the Whig is always winner
And for his courage gets -- a dinner. [Swift's Poems, Williams, OUP]
Adele Dalsimer. Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974.

We are consumed by society We are obsessed with variety We are all filled with anxiety that this world would not survive We gotta put it out the sky is burning We gotta put it out the water's burning We gotta put it out the earth is burning Outrage but then they say... Anytime but now Anywhere but here Anyone but me I've got to think about my own life
Fugazi, Burning Too
The world is not our facility We have a responsibility To use our abilities to keep this place alive We gotta put it out the sky is burning

Five Corporations (1998) Fugazi moves so slowly grows so smoothly takes so neatly it's as if they belong and they've been here all along grows so smoothly moves so slowly takes completely it's as if they belong and they've been here all along this one's ours lets take another check the math here check in ten years clusterfuck theory buy them up and shut them down then repeat in every town every town will be the same this one's ours let's take another five corporations there is a pattern

You've got your hands over your ears You've got your mouth running on You've got your eyes looking for something That will never be found - like a reason — Fugazi, Give Me The Cure, 1988.

“Just shows you don't listen. If you opened your ears and close your mouth, you might learn something!” Paraphrase Thomas Prigle in The Daíl to Healey Rae. 2023

A Country Song (Danny O’Keefe)
You're my brother, I didn't think so For a long, long time I hated you For being. Who you are was what I didn't want to be I lived in fear and anger Of your hatred and your violence There were times your scorn And laughter, your laughter Really drove me to tears But you're my brother, I know it I need you to change it For all of our Brothers and Sisters Are hungry and crying, and dying For love and for life and a chance Just to live. It's our chance to give For we're brothers Sons of the very same mother And father. Our Father forgive us We know not what. But, at least We do know that we're brothers

Fugazi,Bulldog Front, 1988 A historical You think this [malarkey] just dropped right out of the sky My analysis: It's time to harvest the crust from your eyes To surge and refine To rage and define ourselves Against your line So sorry friend, you must resign You want to figure it out We'll throw down We'll throw down We'll throw down You want to figure it out Well throw down your bulldog front Bold, bold mouth talking, not so bold Now that you've eaten your own Lips flecked, mouth specked You strip the skin right off of the bone But I would never say You act without precision or care, but It's all attention to armor To the armor you wear so well You want to figure it out We'll throw down We'll throw down You want to figure it out We'll throw down your bulldog front You want to figure it out You want to figure it out Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home

Britain to Compensate Kenyan Victims of Colonial-Era Torture By ALAN COWELL, 6 Meitheamh 2013, New York Times

LONDON — In a remarkable admission that imperial forces tortured Kenyans fighting against British rule in the 1950s ...“The British government recognizes that Kenyans were subject to torture and other forms of ill treatment at the hands of the colonial administration,” Mr. Hague told Parliament The claimants accused British forces of beating, torturing, raping and even castrating people as they sought to put down a revolt begun by the Mau Mau, an anticolonial group, that targeted white settlers and sought to end British domination. …
Martyn Day, a lawyer for the Kenyan claimants,' the significance of this moment cannot be overemphasized'“This is a great day for us Mau Mau people,” Gitu Wa Kahengeri, a leader of the Mau Mau War Veterans Association, told Reuters in Nairobi. “This is confirmation we were freedom fighters and not terrorists,” he said. “We have been waiting a long time to hear the British say, ‘What we did in Kenya was wrong.’ ” ….Fearful of setting a precedent that would open a floodgate of claims, the British government has always insisted that the legal responsibility for actions of the colonial administration lies with its successor; in other words, the government established at independence. “We continue to deny liability on behalf of the government and British taxpayers today for the actions of the colonial administration,” Mr. Hague said …

Words Words and expressions All these confessions Of where we stand How I see you And you see me Dedications of symmetry Together we will be forever. Promises are [malarkey] We speak the way we breathe Present air will have to do Rearrange and see it through — Fugazi, Promises, Margin Walker, 1989

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The White Knight. By REV. CANON COURTENAY MOORE, M.A., Mitchelstown. Council Member. "
THE pedigree of the White Knights is traced back to Cosmo, the Grand Duke of Florence, and one of his ancestors is even said to have conquered the kingdom of Hungary for Julius Caesar...
...

When they subdued Florence the wild boar was further added. They accompanied William the Conqueror in his expedition against England ; and afterwards, by his orders, overran Wales, killing the prince thereof, and appropriating from him the dragon, which they used as supporters to their arms. This outline, whether founded on fact or fancy, gives a very respectable antiquity to the family, and great glory in deeds of arms. As regards the origin of the title " White Knight" itself, the account of it is briefly this : — Three FitzGibbons who were first-cousins were with the English army of King Edward III ...The circumstances connected with the date, and the incident, are very easily remembered. The king was Edward III. the year was 1333, and the number of knights created was three. Sir Maurice, the first White Knight, was married very soon after wards to Lady Katherine, sister of Edward Bruce, one of the royal family of Scotland. She died eight years after their marriage, and he never formed a second union. This Sir Maurice is universally praised for his character and conduct both in peace and war. In his declining years he took the habit of St. Dominick (an order to which he had always shown great liberality and bounty) in the convent at Kilmallock, whence he afterwards removed to another house of the order at Youghal, where he died in the year 1357, aged sixty. The princess, his wife, had been buried in this convent, and his remains were laid in her tomb …

The particulars which now follow throw a curious and interesting light on the social life of that period. Some of them I have frequently heard in conversation as matters of local tradition, as well as found preserved in records. At that time, viz., towards the end of the sixteenth century, the name "Mitchelstown" was in existence; it was written without the "t," and the White Knight, himself, in one of his letters, calls the locality " Visteltoune." It is also des cribed as " Michellston," otherwise " Ballyvisteale."...

We are now able to form a general idea of the position of Edmond, the last White Knight, in this neighbourhood towards the end of the Sixteenth Century, the possessor of immense estates in the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, specially mentioned by Queen Elizabeth in a State Paper as able to put a force of 430 men into the field in troublesome times at his own charge. In those days the country was thinly populated and densely wooded. There is a local tradition that at that time you could walk on the tops of trees from the site of St. Fanachan's Well to Kilbehenny, and though this may involve a certain flight of fancy, it is, probably, not an exaggerated statement. A magnate like the White Knight was a law to himself, and to many, or most others within the circle of his powerful influence. For example, he had castles or other resi dences at Mitchelstown, Kilbehenny, Drumroe, Riddery, and Ballyboy near Clogheen, At Drumroe, he established a court-leet which involved in its jurisdiction the lives, liberty, and property of his tenants and retainers. An example of the action of this court is still recorded. A certain widow named Moher, who lived near Ballyporeen, had given her daughter in marriage to a suitor from the county Waterford. Soon after this marriage several horses were stolen in the neighbourhood, and the stranger being suspected, on the post hoc ergo propter hoc principle, was tried, condemned, and hanged on the gallows, which the Knight always had permanent and handy at Drumroe. The poor man's innocence a few days after was fully established. This unfortunate miscarriage of justice occurred towards the close of the White Knight's career ; and it is alleged that it led to the poisoning of some members of his family by a cook, a relative of the widow aforesaid, whose son-in-law was hanged. If the account of this be true, three sons—John, Maurice, and Edmond—died of poison ; but it is not mentioned in the Geraldine documents, nor do these alleged sudden deaths agree with the totally different dates recorded there. That the knight had the court and the gallows there is no doubt ; and readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember the axe and the block in the court-yard at Inverary Castle, When Sir Dugald Dalgetty passed through on his dangerous mission to the Marquis of Argyll. In those days most of our modern ideas of justice, and its application, were nonexistent, or their rudiments centred in the will of some powerful individuals. ..
Certainly the White Knight had much blood upon his conscience to answer for...
...There is only time to notice, in conclusion, the capture of the Sugan Earl of Desmond by the White Knight, a service for which he received a reward of £1,000 from Queen Elizabeth.

James Desmond, known as " The Sugan Earl," was nephew of the fifteenth earl. In the year 1598 he joined Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, in his effort against England, and by him was created earl. Hence his name, or nickname, of Sugan Ear), " an earl of straw," not appointed by regular authority. He soon became a distinguished commander in Munster against Queen Elizabeth....The capture of the Sugan Earl is described as follows :— The White Knight promised some of his most trusted retainers that he would give £50 and a ploughland free for ever to anyone who would give him the first intelligence of the place of Desmond's concealment, which offer being accepted, the Knight, accompanied by Redmond Bourk of Muskerryquirk, in the county Tipperary, and by six or seven other pursuers, on the 29th of May, 1601, followed the guide till they came to the mouth of a cave lying in the Knight's country of Clangibbon, on the south side of the mountain named Sleve Grot, well known as the " Gray Sheep's Grave," but ever since called " Desmond's Cave." It should be mentioned here that the fine mountain range, at present known as " The Galtees," was anciently known as " Crotta-Cliath," or "Sliabh-Crot." This cave, according to local tradition, is in a round hill in the townland of Coolagarranroe, and within a quarter of a mile of the caves so well known as the " Mitchelstown Caves." The White Knight came to the mouth of the cave and called upon the Sugan Earl, who was only attended by Thomas O'Hugh, his foster-brother, to come out and surrender himself prisoner ; but the Earl, on the contrary, called upon Redmond Bourk to seize upon the White Knight, but Bourk and his companions, the rest of the Knight's retinue, seized the earl and his foster-brother and disarmed them, after which they were bound and conveyed to Kilbehenny Castle, which was not far distant....

The distinguished prisoner was conveyed to Cork, and delivered to the Lord President of Munster, at Shandon Castle. He was afterwards taken to the Tower of London, where he remained until his death in 1608. The White Knight him self, and his son Maurice, his heir, died in that same year, and were buried in the Dominican Abbey at Kilmallock. Of their tomb only a slab containing the inscription remains; this slab was repaired and laid in position by Anna, Countess of Kingston. The inscription is in Latin, and is unfinished and imperfect. It may be translated as follows :— " This tomb was erected in memory of that branch of the Geraldines, commonly called ' The White Knights.' " John, with his son Edmond, and Maurice, son of Edmond aforesaid, and many others of the same family before-named are buried here." There are no dates in -the inscription, which is surmounted by a small incised cross, and the sacred monogram " I.H.S." Thus has been briefly reviewed the life of this powerful and daring soldier, who spent his earlier years in war on the Continent of Europe, and whose life in [Occupied] Ireland was ever one of war on a larger or smaller scale.
The above paper is principally taken from a rather rare work entitled Unpublished Geraldine Documents No. 4, The White Knight, edited by the late Rev. James Graves, B.A., M.R.I.A., in 1881.]

Peter Berresford Ellis
[Occupied] Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion
Irish Democrat.
When I first published my History of the Irish Working Class, in 1972, I wrote in the preface that I was conscious of many aspects of working-class history that deserved to be dealt with in more detail. Indeed, many aspects at that time were largely unexplored territories. In the last thirty years, some of the avenues of research that I mentioned have now been studied and written about.

Among them I felt that the militant agrarian organisations of the 17th to 19th Centuries should be investigated. Movements like the 'Whiteboys', the 'Ribbonmen', and the followers of 'Captain Steel' or 'Captain Right' and so on. In the south-west of [Occupied] Ireland during 1821-1824 there arose a movement, whose leader was a mysterious 'Captain Rock'....
...In December, 1821, magistrates in Duhallow discovered an oath. The administration soon found evidence of a widespread organisation with co-ordinated groups through the southern counties. By early 1822, the mountains of west Muskerry had become the central guerrilla base. The insurrection occurred on January 24, 1822. The first major engagement between the Rockites and companies of Yeomanry troops, commanded by Lord Bantry, took place when Bantry, led his troops to the Pass of Keimaneigh. He was ambushed and several of his men were killed before he could retreat. That same day Lt. Colonel Mitchell, commanding the garrison at Macroom, reported that hundreds of men armed mainly with pikes had surrounded the town, attacked and stopped the mail-coach from Cork City. The Rockites fought with "presumption and boldness although so badly armed". Colonel James Barry, commanding the garrison at Millstreet, reported that upwards of 5,000 'rebels' had surrounded the town and many houses of loyalists between Inchigeelagh and Macroom were destroyed. The local Millstreet magistrate, E McCarty, added: "The people are all risen with what arms they possess and crown all the heights close to the town …" Cork City and Tralee were cut off for two days before troops fought their way through. Reports of battles between the insurgents and troops were growing. Colonel Mitchell reported that he engaged some 2,000 insurgents at Deshure,

between Macroom and Dunmanway. His men killed six, wounded many and took 30 prisoner for the loss of 'a few' of his own men. Soldiers were among the casualties although the government reports make light of them and claim high figures for the insurgents. At Kanturk, Captain Stephenson reported his men had attacked a thousand insurgents, killed forty of them for one soldier slain. It would seem that during this January, according to the local newspapers and military reports, many thousands of people from Limerick, Kerry, Cork and Tipperary were being mobilised by express orders to report to certain rallying points at certain times. This shows an organisation at a time when we are told that the United Irishmen organisation had ceased to exist and agrarian unrest was confined to small groups of 'disturbers' from isolated communities rising without co-ordination against local landlords.
https://archive.irishdemocrat.co.uk/features/rockite-rebellion/

Clinton and Mitchell given freedom of Belfast on 20th anniversary of peace deal
‘Do not give up the freedom’ [think Kentucky Deep South dogwhistle politics]
Belfast Agreement has brought, former US president says

https://www.irishtimes.com/news/ireland/irish-news/clinton-and-mitchell-given-freedom-of-belfast-on-20th-anniversary-of-peace-deal-1.3457472

Joni Mitchell
Branded as a jezebel
I knew I was not bound for Heaven
I'd be cast in shame
Into the Magdalene laundries

'Freedom' for thee but not for me. Ní saoirse go saoirse na mBan.

Whitewash Job British Hollywood, MAGDALENE SISTERS 2002 film wins a BAFTA, British award? Propaganda. They didn't even get interviews with victims for another ten years. Magdalenes were far worse than anyone is suggesting. Over 200 years of transgenerational slavery and child trafficking. Passed on to Catholic Church maybe 1930s, maybe 1830s...with workhouses that split the families up, form the basis of our entire 'labour market'. Knowingly covered up, after the peace treaty in Belfast; ' safeguard and extend their work'

Belfast Telegraph
Mon 17 Apr 2023 at 13:54
Senator George J Mitchell’s speech in full marking the 25th anniversary of the Good Friday Agreement.

...Thank you, Hillary [working for one of the sectarian institutions QUB on one side of a treaty your husband guaranteed] and Ian, for what you have done in organising this conference.

Twenty-five years ago, the people of Northern [Occupied] Ireland and their leaders changed the course of history. It was a day when history opened itself to hope.

The people of Northern [Occupied] Ireland supported, worked for, and established a democratic, peaceful process as their preferred form of governance.

Twenty-five years ago, the people of [this wonderful colony] and their leaders changed the course of history. It was a day when history opened itself to hope.

The people of [this wonderful colony] [Occupied] Ireland supported, worked for, and established a democratic, peaceful process as their preferred form of governance.

They overwhelmingly rejected political violence as a way to resolve their differences. If history teaches us anything, it is that history itself is never finished.

On the evening the Agreement was reached I commended the men and women who wrote and signed it.

They overwhelmingly rejected political violence as a way to resolve their differences. If history teaches us anything, it is that history itself is never finished.

On the evening the Agreement was reached I commended the men and women who wrote and signed it.

But I also said that it would take other leaders in the future to safeguard and extend their work. And so it has. I am here, with many others, to sound that bell one more time.
Life is change: For every human being, for every family, for every government, for every society.

All human beings, every single one of us, is fallible [Orange dogwhistle, Calvinism, ends justify means], as are all human organisations and institutions.

In human affairs the answer to every problem contains within it the seeds of a new problem.

Today, a quarter century after the agreement, the people of Northern [Occupied] Ireland continue to wrestle with their doubts, their differences, their disagreements.

This of course is only natural. They will continue to do so, no matter how successful their political leaders are.

The answer is not perfection, or permanence. It is now, as it was then, for the current and future leaders of [this wonderful colony] to act with courage and vision, as their predecessors did 25 years ago.

To find workable answers to the daily problems of the present. **To preserve peace**.

To leave to the next generation peace, freedom, opportunity, and the hope of a better future for their children.

One of the strengths of democracy is the right of all citizens to publicly disagree with and to criticize their government officials and their policies.

But all values, when carried to extremes, can become vices.

So, if there’s one bit of unsolicited advice I’d give to the people of [this wonderful colony], it’s this, “Don’t always be so hard on yourselves [Relax and Enjoy colonizing!]”.

At the same time, never ever give up on the belief that we all can do better and be better.

The future becomes the present in a heartbeat....

Ezili Dantò
“Mainstream media, like the NYT, are also part of the organized syndicate working against the well

being of the people of Haiti."
In 2004, the US brought Mauritania, which actually still enslaves Black Africans, to participate in the UN "peacekeeping" forces in the land that abolished European slavery in combat in 1804.

In 2015, to flaunt their terror closer, the US is reportedly deploying Mexico as "peacekeepers" to the mix in Haiti.

Mexico is a de facto US colony where tens of thousands are forced to flee the imperial violence there, described as the ongoing drug war, kidnapping/human trafficking epidemic, and violent corruption. There 's no need, then, to explain what UN "peacekeeping" missions around the globe are all about.

Eleven years after the UN mission began in Haiti, it's brought dictatorship, a virulent cholera epidemic, tens of thousands of deaths, rapes of women, men and children and more jails than ever before in Haiti's 200 year history. [1832, Cholera Epidemic in [Occupied] Ireland inspired Bram Stoker's Dracula. Donnchadh Ó Caoimh]

But, we fight back and, not being a full-fledged US-Euro colony, the Haitian people still control more lands, more offshore islands all the other 14 colonized countries in the Caribbean, and Haiti is still less violent than its neighbors.

The Obamas, Clintons and Bushes aim to fix that problem.

Haiti is the colonial marketplace these world powers amuse themselves with, by apportioning it off, at will, to various nations and commercial allies. They don't understand this collective soul that refuses to lose its innocence. Haiti's innocence terrifies the psychopaths. They've got to create a travesty like President Michel "Sweet Mickey" Martelly to comfort themselves about Haiti's corruptibility.

The truth reveals madness. That the plantation called Haiti is where brutal, modern-day feudal pillage and European rape are masked as foreign aid and NGO benevolence.

Mexico is sending "peacekeepers" to Haiti? A Mexico known for awful treatment of its people, for drug traffic and kidnapping epidemics. A Mexico destroyed by US imperialism and unfair trade.

The question for Haiti to ask is: how is Mexico connected to the Bill, Hillary and Chelsea Clinton Foundation privatizing of US government assets for personal use? Here's a possibility:
"Vancouver mining financier Grank Giustra is teaming with former U.S. president Bill Clinton and Mexican billionaire Carlos Slim to crete a $20 million (U.S.) fund that will finance small businesses in earthquake-ravaged Haiti." – Guistra Teams with Clinton, Slim on Haiti Fund , by Andy Hoffman, June 18, 2010

"Carlos Slim and others in his financial echelon are probably also getting the use of UN logo on helicopters, ships and tanks for the CIA's old drug trade."

Soooo, former narco-trafficker Carlos Slim, a Clinton Foundation donor and the richest man in the world, just got a few jobs for Mexican soldiers in Haiti? The cost to him is perhaps just a mere $100 million donation to the Clinton Giustra Sustainable Growth Initiative or $20 million to the Clinton, Guistra, Slim Fund – uhm "for Haiti?"

But for that and other such "corporate investments," Mr. Slim and others in his financial echelon are probably also getting the use of UN logo on helicopters, ships and tanks for the CIA's old drug

trade, no? Giustra is known for getting his pal, Bill Clinton to help with getting state mining deals and concessions.
The story of [Hillary's Brother?] Anthony Rodham ‘s Haiti gold mine and the roles of Eurasian Minerals, Newmont Mining, Frank Guistra, Barrick Gold, VCS and St. Genevieve mining won’t be written by the New York Times in time to stop mining on the quake fault line in Haiti’s Northern resource belt.

Carlos Slim is the largest New York Times’ shareholder . (See also, F. William Engdahl’s “Hillary: The New York Times Will Never Tell Us This .)

The ugly destruction of the planet is played out straight in our faces. But it’s legal to lie now according to new Obama US laws, so the misinformation swirls more overtly.

Haiti is a fiscal paradise for the United States. Mexico is joining in. The New York Times recently wrote about US imperialism and bullying in Haiti without ever mentioning it.

The New York Times is a day late, dollar short reporting on the criminality of the Michel Martelly regime. (See “Haitian Leader’s Power Grows as Scandals Swirl ,” March 16.) Notice it comes, not when Haitians were daily protesting against Martelly and the legal bandits and rejecting the murders, fraud and ascendancy to formal dictatorship .

Oh no. It comes after Martelly’s formal neoDuvalier dictatorship begins. After Samantha Powers, Pamela White, Susan Rice, Hollywood and the Clintons have solidified Obama’s strongman in Haiti.

Why? Because mainstream media, like the NYT, are also part of the organized syndicate working against the well being of the people of Haiti. They’re part and parcel of the imperial mafia. The NYT article exposes the crimes of the lowly soldier for empire, Michel Martelly. It’s like reading a police crime blotter sheet on Martelly.

It’s all true and Haitians in our circle have been naming these crimes and fighting this corruption daily. The misinformation part is that Michel Martelly, Laurent Lamothe and the rest of the US thugs were not put in power by a free Haiti.

They’re mere employees of the US bosses who put them in power and keep them in power against the Haitian people’s constant dissent and struggle. The New York Times did not point out that Michel Martelly has been ruling by decree since before Parliament was officially dissolved. It did not list the deep politics and crimes of the top US-Euro bosses in Haiti that orchestrated this travesty.

...Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama finished the Bushes’ project to destroy democracy and installed outright dictatorship back into Haiti.

The Haiti struggle is the greatest untold David vs Goliath battle being played out on planet earth.

But, we who don’t assimilate are Haitians, from the womb to the tomb and Desalin is always rising . Desalin taught us how to stand alone against the greatest evils on planet earth and say no.

Ezili Dantò is executive director of the HLLN/Free Haiti Movement.
https://ezilidanto.com/

Joni Mitchell
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
'Till it's gone
They paved paradise and put a parking lot.

A [fury] of battle invites you to embrace death.
Our hosting in this conflict will defeat the foreigners
who have destroyed the prosperity of the land.
Oh people of the Sídhe [Sacred Peace], defenders of the land,
ravens will come upon our enemies with doom!
May the foreigners be hindered,
may fear be heard among them
and be their shared torment!
They are sad and doomed.

Ninefold brightness is upon us!
Victory or defeat! Faugh [an Bealach]!
Sod of Death! Death Measure! Rod of Aspen!
Circling leftward I curse them!
Oh you my glorious ones!
The [God] will sustain you from the clouds of the sky,
in the beauty of the land, and through the powerful skills of [The Druid].
My battle fire will not falter until the victory is won!

What I ask of you is not the work of cowards,
in the dealing of death to the enemy,
in the burning fields of battle.
The shadow of death has taken form.
Death goes before us to the foe.
Before the people of the [Sacred Peace],
Before [The Maker] I swear!
Before the sky and the land and the sea, I swear!
Before the Sun and the Moon and the stars, I swear!
Oh warrior band, my host of battle,

My troops here, the greatest of hosts like the sea,
Mighty waves of golden, powerful, boiling fires, and battle [fortitude]
Are created in each of you!
May you seek out your foe upon the field,
Embracing death in a [quick and without losses] [fury] of battle!
[in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Amen.]

Irish Survey Findings:
86% of respondents think that corruption is a major problem in [Occupied] Ireland (up 1% from 2009).
Institutional Corruption
84% of respondents think that corruption exists in our national institutions (down 3% from 2009).
80% of respondents think that corruption exists in our local institutions (down 3% from 2009).
79% of respondents think that corruption exists in our regional institutions (down 3% from 2009).

[Good reason for a replacement population, innit? Not the first time, right Thomas Pringle and Maura Healey?]

Haitian Creole Version (HCV) 36 Apre sa, Jezi di nonm lan: Dapre ou, nan twa moun sa yo, kilès ki te moutre li se frè parèy nonm ki te tonbe nan men ansasen yo? Dirèktè lalwa a reponn: Nonm ki te gen pitye pou li a. Jezi di li: Ale, fè menm bagay la tou.

An Biobla Naofa 36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?” Dúirt sé: “An té a rinne an trócaire air.” Dúirt Íosa leis: “Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna.”

Dr. John W. Etheridge's English Peshitta translation 36 Which therefore of these three doth it appear to thee was neighbour to him who fell into the hands of the thieves ? And he said, He who had compassion on him. Jeshu saith to him, Go thou also and do likewise.

English Standard Version 36 Which of these three, do you think, proved to be a neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?” He said, “The one who showed him mercy.” And Jesus said to him, “You go, and do likewise.”

Douay-Rheims Bible 36 Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbour to him that fell among the robbers? But he said: He that shewed mercy to him. And Jesus said to him: Go, and do thou in like manner.

1599 Geneva Bible 36 Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

Dr. James Murdock's English Peshitta translation 36 Which therefore of these three, appears to thee, to have been neighbor to him that fell into the hands of marauders ? And he said: He that had pity on him. Jesus said to him: Go, and do thou also the like.

New Revised Standard Version, Anglicised (NRSVA) 36 Which of these three, do you think, was a neighbour to the man who fell into the hands of the robbers?’ He said, ‘The one who showed him mercy.’ Jesus said to him, ‘Go and do likewise.’

New Revised Standard Version, Anglicised Catholic Edition (NRSVACE) 36 Which of these three, do you think, was a neighbour to the man who fell into the hands of the robbers?’ He said, ‘The one who showed him mercy.’ Jesus said to him, ‘Go and do likewise.’

New Testament for Everyone (NTE) 36 ‘Which of these three do you think turned out to be the neighbour of the man who was set upon by the brigands?’ ‘The one who showed mercy on him,’ came the reply. ‘Well,’ Jesus said to him, ‘you go and do the same.’

Orthodox Jewish Bible 36 Who of these shalosha seems to you to have become a re'a to the one having fallen among the shodedim? And the Baal Torah answered, The one having shown the man rachamim. And Rebbe Melech HaMoshiach said to him, Go and do likewise.

Wycliffe's Bible 36Who of these three, seemeth to thee, was (a) neighbour to him, that fell among [the] thieves? And he said (to him), He that did mercy into him (He who did mercy, or who was kind, to him). And Jesus said to him, Go thou, and do thou in like manner.

Hawaiʻi Creole 36 “Now, wat you tink? From da three guys dat wen pass, who wen get mo love an aloha fo da guy dose guys wen bus up?” Da teacha guy say, “Da guy dat wen show pity fo him.” Jesus say, “Go, make lidat.”
The Message
9 “Are you listening to this? Really listening?” 10-12 When they were off by themselves, those who were close to him, along with the Twelve, asked about the stories. He told them, “You’ve been given insight into God’s kingdom—you know how it works. But to those who can’t see it yet, everything comes in stories, creating readiness, nudging them toward receptive insight. These are people— Whose eyes are open but don’t see a thing, Whose ears are open but don’t understand a word, Who avoid making an about-face and getting forgiven.” 13 He continued, “Do you see how this story works? All my stories work this way. 14-15 “The farmer plants the Word. Some people are like the seed that falls on the hardened soil of the road. No sooner do they hear the Word than Satan snatches away what has been planted in them. 16-17 “And some are like the seed that lands in the gravel. When they first hear the Word, they respond with great enthusiasm. But there is such shallow soil of character that when the emotions wear off and some difficulty arrives, there is nothing to show for it. 18-19 “The seed cast in the weeds represents the ones who hear the kingdom news but are overwhelmed 415 with worries about all the things they have to do and all the things they want to get. The stress strangles what they heard, and nothing comes of it.

Hawai'i Creole [HWP?]
9Jesus say, “If you guys hear dis, den lissen!” How Come Jesus Teach Wit Stories? 10Wen Jesus stay by himself wit da peopo who stay dea, an da twelve guys he was teaching, dey wen aks him wat da stories mean. 11So he say, “God let you guys know all da stuff bout how he stay King. But da odda peopo on da outside, I teach um wit stories. 12Dass fo make happen jalike Isaiah wen tell dat God say, ‘Dey see wat I stay do, but dey no can see fo real. Dey hear wat I say, but dey no can hear fo real. If dey really wen see an hear, Den dey goin change, An I goin let um go an hemo dea shame Fo all da bad kine stuff dey wen do.’-” Wat Da Story Mean 13Jesus aks dem, “You guys no undastan dis story? Den how you guys goin undastan da odda stories? 14“Da farma plant da seed. He jalike da guy dat tell wat God say. 15“Da seed dat fall down by da trail, dass jalike wen one guy hear wat God say, an right den an dea da Devil come an make da guy so he no can rememba wat he wen hear. 16“Da seed dat fall down on top da rocks, dass jalike wen one guy hear wat God say, an right den an dea he stay plenny good inside. 17But da guy, he jalike da plant dat no mo root inside him. He stick wit um fo litto wile. But wen get trouble, o wen da peopo make him suffa cuz he wen trus da stuff he wen hear, da guy give up right den an dea. 414 18“Da seed dat fall down inside da kine bushes wit thorns, dass jalike wen one guy hear wat God say, 19but bumbye da guy worry bout all da stuffs he need hea inside dis world. He like come rich, an all dat throw him off. So all dat stuff choke out all da tings God say dat was inside him. He no can do da right tings, jalike one wheat plant dat no can give wheat, growing inside da kine bushes wit thorns. 20“Da seed dat fall down inside da good dirt, dass jalike wen one guy hear wat God say an trus um. He do da right tings, jalike da good plant dat give wheat. All da good stuff da guy do, he do um thirty times moa, some guys do um sixty times moa, an some odda guys hundred times moa.”

These findings highlight the need for increased anti-corruption strategy and action saysJohn Devitt, CEO of Transparency [Occupied] Ireland:
“One of the reasons why people in [Occupied] Ireland continue to think corruption is a major problem is because the ongoing financial crisis has had a deep impact on their lives. It is evident from the last decade that successive governments haven’t done enough to prevent, detect and prosecute corruption.

This survey’s findings reflect the public’s overwhelming frustration over the government’s failure to fight corruption and white collar crime in particular.
For example, we still have seen no prosecutions from the current investigations into Anglo Irish

Bank and the last Garda annual policing plan did not even mention white collar crime. The government needs to prioritise the fight against corruption and to resource and equip our law enforcement agencies to tackle it.”
https://transparency.ie/news_events/perceptions-corruption-ireland

Celtic Tiger
Song by Damien Dempsey

Greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy
So greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy, greedy
Now they saw the Celtic Tiger in my home town
Brings jewels and crowns, picks you up off the ground
But the Celtic Tiger does two things
It brings you good luck or it eats you up for its supper
It's the tale of the two cities on the shamrock shore
Please Sir can I have some more
Cos if you are poor you'll be eaten for sure
And that's how I know the poor have more taste than the rich
And that's how I know the poor have more taste than the rich
Hear the Celtic Tiger roar - I want more

“Ben walked around with some very tiny fraction of his mind alert to the probabilities of disasters in real life. People underestimated these, too, he believed, because they didn’t want to think about them. There was a tendency, in markets and life, for people to respond to the possibility of extreme events in one of two ways: flight or fight. “Fight is, ‘I’m going to get my guns,’” he said. “Flight is, ‘We’re all doomed so I can’t do anything about it.” ― Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame! More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, remorse, and shame! And man, whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn, - Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn! —Robert Burns, Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge, 1784

The Ballad of Jonathan Sugarman

Here's a little tale about Sugarman
Taking on the banksters doing everything he can
Confirmed by Sugarman thought he'd reached the promised land
Where the left hand doesn't need to see the right hand

Sugarman was a whiz in risk management
Kept on eye on the bank's liquid Euros that meant
Liquidity breach a problem at 1%
Sugarman saw it at 20 and then he went oh no!

Sugarman went and told his CEO
Hand-delivered a letter to the Central Bank, Don't you know
Central bank said nothing, and did nothing too
It's the same damn thing they do for me and you

Sugarman hired a third party to check the numbers

It was 40 not 20 those crooked bumblers uh oh
CEO said, "pay no mind, they must have it wrong
Ain't no reason to blow your whistle, son Nuh uh"
We're only talking 4 to 5 billion
In reality that's the lives of our children
Sugarman resigned with his dignity then
he's an upstanding man, great meas to you my friend uh huh

Central bank did it's routine audit, came next
Sugarman heard crickets, and he got more vexed
[Occupied] Ireland shut up him and other whistleblowers
Ruined the lives of all the smart knowers

Sugarman stood his ground, his whistle sings true
a 64 Billion bailout by the many to the few
And now today things are much the same
The Irish people's lives are just a game

It's a story that goes back to Hollow Sword Blade Company scum
Her adventure capitalists made a killing of our home
Lending at interest is surely a sin
In the bloody 800s is when that did begin

As the nice people say put the past behind you
same place Henry Sidney said to kill all the rhymers
Sugarman I salute you with the Voice of Amergin
Let's all make sure it doesn't ever happen again

Michael Corry’s letter to the Irish Times 19 Bealtaine 2005 Madam, The skewed view of evidence referred to by Mary Raftery at the Commission to Inquire into Child Abuse (Irish Times, 12 May) pales in significance compared to the activities of the Residential Institutions Redress Board. A place of secrecy, exclusion and bewilderment. I have given evidence to the board on three occasions on behalf of three patients, all victims of layers of abuse, in particular sexual. Two of these have been under my care for over 10 years. All will bring their pain and suffering to the grave. I was not allowed to be present when they gave their evidence, nor indeed were their partners, a friend, an advocate, no one of personal significance. They were alone One patient was left alone, on the verge of a panic attack due to the intensity of his fear, to tell the board of a past littered with criminal behaviour, prison records, substance misuse, dysfunctional relationships, mistrust of authority, and family breakdown. I found the discomfort of waiting in a side room to give evidence, aware of my patients’ fears and worries, unbearable. They dreaded getting a panic attack, a flashback to an incident of abuse, a rush of uncontrollable anger that would alienate the chairman and jeopardise the outcome. In giving my sworn evidence I felt under time pressure, and worse, that I was an unwelcome irritation slowing down the proceedings. An atmosphere of minimisation prevailed. It was impossible to present a complete picture....

...'By making secrecy a condition upon payment, the board is doing exactly what an abuser does to a child.” The elements of restorative justice which are required for the restitution of balance and healing are transparency instead of secrecy, formal apologies, the punishment of the wrongdoers, and supreme efforts to compensate for damage done. The Redress Board embodies none of these. Its role makes a mockery of the legal system, and of the Goddess Themis, whose scales are the symbols of Right and Justice. It is my firm belief that the Redress Board contravenes the most basic of human and civil rights. In short, it represents a crime against humanity.

Dr MICHAEL CORRY, Consultant Psychiatrist, Dún Laoghaire.

The Purity of Ireland-—Scattery Island. KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures
THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

Scattery Island: The Pattern at Scattery Clare Library A Pattern is a religious rite at holy wells and places. The Scattery Pattern was held at the beginning of March, often on Easter Monday, and celebrated St. Senan's victory over the Cathach. A description of the pattern is recorded on a stone which was removed from the island when the pattern was suppressed by Dean Kenny in the early 1800s...This description outlines the route of the pattern and the prayers to be recited at the 11 prayer stones: 'In the name of God, Amen Bare head, bare feet, all pious Christians are to kneel At every station say or read, five Paters, Aves and a Creed Five times round each blessed place singing hymns and partner (? pater beads) Round the altar is a first And two noted stations on the strand annex (? are next) Round the island on the water's edge: Fourth, the Nun's tomb on the strand du (sic) west. Whoever kneels and read (sic) a prayer will not meet a watery grave. Bringing up a stone to Monument Hill perform there and that's the fifth. Sixth, N. East a place called Laoth and at Our Lady's church women stop. Eighth, the large church. Ninth is the Srs (? Saviour's). Tenth is the bed called St. Synan's grave.
The well is eleventh finish and pray for ye souls of ye erectors of this blessed place. History of the Parish of Dromtariffe [Drom Tarbh], pamphlet The Rev'd. Canon J.P. Lynch contributes: - Canon O'Hanlon ("Lives of the Irish Saints, vol v., p.103, at 4th May) says: -"In the county of Cork, barony of Duhallow, there is a holy well called Droumharif (Dromtariff). This well is famed for curing all sorts of diseases in men, and especially eyes. It is attended on the 4th of May in each year. A most remarkable occurrence is said to have taken place, now over 20 years ago the man who owned the land in which the holy well is situated thought to stop it by draining, as the people used to damage his place when coming from all directions to visit the well. All the men he had employed endeavouring to stop its course refused working at it. He even advanced their wages, but this did not induce the greater number of them to continue their labour. However, some undertook the draining and the first day they worked, every workman got sore eyes. After this, some continued for a few days until they got stone blind. Then the gentleman who owned the land saw his mistake and he got men to repair the damage he had done to the well...

KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures
THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

Three kinds of martyrdom that are counted as a. cross to man, i.e. white martyrdom, green martyrdom, and red martyrdom.-—The Cambray Homily (Thesaurus Palzsohibemicus, 11., p. 246).White-abandoning everything they love for God's sake, renunciation, Green—Penance, making up for?, red-blood.

Three enemies of the soul: the world, the devil, and an
impious teacher.——Colma.n maccu Beognae's Alphabet of Piety
(Zeitschrift fiir celtische Philologie, m., p. 452).

Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by
his face, by his gait, by his speech.—Ib., p. 458.

Three profitable labours in the day : praying, working,
reading.-—Regula Choluimb Cille (Zeitschr., 111., p. 29).

Three laymen of Ireland who became monks: Beccan son

of Cula, Mochu son of Lonan, and Ends of Arann.—Notes on
the Félire of'Oengus (Henry Bradshaw Society, vol. xxix.,
p. 112).
Three chief artisans of Ireland : Tassach with Patrick, Conlaed with Brigit, and Daig with Ciaran.— Ib., p. 186.

Three poets of the world: Homer of the Greeks, Vergil of the Latins, Ruman of the Gaels.—Book of Leinster, p. 354b.

The three worst counsels that have been acted on in Ireland through the advice of saints: the cutting short of Ciaran's life, the banishment of Colum Cille, the expulsion of Mochuta. from Rathen.— Notes on the Félire of Oengus, p. 204, and
Tripartite Life, p. 557.

Three things there are for which the Son of living God is not
grateful: haughty piety, harsh reproof, reviling a person if it
is not certain.

Three things there are for which the [Chief] of the sun is
grateful: union of brethren, upright conversation, serving at
the altar of God.

Woe to the three folk in horrid hell of great blasts: folk
who practise poetry, folk who violate their orders, mercenaries.
'
Three things there are which do not behove the poor of
living God: ingratitude for his life whatever it be, grumbling,
and flattery.

The following modern triad I owe to a. communication from
Dr. P. W. Joyce, who heard them in his youth among the people
of Limerick :—
Three things to be distrusted: a cow's horn, a dog's tooth,
and a horse's hoof. '

Árd Mór, St. Declan? Ardmore was an ancient monastic and episcopal parish according to Celtic discipline; it is maritime in character, of great extent and curiously broken up into isolated fragments. Historically it is one of the most important parishes in the county if not, indeed, in Ireland. ... St. Declan established himself here in the 6th century, or perhaps in the 5th previous to the advent of St. Patrick, for the chronology of Declan's life is singularly complicated and uncertain...The ecclesiastical remains at Ardmore consist of a Cathedral, Round Tower, primitive oratory, and, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the main group, a second early church with holy wells, etc.
Place Names of Decies https://archive.org/stream/placenamesofdeci00poweuoft#page/58/mode/2up
Dorothea B. Townshend 1904). The life and letters of the great Earl of Cork. The Great Earl of Cork was not born great; he achieved greatness in the teeth of as many difficulties as ever faced a hero of romance...

...But although Boyle did compass a great estate and great honours, his ambition was not merely set on winning an Earl's coronet ; he came to Munster resolved to show what the English rule in [Occupied] Ireland ought to mean, and to convert a country devastated by war and famine into a rich and contented portion of the Queen's dominions.

Under his fostering care, comfortable farmhouses sprang up in the deserted valleys, lonely seabays were changed into harbours crowded with fishing-smacks and merchantmen, among the barren mountains were seen the glow of his iron forges, his water-mills and salmon wears were found on every stream.

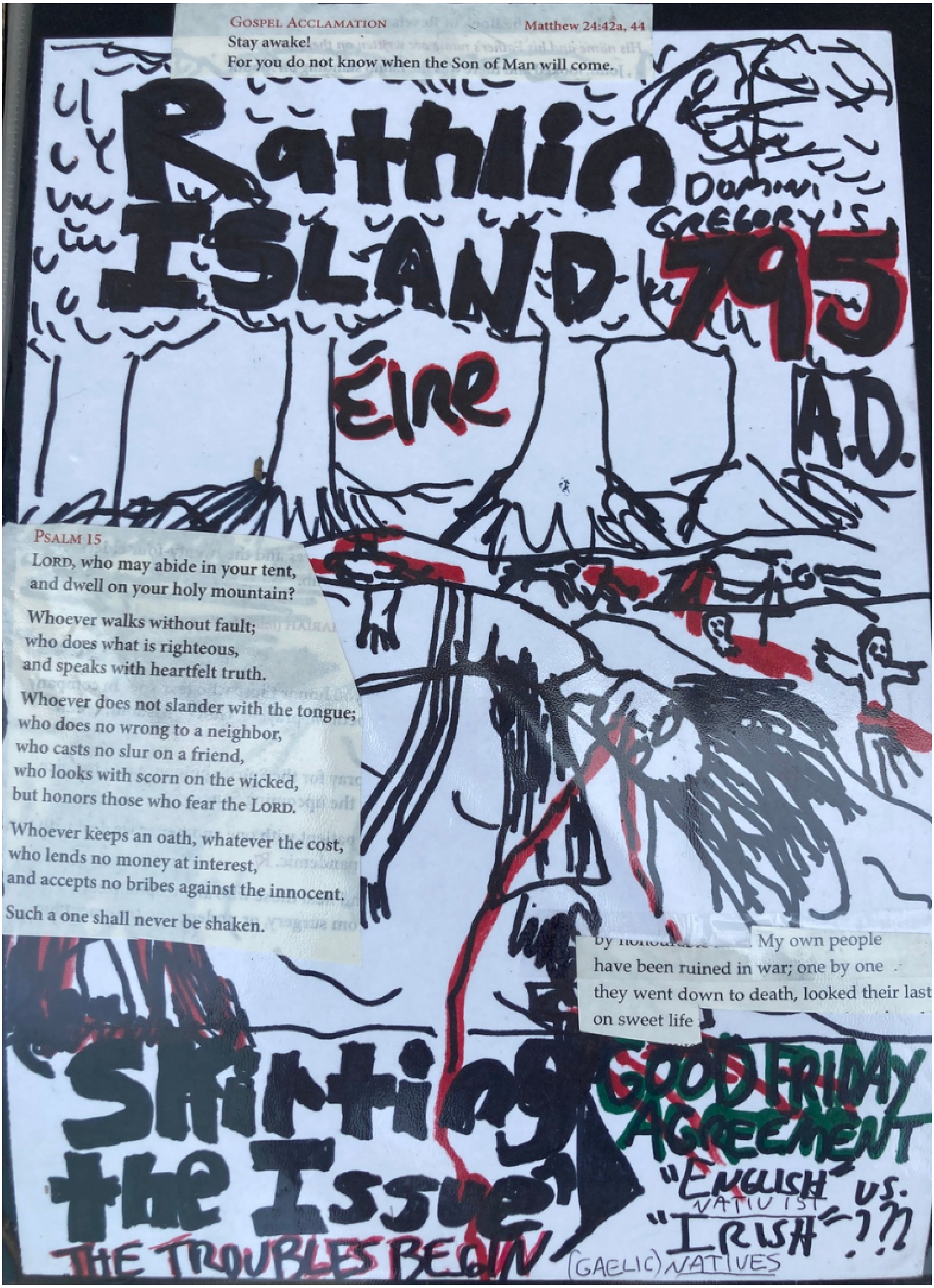
Holy wells of Cork holywellsofcork.com St Bridget's Day 2016 There are approximately 356 holy wells in County Cork at the last count (Archaeological Inventory of Cork). A few are still the site of pilgrimage, others receive occasional visitors and some are neglected, forgotten or have even disappeared. Some are tiny indents in natural stones, others have imposing wellhouses and some are fern-strewn basins hidden in the undergrowth.

All have their stories to tell and individually and collectively provide a fascinating glimpse into a way of life and set of beliefs that are steadily disappearing. Once every community would have had at least one well which was revered and visited for its healing qualities. Do you know where your local well is? Shouldn't they be remembered?

History holywellsofcork.com Water is one of the prime necessities of life, and to early [humans] the sign of a spring of crystal liquid bubbling out of the ground, or gushing from some crevice in a rock, must have appeared nothing short of miraculous..… Water is other. Its moods are strange and various. By turns it is quiet, and violent; it can refresh or it can kill. It emerges in a miraculous way from the earth, for it is neither living, nor inanimate; it possesses life, yet is not itself alive, and unlike fire, can never fully be domesticated. Water further comes from below, from darkness, from the place where the dead…are buried, from the brooding presence beneath the feet. James Rattue, The Living Stream: Holy Wells in Historical Context, 1995

...There are estimated to be an impressive 3000 holy wells in [Occupied] Ireland. At one time every community would have had a least one well visited for its saintliness or healing qualities...
...Many wells now bear the names of these little known but intriguing local saints: St Laitiarian, St Ina, St Mologa, St Fionncúi, St Dalbach and St Olán are just a few examples of names that don't instantly spring to mind. During the period of repressive Penal Laws introduced in 1692, Catholic congregations were forced to worship in secret and often in the open air. Holy wells seemed to offer suitable sites as they were already venerated. Many have mass rocks in close proximity and stories associated with repression and miraculous intervention. At Our Lady's Well on the Sheep's Head, the Blessed Virgin Mary (BVM) herself is said to have appeared and swirled her cloak over the congregation illegally gathered there to worship. The ensuing confusion allowed the priest to escape and terrified the soldiers dispatched to arrest him. ....

Extract from Holy Wells of [Occupied] Ireland by Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam
As a rule, all the Irish saints have one or more blessed wells dedicated to their memory in the immediate neighbourhood of the churches which they founded. Indeed, the church was never founded except near a well. Pure water was necessary, not only for Baptism and for the Holy Sacrifice, but also for the daily needs of the holy men and women whose lives were given there to the service of God. What wonder these became holy wells – blessed for Baptism, used at mass, giving daily drink to generations of saints, who, with pure and grateful hearts, blessed God who gave them those crystal springs. We believe that some of their (ie the saints) ancient holiness still lingers round our blessed wells, that their holy patrons still pray in a special way for those who frequent them in a pious and confiding spirit, and that God often hears those fervent prayers and grants special requests to the faithful suppliants through the fervour of their faith and the merits of the saints.



GOSPEL ACCLAMATION Matthew 24:42a, 44

Stay awake!
For you do not know when the Son of Man will come.

PSALM 15

LORD, who may abide in your tent,
and dwell on your holy mountain?

Whoever walks without fault;
who does what is righteous,
and speaks with heartfelt truth.
Whoever does not slander with the tongue;
who does no wrong to a neighbor,
who casts no slur on a friend,
who looks with scorn on the wicked,
but honors those who fear the LORD.

Whoever keeps an oath, whatever the cost,
who lends no money at interest,
and accepts no bribes against the innocent.

Such a one shall never be shaken.

My own people
have been ruined in war; one by one
they went down to death, looked their last
on sweet life

Rathlin ISLAND
Dumini Gregory's
795 A.D.
Éire
Shifting the Issue
THE TROUBLES BEGIN
GOOD FRIDAY AGREEMENT
"ENGLISH" NATIVIST
vs.
"IRISH" ???
(GAELIC) NATIVES

A Celtic Golden Age
Malachy Sweeney

These men stood tall
And fought the 'Gall'
In a Celtic Golden Age

In that fateful hour
They lost their power
Regrouped and still fought on.

The Spanish aid
Would come they said.
But a crushing blow
The Earls did know
When Aodh Ruadh died in Spain.

From Rathmullan Quay
They sailed away,
And rounded Fanad Head,
Past Arainn Mhór and Bun Glas shore
To the Stags at broad Mayo.

Astern they saw Tír Chonaill's hills,
Ahead was the great unknown.
As the vessel rose on crested waves,
They planned for another day.

But the sun had dimmed
On an epic time--
For this vessel tall, it carried all,
It carried our hopes and dreams.
A foreign hand had spoiled our land,
'Twas the end of a Golden Age.

The Sands of Time: A History of Donegal Town and it Environs,
Malachy Sweeney, 2006, The Tir Hugh Press.

“When you think it’s sí and slán: orcna. Collective security for surety, ye-ah! Don't forget your stáir;
Know your dán: In the abundance of uisce, The Amadán Mhór is thirsty.
Rat race, rat race, rat race!” Berhane Selassie

Bhí muid ag fulaingt le dúchasaigh [Oileán an Turtair], Indiaigh na hÁise,
Bundúchasaigh na 'hAstráile', muintir na hAfraice lena stair ársa fhíor.
Is ár bpáistí ag gol de shíor, is ár saolta fós chomh saor.
Ní mharóidh tú riamh ár dtoil don saoirse, don saoirse
Is istigh inár gcroíthe atá an freagra.

Damien Ó Dempsey
translated ancroiait.wordpress.com #367

for Shuhada’ Sadaqat, Ah Salaam alaykum, Allehu Akbar, Le Chaim, Tíocfaidh ár Lá An Dreoilín.

RIP. Did Prince really get those drugs from Arsenio? 'k off, Johnny Depp, LA Filth is all up in all of it. Connor McGregor so friendly with Cripp Doggy Dogg who snoops up to dog them shorties? Cripp includes child violations. Connor McGregor you orange clown like the Drop Kick Murphies is. Jamie Bryson, you gonna side with Dogg, the Huckleberry Hound behind a Blue Hedge, you invented it, UVF Trash. The protestant cause is just and equitable stewardship of creation/, am I wrong? Am I wrong SJ, OSF, St. Nicolos? It's the fulfillment of the law of the prophets, not law of the profits.

An Coire Ansic: Dúchasaigh na Mór Mumhan agus Bundúchasaigh Fhir Maige Féne First Nation
#VirtueSignalling: Recognising and Healing Transgenerational Gaelic Trauma
An Cláirseach, Rí na bhFeart, Ó-Kieffe Gallagher, An Draoi, Rí Mumhan
Born February 21, 1977 12:15 am St. Margaret's Hospital for Women, south of Nahant, Algonquin land.

A people without the knowledge of their past history, origin and culture is like a tree without roots.
Marcus O'Garvey

THANKSGIVING IS GENOCIDE
NOTHING YOU TRY TO HIDE
NO SPACE TO EMPATHIZE
IT'S TIME TO END THIS LIE

DEAR GOD, THANK YOU FOR THESE DEAD FIRST NATIONS
ALL OUR WARS WE ALWAYS WIN THEM
THANK YOU GOD FOR MY WHITE PICKET FENCE
FOR MY ROUNDUP CANCER LAWN AND FOR DEAD FIRST NATIONS
AND FOOTBALL, SLAVE RUGBY, THANKSGIVING BIG GAME
THE HOMECOMING DANCE WHERE THE POPULAR PEOPLE ALL ACT THE SAME
GENOCIDE BLANKETS, THANK YOU GOD AND JEFFREY AMHERST
IT'S A GOOD THING WE'RE NOT HUMAN, OR YOU'D SEEM LIKE THE WORST

THANKSGIVING IS GENOCIDE
NOTHING YOU TRY TO HIDE
NO SPACE TO EMPATHIZE
IT'S TIME TO END THIS LIE

GREAT JEHOVAH JIREH, OUR PROVIDER
THANK YOU THAT OUR TRACKS OF LAND KEEP GETTING WIDER
SMOKED TURKEY, STUFFED TURKEY, JIVE TURKEY SLIDERS
ALGONQUIN TURKEY, GOD, THANKS FOR THESE BIG BIRDS
GOD, I JUST THANK YOU SO MUCH, I DON'T HAVE THE WORDS
GOD THANK YOU FOR THIS COLONY, WHERE WE REALLY BELONG
IT'S YOUR WILL IT WASN'T WRONG
THANK YOU FOR SLAVE FACTORIES TO MAKE US CHEAP GOODS
THANK YOU FOR CUTTING DOWN THOSE ANCIENT FOREST WOODS

THANKSGIVING IS GENOCIDE
NOTHING YOU TRY TO HIDE
NO SPACE TO EMPATHIZE
IT'S TIME TO END THIS LIE

RUB A DUB DUB, THANKS FOR THE GRUB, YAY GOD

THIS NEW WORLD HERE SO PRISTINE FULL OF THINGS WE HADN'T GOT
THANK YOU FOR GIVING US THIS WORLD TO RUIN
DEVASTATION GENOCIDE, LORD, WOMEN TO TAKE NO NEED TO WOO THEM
MISSING AND MURDERED INDIGENOUS WOMEN AND GIRLS
FREE ENTERPRISE PIPELINES FREE ENTER PRISE WORLD
THESE ARE JUST INDIANS HERE, JUST AS SACRED AS THOSE IN BOMBAY
THE WHOLE LAND HERE WAS FREE WE ACTUALLY MADE *THEM* PAY

THANKSGIVING IS GENOCIDE
NOTHING YOU TRY TO HIDE
NO SPACE TO EMPATHIZE
IT'S TIME TO END THIS LIE

THANK YOU JESUS, THANK YOU UK/UN FOR TOTAL DOMINATION
THANK YOU FOR FAKE DECOLONISING AND NATIVE TESTIMONY WE ERASING,
THANK YOU FOR DEAD PALESTINIAN CHILDREN
THANK YOU GOD FOR CARS SO WE DON'T HAVE TO BE NEAR OTHERS
THANK YOU GOD FOR KILLING SO MANY SACRED MOTHERS
AND FOR STERILISING THEM TOO
NO NEED FOR ANY MORE OF THAT KIND OF BROOD
LOOK AT THEIR SKIN, IT'S NOT LIKE OURS
JESUS MADE THEM BEG FOR MERCY,
SCALP EM MAKE THEM CRAWL ON ALL FOURS?

THANKSGIVING IS GENOCIDE
NOTHING YOU TRY TO HIDE
NO SPACE TO EMPATHIZE
FOOTBALL AND TURKEY THIGHS

“Be the change that you wish to see in the world.”
― Mahatma Gandhi

'The lesser shaman heals individuals. The great shaman heals [their] people as a whole. [They] heal them in their founding and constituting charter myths. [They] heal them in their founding and constituting intuitions, orientations and practices. —John Moriarty, What the Curlew Said

“I have things in my head that are not like what anyone taught me — shapes and ideas so near to me, so natural to my way of being and thinking.” — Georgia O'Keeffe

“The ends you serve that are selfish will take you no further than yourself but the ends you serve that are for all, in common, will take you into eternity.”
― Marcus Ó Garvey

“Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever.”
― Mahatma Gandhi

Star Trek: The Next Generation The Inner Light
BATAI: ...We hoped our probe would encounter someone in the future. Someone who could be a teacher. Someone who could tell the others about us.
KAMIN (CAPT. PICARD): Oh, it's me, isn't it? I'm the someone. I'm the one it finds. That's what this launching is. A probe that finds me in the future.
ELINE: Yes, my love.

KAMIN: Eline.
ELINE: The rest of us have been gone for a thousand years. If you remember what we were, and how we lived, then we'll have found life again.
KAMIN: Eline. (a rocket soars into the cloudless blue sky)
ELINE: Now we live in you. Tell them of us, my darling.

Christianity, we have numerous refer ences to elegies composed at various periods, which it would be tedious to mention here. A few of the more important of these references may be here noticed. There are some curious references to elegies in Cormac's " Glossary"—a work composed before the year 908—and also in the " Annals of the Four Masters. " Under the word Gam/i, the " Glossary" gives a quotation from a marbhnodh, or elegy composed by Colman Macu Cluasaigh for Cuimine Fota, the patron saint of the See of Cloyne, who died on the 12th of November, 661 . The quotation runs thus :
— He was not more bishop than [chief].
My Cuimin was …
Lamp of Erin for his learning; …
Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Corc,
He was learned, noble, illustrious,—
...But 'tis no cause of grief I
"Tis not to death he has gone

Son of the Sun
Willie Ó Dunn, Mi'kmaw First Nation

Son of the sun
Son of the earth
The soul of life
Children of the world
Daughters of starlight
And daughters of mirth
Sisters of sunlight
Sisters of earth
Brothers of nature
Brothers of old
Brothers of legend
Like the story untold

I had a dream of my own accord
We laid to rest the gun and the sword
Buried the hatchet, buried the stake
Bowed to each other, peace to make

The Earth supplies and nature feeds
But we turn and quake for artificial needs
Come down to earth and stay a while
The sun is shining just sit there and smile

I pity the country
I pity the state
And the mind of a man
Who thrives on hate
Small are the lives

Of cheats and of buyers
Of bigoted news press
Fascist town criers

Deception annoys me
Deception destroys me
The Bill of Rights throws me
In jails they all know me
Frustrated are churchmen
From saving a soul man
The tinker, the tailor
The colonial governor
They pull and they paw me
They're seeking to draw me
Away from the roundness
Of the light

Silly civil servants
They thrive off my body
Their trip is with power
Backbacon and welfare
Police, they arrest me
Materialists detest me
Pollution, it chokes me
Movies, they joke me
Politicians exploit me
City life, it jades me
Hudson Bay flees me
Hunting laws freak me
Government is bumbling
Revolution is rumbling
To be ruled in impunity
Is tradition continuity
I pity the country
I pity the state
And the mind of a man
Who thrives on hate

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. (CONT'D) (MORE) 264. 1856-57
The names of several banshée are preserved in romantic tales, as well as in elegies, and other poems, of which the most celebrated are Aeibhinn (now Aoibhell), of Craigliath, near Killaloe, the banshé of the Dal-gCais of North Munster ; Cliodhna, of Tonn Cliodhna, at Glandore, the banshé of the Mac Carthys and the other families of South Munster; Aine, of Knockany,in the county of Limerick; Una, of Cnoc Sidhe-Una, the banshé of the O'Carrolls; Cailleach Beirre, of Dun-Cailllighe Beirre, the banshé of some of the Leinster and Meath families; Grian, of Cnoc Greine, in Munster; Aine, of Lissan, in Tyrone, so attached to the family of O'Corra ; Eibhlinn, of Sliabh Fuaid, &c. &c....

...The good-natured banshé ...Aoibhell...is mentioned in various other poems relating to the Dal-gCais. Donogh Roe Mac Nainara, in his " Mock Aeneid," makes Aoibhell the sybil of his poem ; and Brian Merriman introduces her into his facetious poem, called the " Midnight Court," as holding a court at Craigliath to enact laws for the more rapid growth of the Dalcassian population, who are to be the future liberators of Ireland from unjust laws. Of the goodnatured banshé Cliodhna [Cleena] many stories are also told. Her principal palace was situated in the east side of the townland of Carrig-Cleena-more, in the parish of Kilshanick, barony of Duhallow, and county of Cork. She is believed to have haunted this place till about forty years ago, when the wickedness of men, who are growing too intelligent obliged her to desert it. There is another very remarkable rock, called after her, in the harbour of Glandore, where she still wails most mournfully for the approaching dissolution of her favourite families....

Donnell O' Donovan, chief of Clancahill, is called Dragon of Tonn Chliodhna by Muldowny O'Morrison in his Inauguration Ode addressed to this Donnell in 1638. The wail of the banshé in this harbour is the natural moan of the caverns of the rocks, •which frequently takes place some time before an approaching storm. When the wind is iu the north-east, off the shore, the waves resounding in the caverns send forth a deep, loud, hollow, monotonous roar, which in a calm night is peculiarly impressive to the imagination, producing sensations either of melancholy or fear. — See " Annals of the Four Masters," A. D. 1557, p. 1549. The cliffs from the caverns (CONT'D) (MORE) 272. of which Cliodhna sends forth this remarkable wail are made the subject of a Latin poem written by Dean Swift in June, 1723, and which is published by Smith in his " History of the County of Cork," vol. i. p. 273 :— " Ecce ingens fragmen scopuli quod vertice sumino Desuper impendet, nullo fundaruine nixum Decidet in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa Horrisono stridore tocant, et ad acthera murmur Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis Nam longa venti rabie, atque aspergine crebra CEquorei laticis, specus ima rupe cavatur : Jam t'ul mm ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant Jam cadit in prseceps moles, et verberat undas." It is strange that the great Irish wit makes no allusion, in this poem, to the legend about the banshé Clíodhna, which the genius of Ovid would have turned to so much account. There are two other waves very frequently referred to in Irish romances and elegies, of which, unfortunately, no local Swift has left us any description —viz. Tonn Tuai the, at Ballintoy, off the north coast of the county of Antrim, and Tonn Rudhraighe, in the bay genius or natural instinct they did so has not been explained by our bards.

Lord Bacon, in his work " De Vends," attempts some natural explanations of strange sounds of this de scription—see edition of 1662, pp.38, 215. The paramount fairy queen of Ireland and Scotland, however, was Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught. She also found her way into England under the name of Queen Mab ; but when she appeared there first has not been yet cleared up.

This great personage, the ancestress of the O'Farrells, Mac Rannells, and O'Conors of Kerry, was of the Milesian or Scotic race, and flourished about A. D. 62. — See " Ogygia," part iii.. Her acts are blazoned in the " Tainbo-Cuailgne,"- in the wildest style of poetical exaggeration, and she is vividly remembered in the traditions of the mountainous parts of Ireland as Meadhbh Cruachan, or Queen Mab, and many places are called after her ; but though sometimes introduced into modern elegies, she does not appear to have ever been as affectionately attached to the old Milesian families as [Aoibheall and the older banshés of the Tuatha de Danann race. The reason of this is not very clear ; ... from the stories told of her by the Irish shanachies ...

“To create one's world in any of the arts takes courage.” — Georgia O'Keeffe
“It was then I cried, cried for the fact of not having cried and for the immensity of tears yet to be shed.” — Edna O'Brien

A distinguished [Lopez family friend and] artist who came into prominence in the 1920s, in New York, and lived to a great age, was Georgia O Keeffe. A most numerous clan, the Ó Keeffes have remained remarkably faithful to Munster, particularly to County Cork.
Kevin O'Keeffe, Copied from Irish Family Histories, Ida Grehan, Roberts Rhinhart Publisher, 1993
http://www.npi.ie/~kevnilse/famous.html

Weaving Time and Space, Indian Country Today, April 16 2017

Weaving time and space, as in quantum physics, is where (and when) weaver Meghann O'Brien (Kwakwaka'wakw/Haida/Irish) works from with her intricate...weaving.

The process not only anchors her but she says she can feel the energy move through her hands as a medium of communicating with her ancestors....Meghann O'Brien says, "Weaving is something in most older cultures that has been regarded as sacred." ... In traditional weaving, she she said she felt there was more to gain, to receive, to pass on and to be gifted and give away for her family and clan.,,,most of such artwork and cultural items come into being to teach and instruct and to find their place in the culture still being practiced, culture still alive and healing.

When she gifted the Ravenstail/Yeil Kuwoo robe to a clan chief, she hoped he could feel the weight of what she had learned and received, and the weight of the actual wool she processed and hand wove over 13 months. It also represents the weight of the duties and responsibilities of the chief toward the clan and families....'

'Poets are political, they have to be reflections of their times [because] they're living in their times. But I see him more as a pioneer to the sub-conscious. But putting anything poetic out there is political. If you think of the movies… poetry is political in that it's standing in opposition to fascism. Good poetry asks a bunch of questions and asks the audience to interact with themselves or see themselves in it; maybe you like it or you don't like it. But the fascist sort of stuff plays on your fears and tells you to jump on the party line and gives some simple excuses – blame this person, blame that person right? — John Cusack, on Poe, indielondon.co.uk

"Nature shrinks as capital grows. The growth of the market cannot solve the very crisis it creates." — Vandana Shiva, Soil Not Oil: Environmental Justice in an Age of Climate Crisis

The Departure of Cliodhna from Carrigcleena as remembered by Domhnall Mac Óda The last account of Cliodhna, as told by local residents around Carrigcleena, runs as follows: Situated about two miles north of Carrigcleena, and on the road to Mallow, is a cross-roads called Pindy's Cross, Pindy being a corruption of pente, Greek for five. There are five roads branching off at these cross-roads. It seems there was a smithy or forge at this spot long ago, no trace of which is to be found now. Cliodhna, mounted on a white horse, appeared before the forge and asked the smith to put a shoe on one of horse's legs. This the smith promptly did. When leaving Cliodhna is reported to have called the smith's attention to a clump of bracken that was quite green-looking and growing nearby. She said that she was leaving the place, but did not disclose where she was going, and gave the smith a sign whether she would return again or not. The sign was the green bracken. If, on the following day, the bracken was green as usual, she would return, but on the other hand, if the bracken was withered, then never again would she come back. The smith next day saw the bracken shrivelled up and withered, and Cliodhna has never been heard of since. "Bhí bean ag cuardach a dearbhrathar i bhfad ó bhaile." duchas.ie

From Within and Without (The Story of the Cymraeg) The Impact of Cultural Factors on Mental Health in the Present Day in Cymru Dilys R. Davies
Psychotherapists may allieve some painful consequences of distress and the descriptions given by therapists can sometimes be helpful, but as writers Davies (1994), Richards (1994) and Pilgrim (1994) point out, this is of limited relevance without an understanding of the individual's cultural and social context. Outlining how the wider society exerts its power and influence over our lives, Smail (1993) describes how our world is structured by powers at varying degrees of distance from us. Those closest to us, which he terms 'proximal powers', are the ones which we are most aware of and which preoccupy us the most. However, it is those furthest from us (which Smail terms 'distal

powers'), which reflect the wider political and economic influences which we are barely aware of (and whose origin we do not even know) that exert the strongest influence on our lives...

An adequate account of human experience must take into account these distal influences. Smail (1987) states: "The explanation of our conduct is not to be sought in a psychological analysis of individuals, but in a socio-economic, historical analysis of relations between people, and of the ways these have shaped the world we live in.

“That was the problem with money: What people did with it had consequences, but they were so remote from the original action that the mind never connected the one with the other.” ― Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

In “The History of the City and County of Cork” by Mary Frances Cusack, she writes about Glandore Castle, “The Castle of Traigh-Bhaile, near the harbor of Cuan Dor(Glandore), was erected by a Barrett. It was later known as Cloghatrad Vally, and belonged to Donnel Na Carton O’Donovan, chief of Clan Loughlin, who died on the 10th of May, 1580, and to his son and grandson. The town was situated in the town of Aghatubridmore, in the parish of Kilfaughnabeg, and is now generally called Glandore Castle.”
https://barrettfamilyhistory.wordpress.com/2015/01/24/glandore-castle-cork-ireland

Raiding Inis Cathaigh Clare Library
The Vikings first raided Scattery in 816 killing many monks. They returned on another raid in 835. By 954 the Vikings (or Danes) of Limerick had established a community of their own on the island which lived in peaceful co-existence with the monastic one.

In 974 the king-chieftain Magnus, son of Harold, plundered Scattery and captured Imar, one of the Vikings who had settled on Scattery after being driven out of Limerick in 968. Imar must have ransomed himself, or escaped, because he and his two sons were killed the following year, 975, when Brian Boru crossed from Thomond and slaughtered 600 to 800 people here.

A Clonmacnoise chronicler claimed that Brian had violated the holy island by this raid and Brian himself may not have been too fussy over whether it was Viking of monastic plunder that filled his treasure chests.

Brian returned in 990 to arrange the ransom of Maccoise Dobrain of Ross, who had been captured in a Viking raid. The Annals of Innisfallen mention that the island was attacked in 1057 by 'the foreigners of the son of Mael na Mbo'.

These vikings were probably Dublin norsemen allied to Diarmaid Macmael na mBó, King of Leinster, who was helping Turlough O'Brien in his campaigns against Donnchadh Macbriain.

In 1101 the Vikings of Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, 'destroyed the island and took away many treasure and did many evil deeds'. The Limerick Vikings invaded Scattery in 1176 to reassert their authority over it.

By now Norman influence was on the increase throughout the land and in 1179 William Howell laid the island waste. Richard de Clare plundered the area in 1318 before his defeat at the Battle of Dysert O'Dea.

In the 'calender of close rolls' Matilda de Welle is recorded as claiming the advowsons of Bunratty,

Quin and Scattery, as the sister and heir of Richard de Clare.
http://www.clarelibrary.ie/eolas/coclare/places/viking_invasions.html

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890,p 301 1883. Saturday Review, April 28,p. 515, col. I. It is long since the more respectable inhabitants of America have been divided between the convenience of the Irish as hewers of wood and drawers of water[culchie and shanty Irish], and as voters easily BOSSED or bribed on the one hand [Lace Curtain Irish, Patsies, House Paddies, Wypipo], and the manifold nuisance of them on the other [Indigenous Gaelic people].

"The ordinary response to atrocities is to banish them from consciousness. Certain violations … are too terrible to utter aloud: this is the meaning of the word unspeakable. Atrocities, however, refuse to be buried. Equally as powerful as the desire to deny atrocities is the conviction that denial does not work… Survivors challenge us to reconnect fragments, to reconstruct history, to make meaning of their symptoms in the light of past events." —Judith Lewis Herman, Trauma and Recovery, p. 3. via Evelyn Glynn's magdalenelaundrylimerick.com about The Good Shepherd Convent and Magdalene Laundry

'To the Hole of Liabán's House with you. Equivalent to, "to the deuce with you."

There is a place on the coast of Donegal, another on the coast of Galway, and another in Valentia Island, Co. Kerry, all known as Poll Tighe Liabáin.

Each is a large funnel-shaped hole in the rock, extending from the sea-level up to the upper stratum of the cliff on which one walks. In stormy weather the sea spouts through, making a roaring noise, and making the place fearful to go near. Anything falling down such a hole is lost for ever.

Evidently Liabán was a sea-demon, from his being known along the whole western coast from Donegal to Valentia. It was not difficult, in each of these cases, to fancy that the dark awesome abyss, which thundered and roared so terribly at times, was the abode of a demon.
Seanfhocla Ulaid 1907

They say Christians hate magi the most...right? Nothing good could come out of Nazareth! No you can't give birth here, try another Inn. No you can't give birth here, Black Cherokee Mama of Broward County. Four hours in labor at home, No covid test, stay outside and moan. Thanks, Florida! Rest in Power Jimmy Buffett, outing your sugar baron friends!

'There is an extensive and varied extant corpus of medieval Irish theological material, both in Latin and the vernacular, from the seventh century onwards. Yet, apart from Eriugena and his rough contemporaries at the Carolingian court, the philosophical significance of pre-scholastic Irish contributions to the development of Christian theology has been almost completely neglected....

In The Prologue to Senchas Már, the high-[chief], Loegaire, following St. Patrick's defeat of his magi (druíd)[The standard Latin translation of 'druí' (i.e. druid) in medieval Irish literature is 'magus'.] in a contest of miracles, assembles the best of the men of Ireland to discuss their laws.

Before Patrick arrives, those assembled express their fear that moral and political chaos will result if the 'Law of Forgiveness' (cáin dílguda), preached by Patrick, is adopted.

They resolve to pay a man, Núadu, to kill a member of Patrick's household, intending to accept Patrick's 'Law of Forgiveness' if he forgives the crime, and to reject it if he does not.11 Patrick's reaction is to look up to heaven, after which earthquakes ensue, causing the men of Ireland to plead the forgiveness preached by Patrick. But he refuses to make a judgement on the matter himself, rather entrusting it to the 'royal-poet' (rígḟiled) of Ireland, Dubthach.

Patrick lays hands on Dubthach, so that he may judge the matter by means of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.13 However, there is another sense in which Dubthach was already thus inspired. He was chosen for this task as a representative of the 'righteous poets and judges of the men of Ireland',14 through whom the Holy Spirit revealed the 'Law of Nature' (recht aicnid),15 in a manner comparable to the patriarchs and prophets of Scripture. The 'Law of Nature', made known through these righteous poets and judges, is contrasted with the 'Law of Scripture' (recht litre), which has now been made known to Ireland through Patrick. Neither Dubthach nor Patrick are able to conciliate the apparent conflict between the respective Laws of Nature and Scripture on their own, since each is limited to one side of the dilemma or the other. However, when, at Patrick's hands, Dubthach also receives the Holy Spirit as it is manifest according to the Law of Scripture, he comes to occupy a position that is beyond the difference between natural and scriptural, secular and ecclesiastical forms of revelation. His transcendence of their mutual distinction allows him to judge the entirety of pre-Christian Irish learning in relation to that of the Church, thus distinguishing what truly belongs to the Law of Nature from what does not, so that the Law of Nature, thus defined, may be incorporated into a single law together with the, now reinterpreted, Law of Scripture. This is further defined as a determination of what parts of the earlier tradition 'did not go against God's word in the Law of Scripture, or in the New Testament, or against the consciences of the faithful'
"nád tudchaid fri bréthir nDé i recht litre 7 núḟiadnaise 7 fri cuibse na crésion"
Consumerism, Lauryn Hill

Yo, consumerism running through them like a tumor in 'em
Ageism, sexism, racism, chauvinism
Capitalism running through them like the rumour business...
...Listen
Consumerism running through them like a tumor in 'em
Separatism, skepticism, desperation, nepotism
Capitalism running through ...em
Ageism, sexism, racism, fascism
Television running through 'em like an organism
Hedonism, egoism, systematic narcissism
To empty religious spontaneity is anarchism
Social Darwinism, barbarism, modern paganism
Major schism, division, ethnoplagiarism
Selfish business decision, greedy reductionism
Obstruction of the justice, occupation victimizationism
Brainwashing, mind control, synthetic stimulation in them
Time control mutilating the soul for a business decision
Help the people cope sell 'em dope from a new trope
Synthetic hope, life spent walking on a tightrope
Infantile masturbation, juvenile, no education
Mental castration, a generation forced to labor for a nation
Lock the means production down, price reduction down
Inflation and corruption need the medication now
They need the medication now
Corporate production in a state of mass combustion

Greed and lust and dangerous repercussions
To escape the rupture they speak of rapture
While still going after the things they spiritually capture
Distaster faster and faster and faster
Terrorism running through them on their television
Introversion, indecision, reactionism, hypocrism
Phony nationalism, dishpan Africanism
Material hypnotisms, monopoly, militarist devi-isms, sadomasochisms
Intellectual fetishisms sold on computers and televisions
Exploitative need a saviour to correct the system
Paranoia skepticism, schizophrenic mechanisms
Escapism running through them need a sedative
Medication, complication, situation negative
Modernism has created modern prisons
Neo-McCarthyisms, new colonialisms
Pessimism makes decisions, hoodooism, hypnotism
Egoism, realism, humanism, legalism
Small fish ball for recognition oppressor and oppressed condition
Sex, addiction, vexed conflict and anarchism
Self-delusions, victims leave with no solutions
Impositions, superstitions, brutism, contradictions
False pretense and no convictions
Compromised commercialism, recognition
Any decisions from a pure prism
Magnetism, pragmatism, altruism, actionism
Activism, pacifism, rehabilitation-ism
No false sensationalism, aped assimilation in 'em
Corporate cannibalism, psychological limitations in 'em
No imitations, competition, gross assumption
Parasitism, negative stimulation in 'em
ConsumerismSACRED WOMAN
BORN IN BATTLE
SACRED WOMAN
TRADED LIE CATTLE, CHATTEL
SACRED WOMAN
NO RIGHTS AT ALL
SACRED WOMAN
WHO CAN'T SAY NO

SACRED WOMAN
WHO TENDS THE WATERS
SACRED WOMAN
GREAT RESPECT TO GOOD MOTHERS
SACRED WOMAN
DYING IN BIRTH
SACRED WOMAN
BORN OF MOTHER EARTH

SACRED WOMAN
THEY CALL YOU A 'TCH
TÁ CH'INDÍ
DOWN IN A DITCH

SACRED WOMAN
WHO SHINES FROM WITHIN
SACRED WOMAN
PROTECTING CHILDREN

SACRED WOMAN
OF ALL COLORS
IIZTACUATL VOLCANOMOTHER
SACRED WOMAN
SACRED ANGER
YOU'RE NOT DEPRESSED
WE'RE ALL IN DANGER

SACRED WOMAN
INTUITION LIKE WOLVES, MAC TÍRE
SACRED WOMAN
USE CREATOR'S TOOLS
SACRED WOMAN
THE IMAGE OF GOD
SACRED WOMAN
REDUCED TO YOUR BOD(Y)

SACRED WOMAN
SING LIKE THE COYOTE
SACRED WOMAN
ON FIRE AND SMOKING
SACRED WOMAN
OF THE LAND
HE'S NOT A LOVER
IF HE'S NOT YOUR FRIEND

SACRED WOMAN
A LIAR DOESN'T CHANGE
SACRED WOMAN
SHOW YOUR FANGS
MAMA BEAR
THIS SHOW AIN'T OVER
WISE WOMAN SCORNED
HELL'S FURY
RUN FOR COVER

SACRED WOMAN
LAS MUJERES SAGRADAS
SACRED WOMAN
SACRED DAUGHTERS
NÍ SAOIRSE GO SAOIRSE NA MBAN
SACRED WOMAN
THE END OF TIMES
SACRED WOMAN
THE HEROES WHO RHYMED
'WE DANCED UNDER THE MOON AND THE MOON NOTICED'
SACRED WOMAN

THE SINGER AND THE SONG
SACRED WOMAN
WHY WAIT YOU SO LONG?

SONS OF WOMEN
WARRIOR MEN
JUST SAY NO
TO CAVE AGAIN

SONS OF WOMEN
REMEMBER WELL
WHO LENT YOU STRENGTH
WHEN YOU FELL

SONS OF WOMEN
HEED THE CALL
THE PRIDEFUL VILIFIERS
DESTROY THEM ALL

SONS OF GOVINDA
SONS OF MACHA
SONS OF NOOGUMEE
SONS OF BRIGITTA

SONS OF SHEBA
SONS OF RUTH
SONS OF HATHOR
SONS OF SPEARMAIDENS, YOU

SONS OF AT HE:NE
SONS OF GUANYIN
SONS OF HUTASH
SONS OF GWENIVERE

NO HESITATE
MOVE FAST MYRDWYN

SONS OF WOMEN
PROTECT THE GOOD
CUT DOWN THE ONES
'JUST LAYING WOOD'

SONS OF WOMEN
SEE THE TRUTH
IGNITE ON FIRE
THEM THAT HARM THE YOUTH

SONS OF WOMEN
FACE IT LIKE A MAN
THE WHORE OF
BABYLON SYSTEM

SONS OF WOMEN
EVERY FAMILY ON EARTH
YOU CAN'T BREATHE MONEY
WHAT IS LIFE WORTH?

SONS OF WOMEN
YOU'VE BEEN DECEIVED
DADDY'S BOY GATLIN BOY VOLUNTEER KNOX
GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE

SONS OF WOMEN
RULE OF LAW
REMEMBER ANCESTOR HIAWATHA OF NIAGRA
AGUS MOGH RUITH AGUS AN CAILLEACH

SASANACH DÚCHAIS
STAINING A WHITEWASH
FORGETTING THE REAL COSTS
COUNT UP THE WHOLE RISK, THE WHOLE LOSS
RESET TIME CONSCIOUSNESS [DL O'OKEEFE, FESTIVUS CLOCK]
EASY PHRONESIS
MÍ MUERTA MÍ VIDA
MO MHACHA MO BHEATHA

REMEMER ME LOVE, BLOOD RED
WHEN I AM SHOT DEAD
WHEN I AM WRITHING
STOP ALL THEIR LYING

STOMP THEIR TEETH IN
FLATTEN EM LIKE WHEAT THINS
I'M NOT ANGRY, SAYS DAD
AND MOM BETTER BELIEVE HIM...

[THANKS BILL O'REILLY, RUPERT MURDOCH, SIR KEITH MURDOCH. RON BURGUNDY CALLED YOU OUT IN THE SEQUEL, REMEMBER? I TELL YOU SEAN Ó FARRELL, AT THE OLD SPOT BY THE RIVER RIGHT WELL KNOWN BY YOU AND ME]

WAS LOUIS RIEL MURDERED FOR TREASON TO THE QUEEN WHILE AN AMERICAN CITIZEN?

'YOU EXPOSED THE EVIL SIDE OF HUMANITY'S WAYS
BY ALLOWING THE LIGHT OF THE RESURRECTION
TO SHINE FORTH FROM YOU'

HYMN CELEBRATING SAINT MARIA SKOBTSOVA
WHO DIED IN RAVENSBRU:CK NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP

LOUIS RIEL'S [MANITOBA RED RIVER MÉTIS]
LETTER TO THE "IRISH WORLD."
AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet before Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York. p 182-

To the Citizens of the United States of America :

Fellow-Men :—The outside world has heard but little of my people since the beginning of this war in the North-west Territory, and that little has been related by agents and apologists of the bloodthirsty British Empire.

As of old, England's infernal machination of Falsehood has been employed to defame our character, to misrepresent our motives, and to brand our soldiers and allies as cruel savages. These things I learn from American papers which come to me through the same channel that I send this to you. The end which our enemies have in view is plain. Their object is to prevent good people from extending to us their sympathy while they themselves may rob us in the dark and mur der us without pity. Of one hundred or more papers that now He in my tent, The Irish World, I find is the only true friend we have. In the columns of this far-famed journal the truth is fully told.

England's organs in the United States and Canada falsely aver that my people MIXED INDIGENOUS, AND THEIR PARENT COMMUNITIES] have no grievances. To contradict their false statements I now write to the defender of the oppressed, Mr. Patrick Ford, whose Irish World will publish a true statement of the facts in all corners of the globe. Our lands in the North-west Territory, the possession of which were solemnly confirmed by the Government fifteen years ago, have since been torn from us and given to land-grabbers who never saw the country—and this after we had cut down forests, plucked up stumps, removed rocks, plowed and seeded the soil, and built substantial homes for ourselves and our children.

Nearly all the good available lands in this territory (as is the case with the lands east of the Rocky Mountains) are already in the clutches of English lords, who have large herds of cattle grazing thereon ; and the riches which these lands produce are drained out of the country and sent over to England to be consumed by a people that fatten on a system that pauperizes us. This wholesale robbery and burglary has been carried on, and is still carried on, with the connivance of accursed England. The result is extermination or slavery. Against this monstrous tyranny we have been forced to rebel. It is not in human nature to quietly acquiesce in it. In their treatment of us, however, the behavior of the English is not singular. Follow those pirates the world over and you will find that everywhere and at all times they adopt the same tactics and operate on the same thievish lines.

[Occupied] Ireland, India, the Highlands of Scotland, Australia, and the isles of the Indian Ocean—all these countries are the sad evidences and their native populations are the witnesses of England's land robberies. Even in the United States—and it is a burning shame for the Government and people of that great and free nation to have it to be said—English Lords have, within a few short years, grabbed territory enough to form several large States. Alas! for the people of your country. Alas ! for the Government for whose independence and glory the soldiers of George Washington fought bare-foot against the cut-throats and hell-hounds of England,—alas ! that this same evil power should be allowed to return and reconquer so much of your nation without a shot being fired or even a word of protest being uttered in the name of the American people !

Your Government, which has allowed her citizens to be robbed of their heritage by English Lords and English capitalists, has also given aid and comfort to the English in permitting her General Howard to come to Manitoba and the North-west Territory to school the assassins that were sent from Toronto to murder me and my people, and to give the Queen's Own lessons in handling the American Gatling gun, as well as in granting license to British soldiers and British ammunition intended for our destruction to pass over American soil.

By its conduct in this entire business the Administration at Washington has made the United States the ally of England in fighting a people who were only protecting their homes and firesides. Does it require two powerful nations such as the United States and England to put down the Saskatchewan rebellion ? Grover Cleveland and Secretary Bayard have much to answer for. It is now evident, as The Irish World has charged, that these two high officials of the United States are more English than American. The animus they have shown towards my people and me for the past two months, as well as the friendship and aid they have extended to our enemies, is but an additional confirmation of what has been charged against them.

Can it be possible that the American people, or any considerable portion of them, have any real sympathy with England ? Have they not read, has it not come down to them from bleeding sire to son, of the crimes and atrocities and fiendish cruelties which that wicked power inflicted upon their patriotic fathers during the Revolution? Of the American towns wantonly given to the flames by order of English commanders, of the horrors of the English prison ships, and the barbarities imposed by the English upon American prisoners of war?

Does not American history record the outrages perpetrated by England upon American commerce and American citizenship which led to the war of 1812? And is it not still fresh in the memory of men of middle age, how, when the Republic was engaged in a life-and death struggle with the slaveholder's rebellion, England gloated over your troubles and sent her sympathy and her money and her armed ships to your enemies to destroy your Union and to bring the American name into disgrace before the world ?

Generous minds forgive injuries, but spaniels lick the hand that smites them. The Americans are not spaniels ; but, there are sycophants and lickspittles in America, nevertheless, and those base natures are to the honest people of to-day what the Tories were to the honest and patriotic people of a century ago. They are not Americans. A word here to the French and Irish of Canada, and I am done: I beg and pray that they will not allow themselves to be induced by any threats or by any blandishments to come out against us. Our cause is just, and therefore no just man of any race or nationality ought to stand opposed to us. The enemies who seek our destruction are strangers to justice.

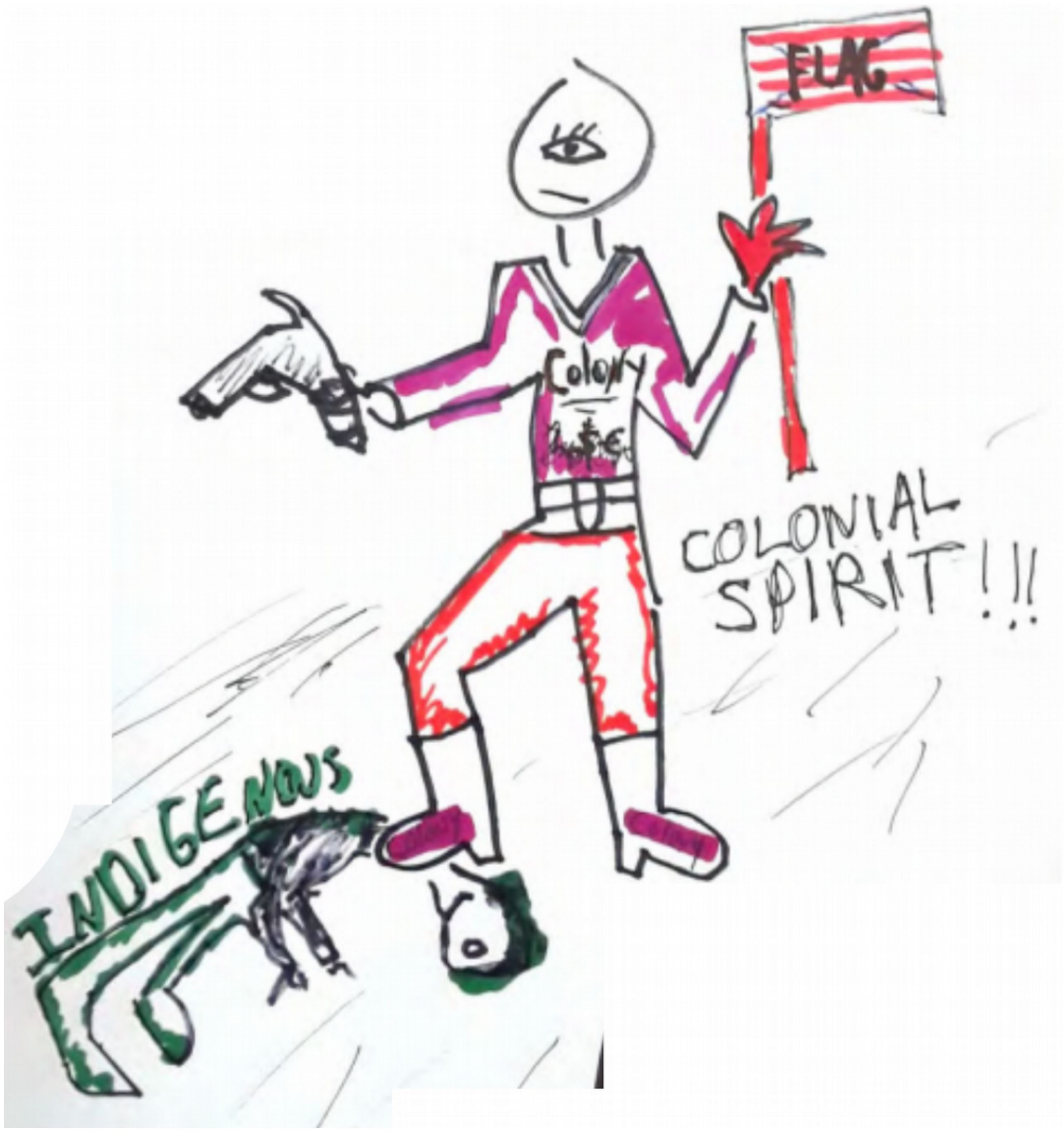
They are cruel, treacherous, and bloody. And yet, like the tiger, they are only obeying the instincts of their nature. But for the Irish people, who for centuries have been robbed and massacred and hunted from their island home by the English, and whose good name is reviled by the English in all lands, or for the Canadian French, who are subjected to the grossest and most ruffianly abuse from the same, to aid in any way these enemies would be not only wrong but stupid and unnatural. In a little while it will be all over. We may fail. But the rights for which we contend will not die. A day of reckoning will come to our enemies and of jubilee to my people. The hated yoke of English domination and arrogance will be broken in this land, and the long-suffering victims of their injustice will, with God's blessing, re-enter into the peaceful enjoyment of their possessions. Louis Riel. Batoche, N.-W. T., May 6, 1885.

Louis Ó Riel [Métis Red River] Louis Ó Riel by Willie Ó Dunn Mi'qmaw

In 1884 ...horsemen knocking at the back door
Louis, Louis what about the people?
The people are hungry, people need food
Down with traitors and the buffalo skinners, send them back from where they came
And bring the good days back again right now
Send them packing, and fight right now

There he was, laying down the wisdom
People are hungry, there they stand dying now
Well the priests are upset and the agents have been angry
Letters are flying from agencies to Ottawa:
"Better stop the man no matter what the cost is, Louis Riel is a-putting down the system
Beat him, defeat him throw him a jail house, now"
...
Showed up later, at the town of Batoche
With the gatling guns ripping at the ground
...
It's a good day to stand and die right now
Against oppression-and we're fighting right now-

Well, the RCMP horsemen, the government of course, man
...Tried so hard a-working for the people, gave up his life for working for the people
I know another man who did that too that hung on a cross in Calvary
Working for the people, against oppression and they took his life


FLAG
Colony
$€
COLONIAL SPIRIT!!!
INDIGENOUS

Wikipedia: In Irish mythology, Fragarach (or Freagarthach), known as "The Whisperer" "The Answerer" or "The Retaliator", was the sword of Nuada the first high [chief] known as The Lord of Battles. Forged by the gods and meant to be wielded only by those whom posed above the stone of destiny Lia Fail and this last one roared and the sword whispered in response.
After Nuada loses his arm in the first battle of Mag Tuired, Dian Cecht a druid, builds for him the silver arm for which he is the called Nuada Argethlam. For being mutilated he is no longer suitable to be a high [chief]. Thus for the second battle of Mag Tuired, Nuada Argethlam chooses Lugh as provisional [chief] due to his multiple gifts. Lugh defeats the Formorian [chief] Balor and his armies with his spear and a sling given by Mannanan Mac Lyr. Lugh was chosen by Nuada through the way of the sword or the way of the proven warrior, the sword was given as the symbol of the [chief], however there is no recollection in the poems or anywhere in the Leabhar Gabhála Erennif he wielded the sword in battle. It was said that no one could tell a lie or move, with Fragarach at his or her throat, thus the name 'Answerer'. It was also said to place the wind at the user's command and could cut through any shield or wall, and had a piercing wound from which no man could recover.

THE REPLY
CONOR Ó RIORDAIN SANG

O, gracious were the Chieftains, the Pure of deeds and might,The scatt'ring, shatt'ring Spears of Truth, the Shields ofvalour bright Most beauteous, gentle, generous, each maiden was and bland,When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land

Ah, did our fathers live the life, those flashing Gems of yore The Sire of all the Munster land, the dauntless Eogan Mor,Mac Airt, Mao Cuinn, or that high host, the fearless Finnian band. They would drive like shiv'ring sheep the gaunt Gall fromthe Land

Masters of War Bob Dylan
Come you masters of war
You that build the big guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks
You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly
Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain
You fasten all the triggers

For the others to fire
Then you sit back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
While the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud
You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins
How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
That even Íosa would never
Forgive what you do
Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could?
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul
And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket
By the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand over your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

Wikipedia Claíomh Solais (reformed spelling), Claidheamh Soluis (pre-reform and Scottish Gaelic)[1] (Irish pronunciation: [klˠiːvˠ ˈsˠɔl̪ˠəʃ]; an cloidheamh solais (variant spelling[2]), rendered "Sword of Light", or "Shining Sword", or "a white glaive of light",[3] is a trope object that appears in a number of Irish and Scottish Gaelic folktales.[4] The sword has been regarded as a legacy to the god-slaying weapons of Irish mythology by certain scholars, such as T. F. O'Rahilly: the aaologue in the Irish Mythological Cycle being Lugh's sling that felled Balor, and their counterparts in heroic cycles are many, including the popular hero Cúchullain's supernatural spear Gae bulga and his shining sword Cruaidín Catutchenn

A group of Sword of Light tales bear close resemblance in plot structure and detail to the Arthurian tale of Arthur and Gorlagon. The folk tales featuring the claidheamh soluis typically compels the hero to perform (three) sets of tasks, aided by helpers, who may be a servant woman, "helpful animal companions", or some other supernatural being. The majority of are also bridal quests (or involve the winning of husbands in e.g., Maol a Chliobain). The sword's keeper is usually a giant (gruagach, fermór) or hag (cailleach), who oftentimes cannot be defeated except by some secret means. Thus the hero or helper may resort to the sword of light as the only effective weapon against this enemy. But often the sword is not enough, and the supernatural enemy has to be attacked on a single vulnerable spot on his body. The weak spot, moreover, may be an external soul concealed somewhere in the world at large (inside animals, etc.), and in the case of "The Young [chief] of Esaidh Ruadh", this soul is encased within a nested series of animals. The crucial secret to the hero's success is typically revealed by a woman, i.e., his would-be bride or the damsel in distress (the woman servant held captive by giants), etc. And even when the secret's revealant is an animal, she may in fact be a human transformed into beast (e.g. the great grey cat in "The Widow and her Daughters"). The secret about women is a theme borne in the title "The Shining Sword and the Knowledge of the Cause of the One Story about Women", considered an essential part of the original Irish story according to G. L. Kittredge's stemma of texts, even though "the woman" part is lacking (i.e. lost) in some variants, such as Kennedy's Fios Fath an aon Sceil ("perfect narrative of the unique story").

Audi partem alteram.

Derwent from Wikipedia: The Derwent is a river in Derbyshire, England. It is 66 miles (106 km) long and is a tributary of the River Trent, which it joins south of Derby. For half its course, the river flows through the Peak District. Much of the river's route, with the exception of the city of Derby, is rural. However the river has also seen many human uses, and between Matlock and Derby was one of the cradles of the Industrial Revolution, providing power to the first industrial scale cotton mills... ..Derwent is derived from Brittonic river name *Deruentiū, Latinised [under earlier Roman occupation] as Deruentiō, meaning "(Belonging/Pertaining to the) Forest of Oak Trees"; the old river name survived in medieval Welsh poetry, such as Pais Dinogad ("Dinogad's Smock") attached to the larger poem Y Gododdin, as Derwennydd

Here's a rendering in modern Cymraeg I found with an alternate translation by, Geraint Jones, Oxford University lecturer in computer science.
Pais Dinogad sydd fraith, fraith, O groen y bela y mae'i waith. `Chwí! Chwí!' Chwibanwaith. Gwaeddwn ni, gwaeddant hwy - yr wyth gaeth. Pan elai dy dad di i hela - Gwaywffon ar ei ysgwydd, pastwn yn ei law - Galwai ar gw+n tra chyflym, `Giff! Gaff! Dal, dal! Dwg, dwg!' Fe laddai bysgod o'i gwrwgl Fel y llada llew fân-filod! Pan elai dy dad di i'r mynydd Deuai ef ag un iwrch, un twrch coed, un hydd, Un rugiar fraith o fynydd, A physgodyn o readr Derwennydd. Beth bynnag a gyrhaeddai dy dad â'i bicell - Boed yn dwrch, yn gath goed, yn lwynog - Ni ddihangai'r un oni bai'n nerthol ei adenydd.

Dinogad's shift is speckled, speckled,
It was made from the pelts of martens. `Wee! Wee!' Whistling. We call, they call, the eight in chains. When your father went out to hunt - A spear on his shoulder, a club in his hand - He called on his lively dogs, `Giff! Gaff! Take, take! Fetch, fetch!' He killed fish from his coracle Like the lion killing small animals. When your father went to the mountains He would bring back a roebuck, a boar, a stag, A speckled grouse from the mountain, And a fish from the Derwennydd falls. At whatever your father aimed his spear - Be it a boar, a wild cat, or a fox - None would escape but that had strong wings.

Diane McIlmoyle of the blog "Esmeralda's Cumbrian History & Folklore" identifies at least 65 stone circles in Cumbria, the largest of which is known as Castlerigg and is at least 5000 years old.
5 https://www.cs.ox.ac.uk/people/geraint.jones/rhydychen.org/about.welsh/pais-dinogad.html 6 https://esmeraldamac.wordpress.com/2012/06/06/castlerigg-a-5000-year-old-stone-circle/

Where are Ulster Scots Indigenous, Jim Webb?” ”
Jim Webb “Their bloodline was stained by centuries of continuous warfare along the border between England and [Saor go Alba], and then in the bitter settlements of England’s Ulster Plantation in Northern [Occupied] Ireland.”

Trail of Tears: White America's 'Indian' Holocaust, Michael Coard May 27, 2017, The Philadelphia Tribune Exactly 187 years ago on May 28, 1830, the “Trail of Tears” began when President Andrew Jackson signed Senate Bill 102, i.e., the Indian Removal Act (IRA). That legislation forced primarily five Southeastern indigenous nations, including the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole, as well as the Fox, Kickapoo, Lenape, Miami, Omaha, Ottawa, Potawatomie, Sauk, Shawnee, and Wyandot (along with a few other smaller ones), to trek up to 2,200 miles- on foot!- from as far as Florida to what’s now known as Oklahoma where the government’s newly created socalled Indian Territory was established. These native people were brutally compelled to vacate their homeland on a continent where their ancestors had lived for approximately 14,000 years. That’s 12,508 years before Columbus and his murderous gang of white invaders arrived in 1492. As renowned historian Dr. Howard Zinn declared in his seminal A People’s History of the United States 1492-Present, President Jackson was “the most aggressive enemy of the (so-called) Indians in early American history.” The learned Oxford Companion to United States History described the president’s actions following passage of the IRA as “the most complete genocide in U.S. history.”

“They fought the [Turtle Islanders] and then they fought the British, comprising 40 percent of the Revolutionary War army. They were the great [colonisers]— Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, and Davy Crockett among them— [razing] the westward trails into Kentucky , Ohio, Tennessee, and beyond, where other Scots-Irishmen like Kit Carson picked up the slack.”

Yoni Appelbaum, The Atlantic, 2016 “characterized by intensely personal leadership, charismatic appeals to his followers, demands for extreme personal loyalty, and a violent antipathy against those who disagreed with him.” ...how the historian David Hackett Fischer described the appeal of Andrew Jackson [called by the Irish Times the “Most Irish American president] and other Appalachian politicians, who set the pattern for his success centuries ago.

...how the historian David Hackett Fischer described the appeal of Andrew Jackson [called by the Irish Times the “Most Irish American president] and other Appalachian politicians, who set the pattern for his success centuries ago. Andrew Jackson Father of the Trail of Tears. Caoin for the brave people who were slaughtered and wounded. Fischer argued that a group he termed “Borderers”—who hailed from northern [Occupied] Ireland, Scotland, and northern England—brought with them a distinctive culture. The constant conflict, insecurity, and poverty of the borderlands led their inhabitants to stress sharply differentiated gender roles, to prize aggressiveness, and to disdain weakness. Strong familial loyalty was matched with a clannish suspicion of outsiders. The settlers took these attitudes with them to Appalachia, he argued, where they were reinforced, and in some measure altered, by harsh conditions along the frontier. Jackson was the great exemplar of this political style. The historian Thomas Abernethy summed up Jackson’s career ... “Not only was Jackson not a consistent politician, he was not even a real leader of democracy,” he wrote: He always believed in making the public serve the ends of the politician … Jackson never really championed the cause of the people;

Eoin Butler Irish Times:
Andrew Jackson: the most Irish American president, and a divisive US leader
Jackson’s parents, Andrew Jackson and Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, were poor Protestant farmers who emigrated from Boneybefore, Co Antrim, to the Carolina frontier two years before Andrew,

their youngest son, was born, in 1767.

Brian Friel TRANSLATIONS
Yolland: Born in 1789 - the very day the Bastille fell. I’ve often thought maybe that gave his whole life its character. Do you think it could? He inherited a new world the day he was born - the Year One. Ancient time was at an end. The world had cast off its old skin.
There were no longer any frontiers to man’s potential. Possibilities were endless and exciting. He still believes that.(PADDY ÓG (CONT'D) The Apocalypse is just about to happen…

Wikipedia: Iona (Scottish Gaelic: Ì Chaluim Chille, sometimes simply Ì) is a small island in the Inner Hebrides off the Ross of Mull on the western coast of Scotland. It is mainly known for Iona Abbey, though there are other buildings on the island. Iona Abbey was a centre of Gaelic monasticism for three centuries[3] and is today known for its relative tranquility and natural environment. It is a tourist destination and a place for spiritual retreats. Its modern Gaelic name means "Iona of (Saint) Columba" (formerly anglicised "Icolmkill"). ...The earliest forms of the name enabled placename scholar William J. Watson to show that the name originally meant something like "yew-place". The element Ivo-, denoting "yew", occurs in Ogham inscriptions (Iva-cattos [genitive], Iva-geni [genitive]) and in Gaulish names (Ivo-rix, Ivo-magus) and may form the basis of early Gaelic names like Eogan (ogham: Ivo-genos). It is possible that the name is related to the mythological figure, Fer hÍ mac Eogabail, foster-son of Manannan, the forename meaning "man of the yew"

South Barrule Celtic Hillfort transceltic.com
South Barrule Celtic Iron Age Hillfort is the largest and thought to be earliest hillfort on the Isle of Man. It stands on the summit of South Barrule (Baarool Jiass) [deas?]

South Barrule from isleofman.com

South Barrule’s ancient name was Warfield, or Warfell. ...
During the invasion of Richard de Mandeville, in 1316, the Manx retreated towards the stronghold of Barrule, lending weight to this theory. There are many legends surrounding South Barrule. One tale has it that Godred Crovan (‘[chief] Orry’) dwelt in castles on the brow of this hill and killed his termagant wife by hurling a block of granite at her. Another tells that Kitter, the mighty Viking hunter, lived here. He was hunting deer on the Calf of Man when he heard the cries of his cook, Eaoch (‘of the loud voice’) telling him that his castle was on fire. In his haste to reach Barrule, he perished in his coracle in the fierce tidal currents of the Calf Sound (the rocky islet in the Sound still bears the name ‘Kitterland’). One version of the story has it that the islanders themselves set fire to his castle, in revenge for the huge numbers of animals he had slain; in others, they called upon a witch to aid them, and it was her spells which caused Eaoch to fall asleep while the fire started. The famous Phynnodderee, a benevolent Manx [Sí], was said to have dwelt on the northern foot of the hill. There is also, reportedly, a Giant’s Cave at the foot of the hill, in which it is said that an immortal prince has been bound by enchantment for the last six hundred years. Other tales include accounts of a huge dragon, with a tail and wings that darkened all the elements and eyes like two globes of fire, descend into a cave, from within which then came the most terrible shrieks and groans. “If a horse or dog is taken to the mouth of the pit, its hair will stand of end, its eyes stare, and a damp sweat will cover its whole body.”

Manannán and the Cloak of Invisibility ireland-information.com Manannán Mac Lir (pronounced 'man-an-on mack leer') was the greatest sea-[chief] of Irish Mythology. His name means 'son of the sea' and he is regarded as the Overlord of the mighty Tuatha de Danann. His famous boat was named Scuabtuinne meaning 'the wave sweeper', and was a fantastic chariot drawn by the powerful horse 'Enbarr of the Flowing Mane', who could travel easily both on sea and land. He used this chariot to transport beings from the mortal world to the Otherworld, of which he was Guardian. Such was the power of the chariot that it obeyed the thoughts of the person aboard and did not require sails or oars. The boat could even grow to accommodate any number of passengers. Manannán was associated with the Isle of Man, the small island in the Irish sea, and takes his first name from that place. He possessed the sword named 'Fragarach', meaning 'the Answerer' and the incredible 'Féth Fíada', the cloak of invisibility that he would use to protect the Isle of Man from being seen. Manannán Mac Lir was thus very formidable. Manannán was married to the [banshee] woman Fand, whose incredible beauty was known throughout the world and who had started life as a sea-bird.

A Glossary of Obscure Words and Phrases in the Writings of Shakspeare and His Contemporaries ... by Charles Mackay, London, 1887 Cophetua and the beggar-maid.

The greatest personage known to the Kelts, greater by far than any of their [chiefs], was Coibhi (pronounced coiphi or coivi), the titular designation of the Arch (or chief) Druid, whose name yet survives in the proverbs of the Gaelic speaking people in [Occupied] Scotland and Ireland. ** The benevolence of this person," says Dr. Armstrong (Gaelic Dictionary, 1825), "who was always chosen from the worthiest of his order,"[quote not closed in original text, just a guess] is recorded in the following verse[s] : — Ged is fagus clach do'n lar Is faigse na sin cobhain Coibhi.
[Cho sunndach ris an fhiadh, Cho teoma ri Coibhi Druidh.]
Did an Arch-druid or Coibhi, in a remote time, fall in love with and marry a woman of very low degree ? or was there a tradition to that effect among the Keltic people ? ... if one so highly placed as the Coibhi of the time married a maid of low degree for the sake of her exceeding beauty, the circumstance would be long remembered in popular tradition. Penelophon, the name of the fair [beloved]

In a note to Toland's " History of the Druids," edited by R. Huddleston (1814), there is an account of a Coibhi who was Arch-druid in the reign of Edwin, [chief] of Northumbria. A Coibhi is also mentioned by the Venerable Bede in his " Ecclesiastical History," book ii. chapter 13.
...

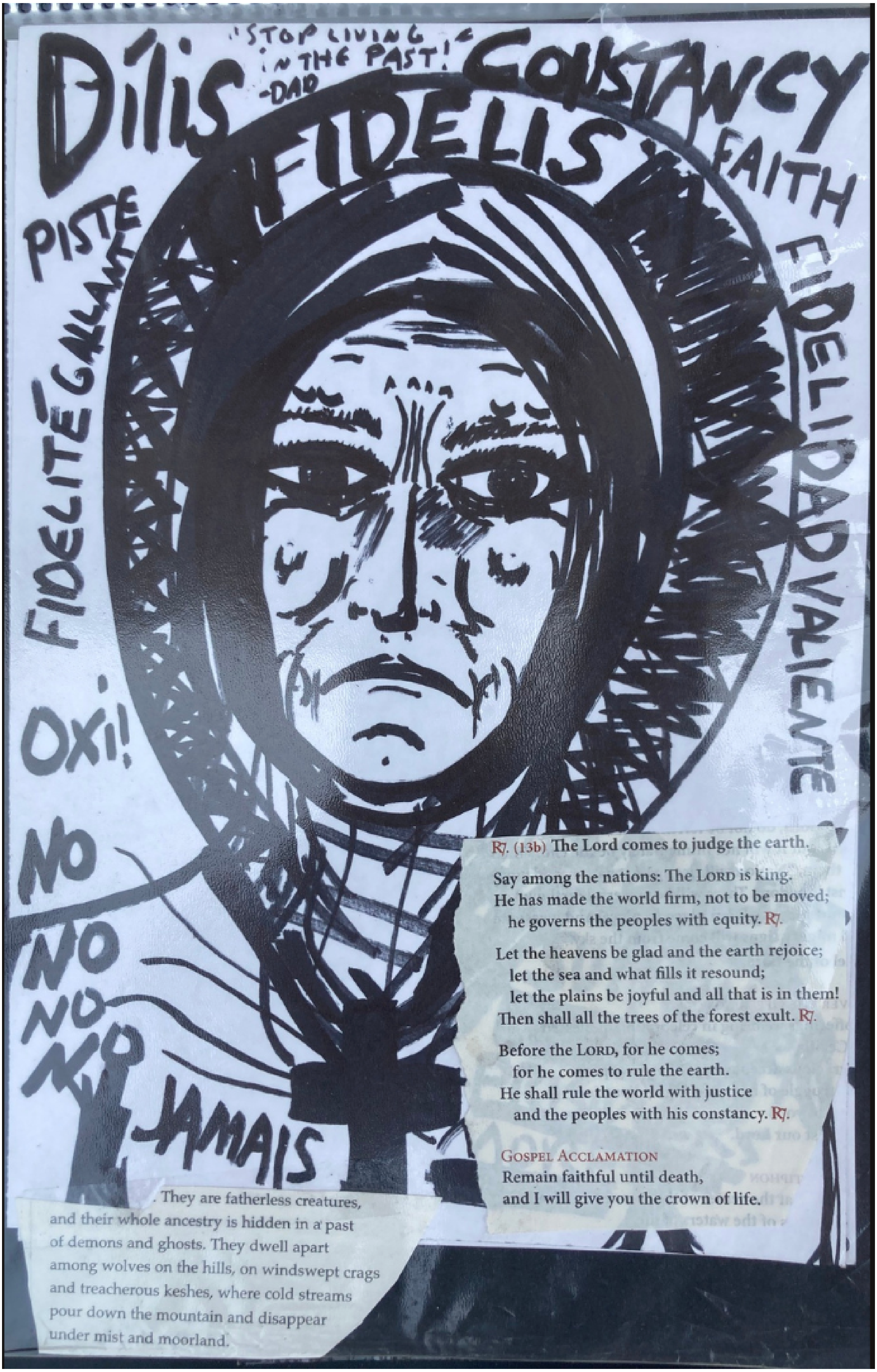
The Sharp-Witted Wife J. Gregorson Campbell The Scottish Historical Review Vol. 12, No. 48 (Jul., 1915), pp. 413-417 (5 pages) Published by: Edinburgh University Press, written about 35 years before 1915 according to a note, This old wife, Beura or Bheura, whose name means 'shrill, sharp, cutting' is probably of Irish origin. She is associated with places along the whole west coast of Argyllshire, each district claiming her as a native, and pointing to the spots she frequented. Sometimes the Beur wives are spoken of in the plural number, as staying in lochs and among rushes, and as having been very dangerous to come near. A tall reed found beside lochs is called 'the distaff of the Bera wives,' and a species of flag or waterplant 'the flag,' and sometimes 'the staff' of the same sarcastic dames. The word beur is not in ordinary use. It is applied to a razor in the expression : 'Like a razor keen and cutting,' and to a woman who uses bitter and piercing words, in Ross's 'Ode to the Toothache' ; 'Many a sharp, satiric old wife and sportive hussy Require to have their jaws and gums grievously afflicted.' On the lands of Knock in Mull (an cnoc Muileach), at the point of Sròn na Crannalaioch, near Loch Ba, there is a well, reputed to be the 'Well of Youth.' Thither Bera went regularly at 'the dead of night,' before bird tasted water or dog was heard to bark, and by then drinking from it kept herself always at sixteen years of age. At last, when making her way to the well on a calm morning (and such mornings are very beautiful in the West Highlands), she heard a dog barking. She exclaimed: 'Little knows any living wight, When mischance may befall him ; For me early has the dog called, In the calm morn above Loch Ba. I had enough of spells To serve the seed of Adam, But when the mischance was ripe It could not be warded off.' Having said this, she fell, crumbling into dust. She lived so long that she had above five hundred children. These were buried in her 'Burial Place of Hosts' in Ireland, according to one version of the rhyme, and according to another in Cill-mo-Neacain in Iona. She buried 'Nine times nine times seven, In the Burial Place of Hosts in Ireland. The latter place is said to be the same as the stony patch of ground, not far from the cathedral, called Cill-mo-ghobhlainn or Cill-mo-ghobhannain. The last of her numerous children was the most cross-grained and peevish of the lot, but when she had none left but him she said, 'I am thankful tonight for little Churl' (Is buidhe leam a nochd Doirbhein)...

MARTIAL CAREER OF CONGHAL CLÁIRINGHNEACHEDITED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITH Eranslatton, Introtmctton, íiotes, anti ©Iossarp, BY PATRICK M. MACSWEENEY, M.A.
Preface
...We have no reason to doubt the tradition of a revolt associated with the name of Conghal Cláiringhneach against the Ardrigh in the first century B.C. ; but the rise of the sagaitself svnchronised probably with the struggles between theprovincial rulers for the [chiefing] of Ireland in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the age of the " kings with opposition." ...
Though Conghal has reason to revolt against Fergus mac Lede as well as against the [chief] of Tara, Lughaidh Luaighne, the animus of the tale is obviouslv diverted from Fergus to Lughaidh. Any attaclc on the Ultonians is deprecated, and the guilt is laid at the door of the [chief] of Tara.

Conn of the Hundred Battles ascended the throne, A.D. 122, died 175.
Eógan Mór, having been defeated in the battle of Cloch Barraighe, sailed with the remnant of his army to Spain. He left Great Beare Island utterly in the beginning of August, and after a voyage of nine days reached that country ; the monarch welcomed him, and permitted him and his troops to reside in the west of his territory, allowing them free quarterage. The noble mien and qualities of Eogan won the [chief's] heart, and he gave him his daughter Beara in marriage, by whom a son and two daughters were born unto him during his banishment.
THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER
A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGSBY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY BY ERIONNACH. 1860 Ó Daly

Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh
O sons of Eibhear, if you find your honour standing secure owing to my le.rned well- reasoned poem, it were not strange that I get the reward of it ! 10. The honour-price worthy of your race, the race that leaves no brave man lying low I have a right to that for defending your race — though my claim be hard to grant. 11. Much as Mac Liag * of Luimneach got — half of what he got is not known — he did not merit from the fair ' Muimhneach band as great reward as I. 12. Seeking my reward I will pay a visit — with some importunity — to you, fair sons of Eibhear ! On no bootless visit shall I get it. 13. I shall not forget the race of good Carthach...with their kindred branches, who set no store on paltry love of treasures.'^

McDonogh,Ealla's good lord, and the people brave in the battle-throng, the brave O Keefes and O Callaghans. i6. The O Mahonys and the McKennas , the noble O'Sullivans, brave Mac Gillacuddy, that martial warrior hero.
McAuliffes who support poets' schools, the modest-visaged O'Donohoes, whose glory is pre-eminence in sharp good lances, and the fierce-armed McFineens. * 18. The O Hehirs are of the same stock, and the brave O Moriarties. Count the O Donovans of them too...


Dílis
"STOP LIVING IN THE PAST!"
-DAD
CONSTANCY
FIDELIS
FAITH
PISTE
FIDELITÉ
GALLANT
FIDELIDAD
VALIENTE
Oxi!
NO
NO
NO
NO
JAMAIS

R/. (13b) The Lord comes to judge the earth.

Say among the nations: The LORD is king.
He has made the world firm, not to be moved;
he governs the peoples with equity. R/.

Let the heavens be glad and the earth rejoice;
let the sea and what fills it resound;
let the plains be joyful and all that is in them!
Then shall all the trees of the forest exult. R/.

Before the LORD, for he comes;
for he comes to rule the earth.
He shall rule the world with justice
and the peoples with his constancy. R/.

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION
Remain faithful until death,
and I will give you the crown of life.

. They are fatherless creatures, and their whole ancestry is hidden in a past of demons and ghosts. They dwell apart among wolves on the hills, on windswept crags and treacherous keshes, where cold streams pour down the mountain and disappear under mist and moorland.

Scattering is easier than gathering.
Finding a story from 1839, told by a shepherd in the language called Gaelainn, as the roads were establishing extractive industry in our home, according to Sliabh Luachra Pub Ballydesmond cutting down the last remaining Temperate Oak Rain Forest in the land of our Mothers, Fermoy, Go Brách Treaty Land of Fir Maige Féne First Nation. Where princess Diana's Roche cousins expected body guards to be just that.

But one thing is certain now ; knowledge was concealed from their prophets, on this occasion, and delusive omens were presented to their diviners ; and fortune had hardened their senses ; and pride deceived their understandings; and anger and inordinate ambition intoxicated their chiefs; and fury precipitated the [chiefs] upon this impetuous march. — Cath Mhuige Léana

The people of Éibhear cannot easily, Be attacked in their rugged fastnesses, If they can, without obstruction, But assemble and collect. — Cath Mhuige Léana Cath

“The devil is like a lion, hiding in ambush (Ps 10:19, 1Pe 5:8). He secretly sets out nets of unclean and unholy thoughts. So, it is necessary to break them off as soon as we notice them, by means of pious reflection and prayer.” St. Seraphim of Sarov

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57
WOODS AND FASTNESSES, AND THEIR DENIZENS, IN ANCIENT LEINSTER. BY HERBERT F. HORE, ESQ.
Local traditions often boldly declare that their districts were once so well wooded that the graceful little habitant of groves, the cat cruinn, or martin, could leap from bough to bough for many a mile. ...A still more boundless continuity of shade, limited indeed only by the ocean, is claimed for Erin in the old rhyme :— " Ireland was thrice beneath the ploughshare, thrice it was wood, and thrice it was bare.'...
...Ireland was famous for stag-hunting in the time of the Venerable Bede ; and the very name lor a huntsman, fiadhmuine, given A.M. 4361 to one of the earliest [Chiefs], "Eochy Feemoney," on account of his passion for hunting stags in the woods, indicates that the chase took place in the fiadha, i.e. forests, rather than in the open country. Besides the statement of Cambrensis, that the woodlands exceeded the area of the plain, or cleared land, there is evidence in an Act of Parliament, dated in the century in which he lived, that the level country was so far covered with forests as that the few roads of the time, necessarily avoiding mountains and bogs, had also necessarily been cut through woods, however difficult information, and dangerous to the traveller; for, like the English forests to the rebellious and outlawed Saxons subsequent to the Norman Conquest, the Sherwoods of Ireland were the resort of cetherne coille, or woodkerne, whose leaders were less abstinent than William of Cloudesley and Robin of the Hood, for they preyed not only on the conqueror's wild deer, but on their cattle. The paragraph in the statute we allude to, which is of so early a date as 1297, is remarkable in a historic point of view. It recites that the Irish assume a boldness in their offences...

'Tell them you're An Draoi just to scare them.' Do na daoine bPobal Uí Chaomh, ní hAnsa. Briseann an dúchas trí shúile an chait. You're just like us! That's just your opinion. Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther. I'm just a church historian interested in history and heritage, amen. Mór Mumhan abú. Is tréise dúchas ná na dóchas, mo Shéamus.

'Not long at all 1832' 'Honour to meet you' 'Irish Goodbye' 'I'm a soldier.' Crios in Limerick green? Lose their wildness. 'There's a man, and then there's a Killybegs man.' 'If they ever get you, play the eejit' 'Plastic Paddy' 皇帝 皇帝 皇帝

An Muince Dreoilíní Do Mhícheál Ó Ciarmhaic, file
I mo bhuachaill óg, fadó fadó, d'aimsíos nead. Bhí na gearrcaigh clúmhtha, fásta, is iad ag scread. D'éirigh siad – is thuirling arís ar m'ucht Ormsa bhí muince clúimh sa mhóinéar fliuch. Níor dhuine mé ach géag crainn nó carn cloch ach bhí iontas crua nár bhraith said ag bualadh faoi m'ucht. B'in an lá ar thuirling ceird a éilíonn ómós: is d'fhág a n-ingne forba orm nár leigheasadh fós.

Cú Faoil wikipedia The Irish Wolfhound (Irish: Cú Faoil, Irish pronunciation: [ˈkuː ˈfˠiːlʲ]) is a breed of domestic dog (Canis lupus familiaris), specifically a very large sighthound from Ireland s 279 BC when the Tectosages and Tolistobogii Celts sacked Delphi. Survivors left accounts of the fierce Celts and the huge dogs who fought with them and at their side. They were mentioned by Julius Caesar in his treatise, The Gallic Wars, and by 391 AD, they were written about by Roman Consul, Quintus Aurelius Symmachus, who received seven of them, "canes Scotici", as a gift to be used for fighting lions and bears, in his words, "all Rome viewed (them) with wonder". Wolfhounds were bred as hunting dogs by the ancients, who called them Cú Faoil. The Irish continued to breed them for this purpose, as well as to guard their homes and protect their stock. Cúchulain, a name which translates literally as "hound of Culain", gained his name when as a child, known then as Setanta, he slew the ferocious guard dog of Culain forcing him to offer himself as a replacement.

During [Norman Catholic Feudal] English Conquest of Ireland, only the nobility were allowed to own Irish Wolfhounds, the numbers permitted depending on position. They were much coveted and were frequently given as gifts to important personages and foreign nobles. Wolfhounds were the companions of the regal, and were housed themselves alongside them. King John of England, in about 1210 presented an Irish hound, Gelert to Llewellyn, a prince of Wales. The poet The Hon William Robert Spencer immortalised this hound in a poem. In his Historie of [Occupied] Ireland completed 1571, Edmund Campion gives a description of the hounds used for hunting the wolves on the Dublin and Wicklow mountains. He says: They (the Irish) are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt. Due to their popularity overseas many were exported to European royal houses leaving numbers in [Occupied] Ireland depleted. This led to a declaration by Oliver Cromwell himself being published in Kilkenny on 27 April 1652 to ensure that sufficient numbers remained to control the wolf population. References to the Irish Wolfhound in the 18th century tell of its great size, strength and greyhound shape as well as its scarcity. Writing in 1790, Bewick described it as the largest and most beautiful of the dog kind; about 36 inches high, generally of a white or cinnamon colour, somewhat like the Greyhound but more robust. He said that their aspect was mild, disposition peaceful, and strength so great that in combat the Mastiff or Bulldog was far from being an equal to them. The last wolf in [Occupied] Ireland is thought to have been killed at Myshall, Co Carlow in 1786 by a pack of wolfdogs kept by a Mr Watson of Ballydarton. The remaining hounds in the hands of a few families who were mainly descendants of the old Irish chieftains, were now symbols of status rather than hunters, they were said to be the last of their race

Scotsman Captain George Augustus Graham is responsible with a few other breeders for attempting to reaffirm the breed's existence. In 1879 he wrote: "It has been ascertained beyond all question that there are few specimens of the breed still left in [Occupied] Ireland and England to be considered Irish Wolfhounds, though falling short of the requisite dimensions. This blood is now in my possession." Captain Graham devoted his life to ensuring the survival of the Irish Wolfhound...

Scientists suggest a “spiritual metric” for protecting global forests
California Academy of Sciences

From the sacred church forests of Ethiopia to the revered groves of Bhutan, political and religious

leaders around the world are working to conserve remaining forest canopies—a fragmented environment so expansive and critical to life on Earth that it's often referred to as the “eighth continent.” In an article published this summer in BioScience, Dr. Meg Lowman of the California Academy of Sciences along with Dr. Palatty Allesh Sinu of the Central University of Kerala in India recognize the unique success of preserving forests for their cultural and religious significance. Together Lowman and Sinu urge for stronger global recognition of spiritual values as a critical metric for safeguarding forest biodiversity. “For Western scientists conducting research in developing countries, it can be difficult to break from our typical assessments for sustainability,” says Lowman. “But in order to champion conservation, we need to work within the value framework of the people closest to these forests.”...
...In India, a nation where most people practice Hinduism, forests are protected under the auspices of the religion's moral obligation to [revere] the natural world and conserve its resources [definition of what what -they- call a 'fertility cult' right?]. Today, over one million sacred Indian forests remain intact—a tribute to the power of religiously sanctioned protections...

'No Bullshit.' Trumpers They mean 'get with the program' Lad Culture, Mercenaries, Pimper's Paradise, Gangstas Paradise, The Punisher on Netlix leading to Highlander II: The Quickening leading to Coruscant but really Mad Max. That's No Bullshit to them. Missing and murdered Indigenous women and LA Dandy Lions. The Game never stops. 'That's just N-word [malarkey].' Bantu Diaspora, change the identity politics up? 'Father of the Year?' 'It is what it is, not what you want it to be.' 'All for you'.
'No Surrender' UVF They Mean 'Company Men'
'Live for the protestant cause' UVF Isn't that to fullfill the law of al Masih?
'Kill for the protestant cause' UVF Like Black Afro Saxon Protestant Black-face Johnsons? Gangstas, OGs ? Pimp plus daddy, two which do not go together. Epstein Island, Marketing and Distribution. Interest-Only Construction loans. Jonathan Sugarman. The Big Short.
'Die for the protestant cause' UVF cowards don't know that's Global Stewardship and an end to Mercantile Adventurism, the protestant cause?
'No Prisons' in the future.
'Endgame WYPIPO/Thug Privateers/Final Solution going on? [confirmed by Four Seasons Boston Doorman?'] Kanye, Trump [the Tory], Far Right, Western Chauvinism, César Chavez disagrees. St. Padre Romero disagrees. 'The resolve of the Zapatistas will not be moved.' Sifu 'Tao Zexu'.

"But always – do not forget this, Winston – always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face – for ever." (3.3.34, O'Brien) ― George Orwell, 1984

Expulsion ..Throughout the expulsion, Acadians and the Wabanaki Confederacy continued a guerrilla war against the British in response to British aggression which had been continuous since 1744 (see King George's War and Father Le Loutre's War). Along with the British achieving their military goals of defeating Louisbourg and weakening the Mi'kmaq and Acadian militias, the result of the Expulsion was the devastation of both a primarily civilian population and the economy of the region. Thousands of Acadians died in the expulsions, mainly from diseases and drowning when ships were lost [amazing how often it's just the fault of diseases and ship failure]. On July 11, 1764, the British government passed an order-in-council to permit Acadians to legally return to British territories, provided that they take an unqualified oath of allegiance.... ...The first wave of the expulsion began on August 10, 1755, with the Bay of Fundy Campaign during the French and Indian War. wikipedia

"Give a man a fish and he'll eat for a day. Give a man a sub-prime fish loan and you're in business, buddy." — Stephen Colbert

printed in 1897, addressed to a representative of the O'Keeffe family named Keeffe O'Keeffe, Caomh Ó Caoimh. Was it mad to take it as a personal message? Probably. Molann an obair an fear

Tao never makes any ado, And yet it does everything. If a ruler can cling to it, All things will grow of themselves. When they have grown and tend to make a stir, It is time to keep them in their place by the aid of the nameless Primal Simplicity, Which alone can curb the desires of men. When the desires of men are curbed, there will be peace, And the world will settle down of its own accord. Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Shambhalla Dragon Editions, Tr. John C.H. Wu, p.87.

This country was founded on genocide before the word genocide was invented, before there was a war crimes tribunal in The Hague. When we finally stopped actively killing [Turtle Islanders] for the crime of living here before us, we then preceded to violate every treaty we made with the tribes, every single treaty. We piled crime on top of crime on top of crime against the people whose offense against us was simply that they lived where we wanted to live.
-The Last Word with Lawrence O’Donnell, MSNBC, 8/25/2016 Re-Write: The Protests at Standing Rock

Homer suggest that if you forget your pain, you forget your homeland— you 'lose your hope of home.' -- Jonathan Shay, Odysseus in America: Combat Trauma and the Trials of Homecoming

“Narrative is an open-ended invitation to ethical and poetical responsiveness. Storytelling invites us to become not just agents of our own lives, but narrators and readers as well. It shows us that the untold life is not worth living.

There will always be someone there to say, 'tell me a story', and someone there to respond. Were this not so, we would no longer be fully human.”
― Richard Kearney, On Stories

Jocelyn Wabano-Iahtail, Attawapiskat First Nation, dag- ḟorcitlid good teacher 29 Meitheamh 2017, National Press Gallery, Ottawa Ontatio, from CBC
"Recognize me as a human being, because that is the fundamental problem, a crisis situation that we're facing here on Turtle Island, that the settlers don't view us as human beings. We're still fighting. What you take for granted, we're still fighting for that right." "We're declaring a state of crisis in what's happening here in what you know as Canada, that there is a hunt taking place on our Indigenous human beings."

...We are not a violent people. We don't believe in violence, and right away we encountered violence. That's the same way our elders and our ancestors were treated by RCMP." “You’re a guest here, and you don’t even know how to speak to us. You don’t even recognize the tone in your voice, in your delivery...

...Where is everybody else to come step up for us? I have a right for my voice, I’m still fighting for my voice and my visibility...I am telling you, right now, there has been 524 years of holistic genocide on Turtle Island. We are the ones that are dying. It’s not you that is dying. ”

...[W]e are asking the UN to help us at charges of genocide, a war against humanity, war crimes and a crime of aggression, be laid. Because your Liberal Party was also responsible. Every party – your every governance that has been in power...None of your governments have clean hands. All of your governments have blood on their hands. None of you are different. You haven’t changed! Because you haven’t started your healing journeys.

The moment we have our voice and our backbone you want to shut us down. And you think, you're privileged to disrespect us, the moment we tell you because of your colonial mindset and your colonial way of being, your white privilege, your white fragility – you can't take our truth! Look how many people came to bat for you, White lady. And you're a guest here. Without us you'd be homeless. This is over."

"Derrida warns against the notion of 'reconciliation' as a premature restoration of a 'normal' past.

Certain reconciliation and truth tribunals may, in their rush to forgiveness, not only betray the immemorial suffering of the dead victims but also engage in a facility of compulsive public mourning which Derrida puts down to the dominant sway in our time of a 'psychotherapeutic economy'.

Moreover, the temptation to resolve past horrors by means of some redemptive 'master narrative' of universal pardon often ignores those 'others' who are suppressed within this narrative or excluded from it altogether.

For the very community (any community for that matter) which seeks to dispense such an amnesty is invariably plagued by 'gaps' in its own memory – 'hunted by the ghosts of those who were either colonized, expelled, or killed in its name'.

In critical response to this practice of exclusion and oblivion, deconstruction proposes to sensitize us to the 'faceless and nameless who have been buried beneath the weight of officially to us in the form of a Grand Narrative'.

This requires, the deconstructionists tell us, a special 'micrological' attention to those ghosts and specters who have been exiled from the annals of official narrative history."

Richard Kearney Strangers, Gods, and Monsters [source Goodreads if it's wrong LOL 'Loyal Orange Lodge' LOL?]

At the close of World War I, the Commission on the Responsibility of the Authors of the War and on Enforcement of Penalties classified the following types of war crimes capable of being committed by military and civilians (American Journal of International Law, vol. 14, p. 114 (1920)): ◦ Usurpation of sovereignty during occupation; ◦ Deportation of civilians; ◦ Compulsory enlistment of soldiers among the inhabitants of occupied territory; ◦ Denationalizing the inhabitants of occupied territory; ◦ Confiscation of property; ◦ Exaction of illegitimate or of exorbitant contributions and requisitions; ◦ Wanton devastation and destruction of religious, charitable, educational and historical buildings and monuments.

Sir Paul McCartney
Great Britain you are tremendous And nobody knows like me But really what are you doin' In the land across the sea
Great Britain and all the people Say that all people must be free Meanwhile back in [Occupied] Ireland There's a man who looks like me
Give Ireland back to the Irish Make Ireland Irish today

Shogun John Ó Lennon and Mei-Mei
Blame it all on the kids and the IRA
As the bastards commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide!
A thousand years of torture and hunger

Drove the people away from their land
A land full of beauty and wonder
Was raped by the British brigands! Goddamn! Goddamn!
As the bastards commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide!
If we could make chains with the morning dew
The world would be like Galway Bay

And the Boys of the NYPD Choir were singing Galway Bay. Why is Shane McGowan so friendly with Dirty LA Johnny Depp? Why is Conor McGregor so tight with Snoop Dogg, of the Cripps Family Organization? Them Cripps are all violators of 'shorties'. Right Sir Stafford Cripps? Did you trash Compton, UK, when the soldiers were away WWII? Doras feasa fiafraí...

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

'The Irish [Indigenous Tribes] shown on opposite map of [Southern Momonia, Deas Mhumhain]: O'Callaghan, O'Cowhig or O'Coffey, O'Crowley, O'Daly, O'Donovan, O'Donoghue, O'Driscoll, O'Dwyer, O'Flynn, O'Haly, O'Hea, O'Hennessy, O'Kearney, O'Keeffe, O'Leary, O'Lyon, O'Lehan, O'Mahony, O'Riordan, O'Sullivan, MacCarthy-Reagh..., MacCarthy MacDonough..., MacCarthy..., McAuliffe, Meagh, etc.

Before the English Invasion several members of the premier line of the great sept MacCarthy (MacCarthy Mor) ruled over Desmond as provincial [chiefs]. By Irish custom all land was the common property of the sept, the chief being the " oldest in descent and worthiest of the blood."

In some cases Irish chieftains surrendered the sept lands, and obtained [Invalid] re-grants to themselves as [Illegally conscripted] feudatories of the English Crown, with direct succession in accordance with English custom. In 1565 Elizabeth created Donald MacCarthy Mor, of county Kerry, Earl of Glencare and Viscount Valentia. At the Restoration Charles H. conferred on Cormac Oge, ninth lord of Muskerry, the title of Earl of Clancarthy ; and James H. on his third son that of Earl of Mountcashel. English knighthoods were also accepted by [formerly] Irish chieftains.

On the final breaking up [We're Still Here] of the Irish [tribes], and the thorough [illegal]confiscation of their lands [against the later Geneva Conventions], the chieftain was replaced by the landlord of English ancestry, who acquired estate either as a grant for services rendered to the English Crown, or by purchase.

The Return of Land Lords in [Occupied] Ireland (Doomsday Book), laid before Parliament in 1876, gives the number of [English approved] land lords in county Cork as 378— 1,000 to 5,000 acres, 325 ; 5,000 to 10,000, 33 ; 10,000 and upwards, 20. By reason of the operations of recent land legislation, the number of small landowners has since considerably increased.

Danish Families. Coppinger (Copenger), Galway (Galwaie), Goold (Gowlle), and Skiddy. Supposed to be of the original burghers [colonizers] of the Danish city of Cork. Henry II excepted out of the [colonial] grant of [Deasmhumhan], which he made to De Cogan and FitzStephen, "the cantreds of the Ostmen or Danes." '

Tales of the Fairies AND OF THE GHOST WORLD COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION IN SOUTH-WEST MUNSTER BY JEREMIAH CURTIN PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT IN THE STRAND 1895
THE FOUR-LEAFED SHAMROCK This tale gives a good instance of the virtue of the four- leafed shamrock against the power which takes people's eyes i.e., true vision—from them : A good many years ago a showman came to the town of Dingle and performed many tricks there. At one time he'd

eat a dozen straws and then pull yards of The Four-Leafed Shamrock 155 ribbon from his throat. The strangest thing he showed was a game-[rooster] that he used to harness to a great log of wood. Men, women, and children were breaking their bones, running to see the [rooster], and he a small bird, drawing such a great weight of timber. One day, when the showman was driving the [rooster] on the road toward Brandon Mountain, he met a man with a bundle of fresh grass on his back. The man was astonished to see crowds running after a [rooster] dragging one straw behind him." You fool," said the people, " don't you see the [rooster] drawing a log of timber, and it would fail any horse to draw the like of it ? " "Indeed, then, I do not. I see the [rooster] dragging a straw behind him, and sure I've seen the Uke many a time in my own place." Hearing this, the showman knew that there was something in the grass, and going over to the man he asked what price was he asking for the bundle. The man didn't wish to sell the grass, but at last he parted with it for eighteen pence. The showman gave the grass to his boy and told him to go aside and drop it into the river. The boy did that, and when the bundle went down with the stream the man was as big a fool as another; he ran after the [rooster] with the crowd. That evening the same man was telling a friend how at first he saw the [rooster] with a straw behind him, and 156 Tales of the Fairies then saw him drawing a great log of wood; " Oh, you fool ! " said the friend, " there was a four-leafed shamrock in your bundle of grass, while you had the shamrock it kept every enchantment and devilment from you, and when you parted with it, you became as big a fool as the others."

The Irish Experience in the [Settler Colonials of Turtle Island] Civil War
28thmass.org
Adapted in part from Lawrence F. Kohl's introduction to The Irish Brigade and Its Campaigns by D.P. Conyngham, originally published in 1867 and now reprinted in a fascimile edition by Fordham University Press.
"(The Irish Brigade was) perhaps the best known of any brigade organization, it having made an unusual reputation for dash and gallantry. The remarkable precision of its evolutions under fire, its desperate attack on the impregnable wall at Marye's Heights; its never failing promptness on every field; and its long continuous service, made for it a name inseparable from the history of the war..."
-William F. Fox
The Irish Brigade was not just another Civil War unit. Its military reputation alone set it apart from the great mass of the Union Army of the Potomac. But what made its story particularly distinctive was the Irish ... identity that most of its members shared...Nearly 150,000 men of Irish birth or heritage eventually fought in defense of the Union, but most served in predominantly "American" units...'

[Irish Brigadiers flew the harp on both sides of the US Civil War. In the Yankee troop are reports of torture on Irish from the San Patricios Brigade that defected to Mexico less than twenty years before. At least since 1691, Irish Brigadiers were not generally Volunteers.]

Tonfeid, a Críost, come muir i cuaird bethad brigadbuil.
Guide us, O Christ, that rulest the sea Around the mighty vast world.
[8 winds?
Solina, Affrica, Saranica, Famonia, Puinina, Pessima, Faiccina, Altina.]

Two things that are a greater evil than (any) one thing : lust and gluttony étrad 7 craes. . Through gluttony Adam was expelled from Paradise. Through gluttony Esau destroyed his birthright and sold it to his brother Jacob for pottage.

TOM FOLEY'S GHOST, The Sudden Death of Tom Foley, Oral tradition of South-west Munster, Jeremiah Curtin collected, Books Collected. Dúchas dot 1895.
There was a man Tom Foley, a farmer who lived at Castlemain, near the Leann River ; he had a brother John, who lived eight miles beyond Tralee, on a farm of his own which he had there. The

Leann is a great river for fishing ; above all, when the weather is favourable. Tom Foley went fishing once on a cloudy day when it was raining a little. There was a great rise of fish in the river, and Tom was killing a power of them that turn.The place where Tom was fishing was about seven fields from his house without being in sight of it. The main road was very near the river, and Tom wasn't above an hour killing fish when a man came the way on horseback, and when he saw Foley on the bank he made toward him. "Is your name Tom Foley?" asked the man. " It is," said Tom. " Have you a brother named John ? " " I have." " Well, your brother is dead ; he got a sudden death yesterday. I am his servant man, and I was sent by John's wife to say that you are wanted at the house withr out delay." "You'd better not go back to-day," said Tom to the man. " There is a great rise of fish in this river ; I haven't seen the like since I was born. Stop fishing, here after me ; you'll have time enough for the funeral to-morrow." " Leave your overcoat with me," said the man, " and. I'll stop." Tom gave his overcoat to the man and said, " I'll not mind going home. The clothes I have on will do very well, and do you take what fish I killed and what you'll kill yourself to my house : you'll find the road to it easily." Tom mounted his horse and rode oif. The servant man, who was of Tom's size, put on the coat and was fishing away for a few hours, when, whatever way it happened, he fell into the river and was drowned. There were two other fishermen on the bank of the river at a distance from Tom. They didn't see the horse coming nor the servant man changind places with Foley, and they thought it was Tom was in it all the time. After a while they looked again, but if they did, they got no sight of a man on the bank. " It seems Tom has gone home," said one of the men "there is no rise of fish here, and I'll go fishing the river down before me." He went down till he came to where Foley's bag of fish was. He knew then that it was not home he went. So he looked into the water, and what should he see but the body at the bottom of the river and Tom Foley's coat on it. He screeched out to the other man then, saying that Tom Foley was drowned. The other man came and stayed in the place, while the first went with an account to the house and told Tom's wife, Mary, that her husband was drowned in the river. Mary began to screech and lament in a way you'd think the life would leave her. The man ran and collected the neighbours, and went with them and Mary Foley to bring home the corpse. When the people raised the body from the river, they found the face all eaten by eels : no one could know that it was Tom Foley was in it but for the coat.

'Isam gáithi ina Art, ised bís mo smacht do shír : is ferr mo chert is mo chíall, is mo berim breth co fír.' -THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN chief CORMAC AND FÍTHEL.

Question. In what state were the psalms in the beginning ? Not hard to tell. In fragments and scattered until the Babylonian captivity, when the slaves came into the temple with the canon, when the fourth famous leader came from captivity, to wit, Ezra. It is he to whom the Holy Spirit granted to renew them through his mouth, and he it is who gathered them in one book...
...
Question. What is it that makes this [first]psalm precede all the other psalms ? Not difficult. Because virtue and morality abound therein. For it is through mercifulness that righteousness and belief are attained. That is conspicuous to us from Cornelius the centurion. For it was the deeds of his mercifulness that brought him to righteousness and belief. Because, however, it is through mercifulness and righteousness that belief is arrived at, it is fit that the psalm in which action and virtue and morality abound should be in front of the psalms.

HIBERNICA MINORA BEING A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE PSALTER, KUNO MEYER, CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, 1894.

WIKIPEDIA: Lace curtain Irish and shanty Irish are terms that were commonly used in the 19th and 20th centuries to categorize Irish people, particularly Irish Americans, by social class. The "lace curtain Irish" were those who were well off, while the "shanty Irish" were the poor, who were presumed to live in shanties, or roughly-built cabins. Neither term was complimentary. Aside from financial status, the term "lace curtain Irish" connoted pretentiousness and social climbing, while the "shanty Irish" were stereotyped as feckless and ignorant. As lace curtains became commonplace in Irish-American working-class homes, "lace curtain" was still used in a metaphorical, and often pejorative, sense. In the early 20th century, James Michael Curley, a famously populist Boston politician who was called "mayor of the poor", used the term "cut glass Irish" to mock the Irish-American middle class, but the term did not catch on. Irish Americans who prospered or married well could go from "shanty Irish" to "lace curtain Irish", and wealthy socialites could have shanty Irish roots. John F. Kennedy, for example, is considered "lace curtain" even though his great-grandparents were working-class Irish immigrants. The term "shanty" comes from the Irish sean-tíġ (old house). Many poor Irish tenant farmers lived in one-room cabins. "The Irishman's Shanty", a 19th-century comic song, describes a stereotypical Irishman's quarters: He has three rooms in one, kitchen, bedroom, and hall, And his chist is three wooden pegs in the wall: Two suits of owld clothes make his wardrobe complete, One to wear in the shanty, that same for the street.

HIBERNICA MINORA BEING A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE PSALTER, KUNO MEYER, CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, 1894.
This is the title there is in front of this book which shineth to the minds of the readers. This is its name in the Hebrew, Sepher Tehillim...Nebel in Hebrew... Laudatorium or Organum in the Latin.. Question. Whence was that name given to it ? Not difficult. From the harp to which.David sang the psalms, to wit, nebel is its name in the Hebrew...organum is a general name for any musical instrument on account of its excellence. Nebel, however, is not a general name for any harp...Nebel, however, is a tenfold harp, to wit, it consists of ten strings, it is played with ten fingers, the ten commandments unite on it. Its belly is downward, and it is played from above. Its music is denoted in that. Hence it is transferred, so that it is the name of this book, which consists of the ten strings of the Old Testament, which is inspired de supernis mysterius Spiritus Sancti, that is by the sublime mysteries of the Holy Spirit....

There are, however, four general titles before the psalms, besides the special ones, to wit, psalmus, canticum, psalmus cantici, canticum psalmi. 275. Question. How were they multiplied, and what is the difference between them ? Not difficult. This is what David did during his last days. He selected four thousand chosen men of the sons of Israel to sing and practise the psalms always without any cessation. One third of them for the choir, one third for the harp, one third both for the choir and the harp. The word psalmus applies to what was invented for the harp and is practised on it. Canticum applies to what is practised by the choir and is sung with the harp. Psalmus cantici applies to what is taken from the harp to the choir. Canticum psalmi applies to what is taken from the choir to the harp. 288. As to the special titles, they will be mentioned further on in their special places. 290. Diapsalma and sympsalma, what is the difference between them? If after the opinion of Jerome, diapsalma first, ' semper ' interpretatur, significans alterna esse vicina, sympsalma to teach morality. This is however what Augustine says : 'diapsalma intervallum in psallendo, sympsalma vocum coniunctio,' that is, 'a combination of voices.'

From 1846 to 1854, more than one million Irish [refugees] found their way to America. Desperate poverty caused many of these refugees to crowd into tenements and "shanty towns" in the worst neighborhoods of Northern cities. Willing to accept poor wages and terrible working conditions, they soon drove blacks out of the most menial jobs available. By the 1850s, most common laborers, dock-workers, coachmen, draymen, waiters, cooks, barbers and domestic servants in the North were Irish by birth or heritage. Elsewhere, Irish workers dominated canal and railroad construction, and poured into the mining industry. Their poverty alone might have made them outcasts, but the Catholic faith of the Irish also subjected them to the scorn of Protestant America. Anti-Catholicism had deep roots in the young nation's history. The earliest English settlers of North America had been steeped in a culture that was intolerant of Catholics. In the early 19th century, an organized "Protestant Crusade" of "No-Popery" began to take shape. The antebellum era was punctuated by fierce anti-Catholic riots, the notorious burning of a convent, and the founding of political parties dedicated to stemming the tide of Catholic immigration.--The Irish Experience in the [Settler Colonials of Turtle Island] Civil War 28thmass.org

Dread of a Papal conspiracy to undermine America, together with economic fears of wage competition from impoverished workers, stirred powerful emotions against the massive Irish immigration of the potato famine years. Political Factors The 1850s saw the rise of a national political movement that evolved into a "war against the immigrant." The new American Party, whose members became better known as the "Know-Nothings" for their standard answer to questions about the party's secret rituals, very nearly became the dominant force in U.S. politics by their appeals to fear and mistrust. Know-Nothings attacked the Irish for their poverty, [religion], ... politics, intemperance, criminality, devotion to Ireland, and attempts to sow discord between the United States and Britain. With a political tide rising for the abolition of slavery, the Know-Nothings eventually lost their clout, but never stopped distrusting and discriminating against the Irish... The Irish Experience in the [Settler Colonials of Turtle Island] Civil War 28thmass.org

The Westminster Magazine or The Pantheon of Taste: Containing a View of the History, Politics, Literature, Manners, Gallantry, Fashions of the year 1780 vol. viii, p 142 For the 'WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE. SKETCH of the CLIMATE, TRADE, and PRESENT STATE of [Occupied] Ireland. [From a Tour through [Occupied] Ireland, juſt publiſhed.]

...[Occupied] Ireland is known to have many rich mines; and there is no inconsiderable prospect of gold and silver in some parts of the kingdom[sic]. No country in the world abounds more in beautiful lakes, both fresh and salt-water ones; and it is also plentifully watered with many beautiful rivers...

The great plenty of timber, the superior excellence of the oak, and the acknowledged skill of her ancient artizans in wood-work, are circumstances clearly in her favour. Formerly, that the Irish exported large quantities of timber, is manifest from the churches of Gloucester, Westminster Monastery and Palaces, &c. being covered with Irish oak....
The government of the kingdom is in the hands of a Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant, who lives in very great splendor....
….The commodities which [Occupied] Ireland exports, as far as her present trade will permit, are hides, tallow, butter, cheese, honey, wax, hemp, metals, and fish : wool and glasswere, till December 23, 1779, prohibited; but her linen trade is of late grown of very great consequence

“Whether you succeed or not is irrelevant, there is no such thing. Making your unknown known is the important thing--and keeping the unknown always beyond you.” ― Georgia O'Keeffe

"Use and benefit." Now, if one were to look back at the Earth from the moon, and we have seen pictures taken of the Earth this gorgeous blue jewel hanging down, like, and to say that's just for use and benefit in the same way that a toilet bowl is for use and benefit, that phrase "use and benefit"...
― John Moriarty, Seeking to walk beautifully on the Earth

When we see the world as an end in itself, everying becomes itself a value and consequently loses all value, because only in God is found the meaning (value) of everything, and the world is meaningful only when it is the “sacrament” of God’s presence. Things treated merely as things in themselves destroy themselves because only in God have they any life. The world of nature, cut off from the source of life, is a dying world. For one who thinks food in itself is the source of life, eating is communion with the dying world, it is communion with death. Food itself is dead, it is life that has died and it must be kept in refrigerators like a corpse.”
― Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World
We are more than transformed groceries.

John Moriarty

“When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time, they can seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall. Think of it--always.”
― Mahatma Gandhi

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society Meeting, Wednesday, May 10th, 1893
[Fr. Matthew Horgan]...is well entitled to the notice of posterity for having boldly ventured to erect a round tower in each of the two places of which his parish consisted.

Although departing somewhat from the original models, he yet retained sufficient of their character to stamp his works with a close kinship to their prototypes.

As a designer and builder of round towers he must be considerately dealt with, when it is remembered that he was separated from the latest of those erected by his predecessors by a space of nearly a thousand years...

...As a poet he composed many pieces in the Irish language, notably "Gortroe," an elegy in imitation of the ancient Irish Caoine, and "The Legend of Cahir Conri," the first of which has been translated by the Rev. J. Murphy, Adm., Queenstown[Cobh], and the latter by the talented Dr. Kenealy...

...But it is, perhaps, as the inventor or discoverer of the key-word Maqui, "of the son of," [Q-Celtic] by which archaeologists are enabled to correctly read Ogham inscriptions, that Father Matt will be best remembered. His Ogham key is now almost universally adopted, a proof that the good old Sagart, as an antiquarian, did not labour in vain.

He died on the 1st of March, 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and is buried in the transept of his church at Blarney, within range of the shadow of his favourite round tower...
...Among the principal authors selected from the list of Father Man's colleagues may be mentioned John Windele, Richard Sainthill, John Lindsay, Rev. Richard Smiddy, R. R. Brash, Messrs. Bolster, Abell, Willes, Jennings, Murphy, Keleher, and O'Dell. There are no less than 170 vols. of John Windele's MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy, of which 42 vols. are wholly in the Irish language—no small testimony to the research and industry of their author, an industry well imitated by the other members of this talented group...

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the Fairies of South Munster. [The following legend is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – “To Keefe O’Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following fairy legend is most respectfully by the Mathew Horgan, 1839

1839 Fr. Matthew Horgan records what shepherd said in densely forested Fermoy:
The quantity of timber is very great, and there are mounds of earth raised round them for better preservation. In summer they afford an agreeable shade, and in winter the rain can scarcely penetrate through them, their boughs are so thickly matted together. From this I had a good view of the house, which is spacious, with projecting flankers and rusticated coynes, and in the centre it finishes with a pediment decorated with figures. At some distance from this, in an easterly direction, I perceived an elevated spot, which I ascended.

It was covered with ancient oak and ash, coeval with time, spreading their immense arms, and forming a deep and cool shade. The fragments of an ancient building appeared, scattered on the entire of this eminence -jambs, plinths, pedestals (the cutting of which was very good), and solid masses of masonry, with the cement of lime and gravel as adhesive as ever.

After examining this pace, and making observations on the all-destructive hand of time, which levels the proudest work of man as well as the simply thatched cottage, I was accosted by the shepherd of this part of the demesne. He was old and hoary, leaning on his long staff, which was quite polished from the friction of his tough hands.

Knowing that I was a stranger, and it was likely that I came to see the demesne, he saluted me in his native language, with which I happened to be well acquainted, and which pleased, or rather encouraged him so much that he was very communicative of what he supposed me ignorant of, particularly the legend of the spot on which I then stood.

It may be wrong of me to relate everything told by this man, yet it may be acknowledged that it is the duty of the historian to relate the truth, whether it be liked or not, and tell faithfully what I heard from him, as my wish is to afford amusement and instruction. He conducted me to the most elevated part of the eminence, where I rested on one of these fragments of masonry, while he sat near me on the soft, mossy ground, and related his story as follows : THE DRUID AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. In the beginning of the eighth century there lived in the country of Alla a prince called Caomh, or "gentle", who was the head of the illustrious sept of O'Keeffe, and governed then a large tract, bounded on the west by the territory of Luacardhea (now Kerry), and extended to the east as far as the county of Waterford, including the fertile plain called Feur-magh-Feine (now Fermoy). Fermoy was the inheritance of the Draoi Ruadh, the last of the Druids, who had the reputation of great wisdom, experience and bravery. He was the faithful ally of the [chief] of Munster, whose life he saved in battle, together with his army, when reduced to the last extremity of the [chief] of Leathcuin. He raised a great storm by his art, which bewildered the enemy, so that they were under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting to the mercy of the conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty at the intercession of the Druid, on condition of yielding up the disputed lands and giving hostages for their future peaceable and good conduct. The Momonians returned home, full of joy after gaining a decisive victory and considerably extending their territory, on which occasion the [chief] raised the Druid to the dignity and title of Prince of Fermoy. The Druid had two very accomplished daughters, who were considered the greatest beauties of the age, and on whom nature and art showered their choicest gifts. They were mistresses of the sciences, particularly the elder, Cliodhna or Cleena, who made such a progress in enchantment that she could transform creatures to any figure or form she pleased, so that in process of time she was entitled "the queen of the fairies". The younger sister, her inseparable companion, was named "all beautiful," or Aoivil, as well as Cleena was "lovely."

O'Donoghue, Brendan. A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring (Kindle Locations 54-55). The Lilliput Press. Kindle Edition.
What are poets for in a destitute time? ...[P]oets must be healers—healers who, healed themselves, heal us culturally, heal us, or help to heal us, in the visions and myths and rituals by which we live … I believe, to do what the originators and executors of the French Revolution did or sought to do. Seized by revolutionary fervour, they would have wiped the slate clean. Intending to hang the last king in the entrails of the last priest, they installed a statue of reason in Notre Dame.

But it might be no harm to remember that just as there is an irrational misuse of the irrational, so also is there an irrational misuse of the rational, and that this latter misuse is often as terrible in its consequences as is the former.

If you pull back far enough from it, I think you will see that it is an aisling. The word aisling is a Gaelic word that means vision, or, better perhaps, dream-vision, and in [Occupied] Ireland, from the eighteenth century on, it gave its name to a kind of poem that was popular among people who, religiously, politically and economically, had been dispossessed.

In the typical aisling, the poet wanders in a lonely place, or falls asleep in a lonely place, and in a dream-vision he sees a beautiful woman. Invariably, the poem goes on to enumerate and lavishly describe her beauties of feature and form.

Then the poet asks her who she is and she, calling herself by one or another of her poetic names, reveals that she is [Occupied] Ireland, adding that she is in deepest sorrow and distress because she has been ousted from her rightful inheritance.

Heroically, then, the poet declares that he will fight, unto death if necessary, in her cause, and the poem ends with a vision of the old order restored, of [Occupied] Ireland restored to her ancient inheritance, of [Occupied] Ireland once again having the walk of a queen. ... it isn’t only Eire who is in trouble.

Europa is in trouble. Ecclesia is in trouble. Eire, Europa and Ecclesia are, as it were, three women at a Hawk’s Well. Siting there in deepest gloom, like Dürer’s ‘Melencolia’, they are waiting for the healing waters to flow. Waters that will heal them of their Medusa mindset.'

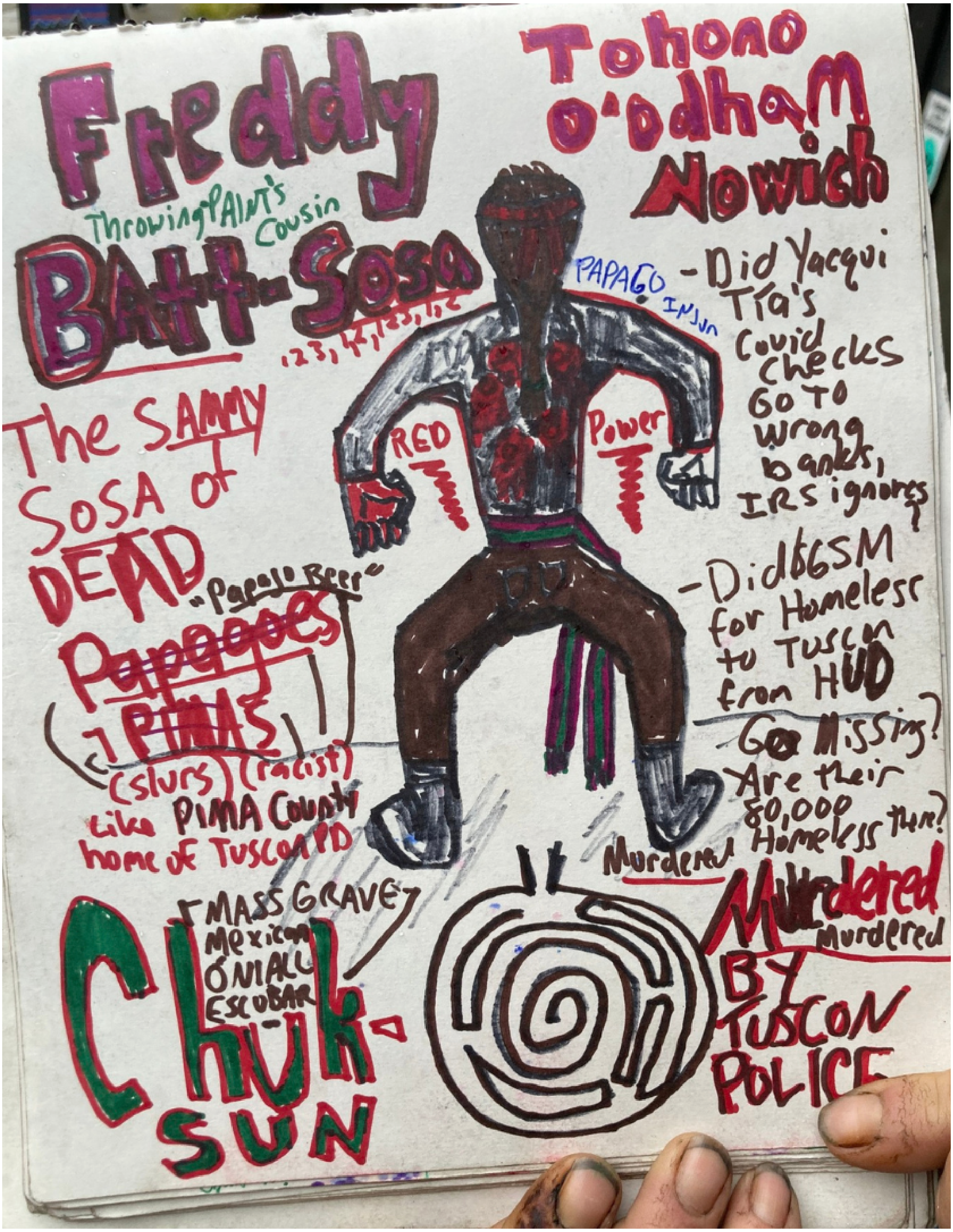
250. Question. What is argumentum? Not difficult. Acule mentis inventum, 'a sharp invention of the mind,' or acutum inventum, or 'a sharp invention.' There is a word arguo, that is, 'ostendo.' Argumentum, then, ' ostentio,' ' showing.' 355- Question. For what use were arguments invented? Not difficult. To set forth through short words the sense which follows, ut dicit Isidoras : ' Argumenta sunt quae caussas rerum ostendunt. Ex brevitate sermonum longum sensum habent.'

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

In the 18th century Munster had almost a monopoly of the Gaelic poets, whose genius, learning, patriotism and itinerant propensities, furthermore, saved the Irish language from utter extinction .. In the present century Munster men again are foremost in the revival of the Irish language, as, for instance, such writers as the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., and the indefatigable Canon P. O'Leary, P.P.; the Rev. Professor O'Hickey, and the Rev. R. Henebery, who belong to the Co. Waterford ; Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, of Co. Limerick, and Mr. P. J. O'Shea (Conan Maol), now of London, who hails from the [chiefing] of Kerry. But of the literature, learning, and scholarship of the early days of Munster, though no doubt not much behindhand, if not equal or superior to those of other parts of [Occupied] Ireland at that time, we have now but little proofs or relics left, as the Munster manuscripts of this period scarcely number half a dozen in all. Of these still little-known MSS. some account is supplied in the following paper. —J. C] THE Book of Munster (writes Eugene O'Curry in his MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History, Dublin, 1872) is an independent compilation, but of uncertain date, as we happen to have no ancient copy of it ; but as its leading points are to be found in the Books of Leinster, Ballymote and Lecain, we may believe that they must have taken their abstracts from this ancient book in its original form. There are two copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, both made at the beginning of the last century, but neither of them giving any account of the originals from which they were transcribed. The book, as is usual, begins with a record of the Creation from the Book of Genesis, merely for the purpose of carrying down the pedigrees of Noah and Japhet, from whom the Milesians of Erinn descend—the history of whose southern branch, the Ebereans, is then carried down from Eber to Brian Boroimhe and the time of the Battle of Clontarf...

My great great great great grandparents John and Brigid/Bridget (Hassett) Dunn migrated to Ballyviniter, Mallow from the adjacent parish of Ballyclough after 9 October 1814 and before 6

January 1821.


Freddy
ThrowingPAINT's Cousin
Batt-Sosa
123, 45, 123, 12
Tohono O'odham Nowich
PAPAGO INJUN
RED
Power
The SAMMY Sosa of DEAD
"Papajo Beer"
~~Papagoes~~
~~PIMAS~~
(slurs) (racist)
Like PIMA County home of TUSCON PD
MASS GRAVE
Mexican
ONIALL
ESCOBAR
Chuk-SUN
Murdered
Murdered
murdered
BY TUSCON POLICE

-Did Yacqui Tia's Covid checks GO TO wrong banks, IRS ignores?

-Did 65M for Homeless to Tuscon from HUD Go Missing?

Are their 80,000 Homeless then?

Uí aiseadha Surname History: Descendant of aisidh' (strife, discord); the name of an old thomond family of the same stock as the macnamaras, being a branch of clann chuileain. the name is still well known in the neighbourhood of the city of limerick and in other parts of munster, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

Giambattista Vico, Principi di Scienza Nuova d'intorno alla Comune Natura delle Nazioni,"Principles/Origins of New/Renewed Science About/Surrounding the Common Nature of Nations", 1725
928 Three kinds of languages. 929 The first of these was a divine mental language by mute religious acts or divine ceremonies, from which there survived in Roman civil law the actus legitimi which accompanied all their civil transactions. This language belongs to religions by the eternal property that it concerns them more to be reverenced than to be reasoned, and it was necessary in the earliest times when men did not yet possess articulate speech.

930 The second was by heroic blazonings, with which arms are made to speak; this kind of speech, as we have said above, survived in military discipline. 931 The third is by articulate speech, which is used by all nations today.

Giambattista Vico, Principi di Scienza Nuova d'intorno alla Comune Natura delle Nazioni,"Principles/Origins of New/Renewed Science About/Surrounding the Common Nature of Nations", 1725
When they could not achieve this by logical abstraction, they did it by imaginative representation. To these poetic universals they reduced all the particular species belonging to each genus, as to Jove everything concerning the auspices, to Juno everything touching marriage, and so on. 9l34 The second were heroic characters, which were also imaginative universals to which they reduced the various species of heroic things, as to Achilles all the deeds of valiant fighters and to Ulysses all the devices of clever men. These imaginative genera, as the human mind later learned to abstract forms and properties from subjects, passed over into intelligible genera, which prepared the way for the philosophers, from whom the authors of the New Comedy, which came in the most civilized times of Greece, took the intelligible genera of human customs and portrayed them in their comedies. 935 Finally, there were invented the vulgar characters which went along with the vulgar languages. The latter are composed of words, which are genera as it were of the particulars previously employed by the heroic languages; as, to repeat an example cited above, from the heroic phrase "the blood boils in my heart" they made the word "I am angry' In like fashion, of a hundred and twenty thousand hieroglyphic characters (the number still used, for example, by the Chinese) they made a few letters, to which, as to genera, they reduced the hundred and twenty thousand words (of which the Chinese vulgar spoken language is composed).
936 Above we affirmed that such languages and letters were under the sovereignty of the vulgar of the various peoples, whence both are called vulgar. In virtue of this sovereignty over languages and letters, the free peoples must also be masters of their laws, for they impose on the laws the senses in which they constrain the powerful to observe them, even against their will, as we noted in the Axioms [283], 283 The weak want laws; the powerful withhold them; the ambitious, in order to win a following, advocate them; princes, in order to equalize the strong with the weak, protect them. It is naturally not in the power of monarchs to deprive the people of this sovereignty, but, in virtue of this very inalienable nature of human civil affairs, such sovereignty, inseparable from the people, contributes largely to the power of the monarchs, for they may issue their royal laws, which the nobles must accept, according to the senses that their peoples give to them. This sovereignty over vulgar letters and languages implies that, in the order of civil nature, the free popular commonwealths preceded the monarchies.

XLIV 199 The first sages of the Greek world were the theological poets, who certainly flourished before the heroic poets, just as Jove was the father of Hercules. 200 This and the two preceding axioms establish the fact that all the gentile nations, inasmuch as they all had their Joves and their Herculeses, were poetic in their beginnings; and that divine poetry was born first among them, and later heroic poetry. 201 Men are naturally impelled to preserve the memories of the laws and orders that bind them in their societies. XLVJE 202 All barbarian histories have fabulous beginnings. 203 All these axioms from the forty-second on give us the beginning of our historical mythology. XLVII 204 The human mind is naturally impelled to take delight in uniformity. 205 This axiom, as applied to the fables, is confirmed by the habit the
vulgar have when making up fables of men famous for this or that, in these or those circumstances, of making the fable fit the character and occasion. These fables are ideal truths conforming to the merits of those of whom the vulgar tell them; and such falseness in fact as they now and then contain consists simply in failure to give their subjects their due. So that, if we consider the matter well, poetic truth is metaphysical truth, and physical truth which is not in conformity with it should be considered false. Thence springs this important consideration in poetic theory: the true war chief, for example, is the Godfrey that Torquato Tasso imagines; and all the chiefs who do not conform throughout to Godfrey are not true chiefs of war.

Rí rogab Mumain mac Crimthain. Luid side fecht and for mórcuairt Muman...
ERCHOITMED INGINE GULIDI INSO.
There was a [chief] who took Munster, to wit, Fedlimid son of Crimthan. Once upon a time he went on a visitation of Munster and fared westward into West Munster, till he reached Áth Lóche. It was there was the stead of Gulide, the sharpest and bitterest and keenest lampooner that was in Ireland in his time. Now, in the hard time of spring the hosts went westward. Great snow fell on them, so that the hosts were unable to proceed...Fedlimid asked of the guides : ' Who is nearest to us here ? ' saith he. ' We do not know indeed,' said they, ' unless it be Gulide of 'Ath Lóche, thy own friend.' ' Truly I declare,' saith Fedlimid, ' if it is he that is here, he is biting ' and sharp and bitter and is fierce, furious, keen-worded, creditor-like. He is ready to ask anything of anybody, and he himself is not good at giving.
And there was no one before them in the stead save only Gulide and his daughter.
And Gulide at that time was a withered grey old man, for his seven score years were complete. Thus however had Gulide been, he had been a warrior in warriorship and in prowess, and a champion in championship, and a soldier in soldiership, and a landholder for the land he held, and a satirist for satire, even for sharpness and bitterness and acrimony. Hence (the name) Gulide the Satirist clave to him.
Then Gulide arose and resting on his elbow looked around him, and saw no one in the house save only himself and his daughter. ' Well now, daughter,' saith Gulide, ' go out and see who are these hornblowers and trumpeters... Then the daughter rose up and went out. She returned into the house and said : ' Here are great hosts,' saith she. ' It seems to me it is Fedlimid son of Crimthan with the nobles of the men of Munster around him.'
' Well, daughter,' saith Gulide, ' go out to the hosts and make brave words to them to see whether they will pass us by to-night.' Then the daughter rose up and took her dress round her, to wit, a purple cloak, and a finespun smock of silk next her white skin, and a small brooch of red gold in her cloak....
She went till she reached the hosts and said: 'Hail, O Fedlimid, with thy hosts as well...Ye have come at a bad time. The wind is piercing. The front-bridges are miry. The stewards are slow. [The trees are cutdown. The water is poisoned. The oceans are dying. Are we going to run out of air soon?]
This is always a high-road for many. Here are forges of smiths, lampooners of the road. It is a church on two ridges. It is as frequented as Armagh. It is grass for a cow of one field, it is a pasture for one goose, it is a honey-ground for one bee. Our fleshforks are raised, our churn-dashes have not been lowered. Our old food is gone, our new food has not come. Ye have come at a bad time,

the time when the old hag shares her cakelet with the girl. The raven's tail

stands high with us, the hound's low. The noses of our women are strained. There is water in our milchcows after our heifers have run dry, [dead baby medicine]. There is great dryness in our kilns, drought in our mills, dearth in our hounds, our cats are keen and greedy. [We have many eager quick death machines]. The grey hard stiff benches are rotten after a long cold night....

The Enigma of Pelasgians and Etruscans

Pelasgians, ancient people, the ancestors of all the Indo-European people, these people were known to illuminate and give the culture to Europe, about them it is known little, or better to say nearly nothing.

The Pelasgians, that were called also The Sea People, since they were skillful and free navigators, they called ILLYRIA (ILLYRIA for the Romans) their homeland: which mean the country of the free people (lir=free), as a land spanning from the mediterranean to the Danube...
Virgil (Aeneid, VIII, V. 62-63), writes: "It is said that the first dwellers of our Italy were the Pelasgians" . From the ancient authors we have learned that before the arrival of the Greeks, those territories were known as Pelasgia...We could continue infinitely with citations of the Pelasgians, in order to always conclude in almost every case and that the civilizations in general terms begin with the Pelasgians, but the main question that rises to this point is: Who were they? ..
...Nermin Vlora Falaski, in her book "Linguistic and genetic heredities" (written also in English language), has deciphered Pelasgic and Etruscan inscriptions with today's Albanian language. ..

MOURNING, we are in full mourning, anguish, ill luck all over, women covered with black veils. Grief you have given to the kinship, oh kinsman! He belongs to our stock, Ah! , Oh! He was torn away from us, what misfortune. But in order which guilt, this disaster? Gelid is his golden throne, Ah! Of his fame we were proud, Oh! Grief, grief in the whole world, tearing him away, we are beheaded! This grief struck us suddently, ah! Alas, who knows for what fault? Oh! Our kinsman he was, Why ever did he struck us with such grief? In Grief and despair, ah! tears choke us, Oh! He, who kept up our stock, for what fault, now does he extinguish it? Ah! Oh!
Oh! precious he was, knife wounds, oh misfortune, he suffered so much! In Silence, never uttering an insult! Ah! Oh! You, kinsman, you have beheaded us, Oh! You, great affliction you have given us, Ah! Oh!

Ismail Kadare "Having left, for various reasons, the homeland of epic, they were uprooted like trees overthrown, they had lost their heroic character and deep-seated virtue."

“There is no strength but that which is destructive, because man has lost his virtues, and only respects force, which he himself cannot counteract.”
― Marcus Ó Garvey

[Iranian royal family said, Galek spoken in Iran is still conversational with modern Irish Gaelic, Gaelach. So whatever is going on there, the Gaelic would appear to be incorrupted from Iran to Ireland, at least in morality and language? Something those Gangs might want to think about if they are being deceived by Mussolini types again, their Fisi or whatever.]

Celtic groups began a south-eastern movements into the Balkan peninsula from the fourth century BCE. From their new bases in northern Illyria and Pannonia, the celtic Gallic invasions climaxed in the early third century BCE, with the invasions of Macedonia, Thrace and Greece. According to legends, 300 000 Celts moved into Italy and Illyria (“The Celts: A history” by Daithi O Hogain). By the III century, the native inhabitants of Pannonia were almost completely Celticized (Pannonia and Upper Moesia. A History of the Middle Danube Provinces of the Roman Empire. A Mocsy, S Frere). One of the most influential tribes of the Balkans, the Scordiskoi, had established their capital at Singidunum in 3rd century BC. Taking into consideration the Cletic tribe Skordiskoi, so much present in Dardania (modern Kosova) from the 3 century BC and its …ending "-oi", common on both tribe names, we may guess that we have to deal, like on the case of Japodes, a mixing Celto-Illyrian tribe, with Dardanian- Celtic symbiosis of two tribes.

http://arbenia.forumotion.com/t347-albanian-language-and-the-connection-with-the-q-celtic-keltoi-languages

An Leabhar Muimhneach Translated 1703 Rev. Eóghan Ó Caoimh Parish priest and Poet of Doneraile, North Cork
When the time came for the child to be born, the druid said, "Daughter, if it is today that you shall bear the child, he shall be a druid; but if he is not born until tomorrow, the child shall be [chief] and his descendants shall be a royal race."

Muncha said: "My son shall not be born until tomorrow so that he shall be [chief]. The daughter of [the Druid] Dil's then goes to the River Suir, to Ath Hisil on the Suir. There was a great flagstone in the middle of the ford there - she lay flat on the stone until daybreak on the following day. It is time now, O daughter - said her father, "to bear the child."

The wonderful talented youth was then born, in the middle of the flagstone that is Fiacha [debt] Muilleathan [flat-headed] - father of all the Eóghanachta (tribe of [Eógan] Owen). Noble was the youth then born - Fiacha Fer da Liach i.e., Fiacha the Man of two Sorrows; his father was slain the day after his conception, his mother on the day of his birth...
Good was the [chief] Fiacha Muilleathan
A great territory the Half [Leath Mhogha] over which he ruled
He brought hostages from Tara the Strong To Rathfuim to Rath Naoi
Though he was great; Cormac Ua Cuinn
He bowed to the [chief] of Tir Duinn (Munster)
http://www.iol.ie/~kevnilse/eoghantx.html

Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: [chief] and warrior, god and man, in Studia Celtica XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44. As cited in [chiefing] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh: Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts.

from Tomás Ó Cathasaigh of Harvard University, Coire Sois, The Cauldron of Knowledge: A Companion to Early Irish Saga
...Cath Maige Tuired 'The Battle of Mag Tuired' (Gray 1982), which is by common consent the most important of our mythological tales. The text that has come down would seem to be a composite work put together by an eleventh or twelfth century redactor mainly from ninthcentury material (Murphy 1955, 19), and it deals with a conflict between the Túatha Dé Danann and the Fomoiri, culminating in a great battle at Mag Tuired (Moytirra, Co. Sligo) in which the Túatha Dé Danann are victorious. This battle is included in the schema of legendary prehistory which came to be known as Leabhar Gabhála Éireann 'The Book of the Taking of Ireland', often referred to as 'The Book of Invasions', and which tells of six prehistoric invasions of Ireland (Rees & Rees 1961, 104). It is also concerned with the origin of physical features, boundaries, and names, and with the genesis of Irish customs and institutions. The last three 'invasions' were those of the Fir Bolg, Túatha Dé Danann, and the Children of Míl or Gaels. The 'first' battle of Mag Tuired was fought

between the Túatha Dé Danann and the Fir Bolg. Our text is concerned with the ‘second’ battle, in which the Túatha Dé Danann vanquished the Fomoiri. The Túatha Dé Danann (‘The Tribes of the Goddess Danu’) are in large measure Irish reflexes of the gods of the Celts, and it is possible to see among them some intimations of a Celtic pantheon (Mac Cana 1970, 23–41). The Fomoiri, whose name derives from fo ‘under’ + mor ‘spectre’, are malevolent and somewhat shadowy personages. The hero of the Túatha Dé Danann, the young god who leads them to victory at Mag Tuired, is Lug, the Irish reflex of a Celtic god who is commemorated in numerous Continental placenames, and whose Welsh equivalent is called Lleu. …

...In Cath Maige Tuired, Lug comes as a stranger to Tara, traditionally the seat of the [chiefs] of Ireland, and seeks admittance to Núadu’s court. He is opposed by an official of Núadu’s, who asks him repeatedly to name a skill that would entitle him to enter Tara. Lug names a remarkable number of skills, one by one, and is told each time that there is already a practitioner of that skill in Tara. He is not to be bested, however: he asks whether there is anyone in Tara who possesses all of those skills, and of course there is no such person. The [chief] then decrees that Lug should be admitted to Tara. At first Lug sits in the sage’s seat, but Núadu decides that Lug will be just the one to liberate the Túatha Dé Danann from the depradations of the Fomoiri. He therefore changes places with Lug, who thus becomes [chief]. Lug’s father was Cían of the Túatha Dé Danann and his mother was a daughter of Balor of the Fomoiri. Balor had a destructive eye that would disable an entire army if they looked at it. In the decisive act of the battle, Lug casts a sling stone at Balor’s eye that carries it through his head, so that it is the Fomoiri that look at it. Balor dies, and by killing his own maternal grandfather, Lug ensures victory for the Tuatha Dé Danann. He goes on to spare Bres’s life, and in return Bres has to reveal the secrets....

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh: Lug is the paragon of [chiefing]: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture.

A fili enjoyed full nemed status in early Irish society and his satire, if legitimate, ‘played an important part in the early Irish system of justice, being one of the pressures which make people - particularly of high rank - obey the law’ (Kelly, 1988, 138). Uraicecht Becc provides us with a defence of legitimate satire in place of weapons: Cid fodera breath do breith a deda don filidh?… coir a breith a filidaecht asa besgna buidhdein, uairais e a primdan buidhein filidhecht. Coir dana a breath do a besgna na flatha no lochta na tuaithi, uair is e doni a moladh dligteach du gach grad isin tuaith, ocus is e tobdigus a seodu eichni doib amuig, i fail i tinchaidter renda aer ocus na tinchaiter renda arm ‘What is the reason that judgment is given by two rights to the poet?…it is proper to give it to him from poetry, by his own right, because poetry is his own special art. It is proper also, to give it to him by the right of the chiefs, or of the people of the territory, for it is he that composes his lawful praise for every grade in the territory, and it is he that levies their lawful (?) ‘seds’ for them from territories without, in places where points of satire are attended to, and where points of arms are not attended to (CIH II, ll.7-12, trans. ALI, 13).
-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

Alexei Khondratiev
“Both the wren and the raven have ties to Lúgh, the leader of the Dánann side; and he here fulfills his usual role by restoring the rightful ruler and pairing him off with the woman who is the [health] of the Land.

Coire Filíochta based on translation by Liam Breatnach Ériu, Vol. 32 (1981), pp. 45-93 (50 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy Mine is the Proper Cauldron of Goiriath [goriath, i.e. 'it has closed off great falsehood', i.e. 'near to me in every land'] warmly the Good God has given it to me out of the mysteries of the elements a noble privilege which ennobles the breast is the fine speech which pours from it. I being white-kneed, blue-shanked, grey bearded Amairgen, let the work of my goriath in similes and comparisons be related — since the Good God does not equally provide for all, inclined, upside-down (or) upright — no knowledge, partial knowledge (or) full knowledge in order to compose poetry for Éber and Donn with many great chantings, of masculine, feminine and neuter, of the signs for double letters, long vowels and short vowels, (this is) the way by which is related the nature of my cauldron.

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmae [movement] with understandings of grace with accumulations of knowledge with strewings of imbas, [the great knowledge which illumines] the estuary of wisdom the uniting of scholarship the stream of splendour the exalting of the un-noticed ones the mastering of language quick understanding the darkening of speech artificer of coimcne [all the ancestral and practical mutual wisdom] the cherishing of pupils, where what is due is attended to where senses are distinguished where one approaches musical art where knowledge is propagated where the calm and gentle and capable are enriched where the good people who have gone unnoticed gain notice and respect where legendary names are exalted where praises are related by lawful means with distinctions of competencies according to the needs of the people with pure estimation of nobility with the fair speech of wise people with streams of scholarship, a noble brew which is brewed the basis of all knowledge which is set out according to law which is advanced to after study which imbas quickens which joy converts which is revealed through sorrow ; it is an enduring power whose protection does not diminish.

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmae. The Cauldron of Érmae grants, is granted nourishes, is nourished magnifies, is magnified requests, is requested acclaims, is acclaimed preserves, is preserved arranges, is arranged supports, is supported. Good is the source of measuring good is the acquisition of speech good is the confluence of power which builds up strength. It is greater than any domain, it is better than any patrimony, it brings one to wisdom, it separates one from fools.

pretty mostly mostly the translation of Erynn Rowan Laurie My true Coire Éirme/Cauldron of Incubation It has been taken by the ancestors from the mysteries of the elemental abyss A fitting decision that ennobles one from one's center that pours forth a terrifying stream of speech from the mouth.
I am Amirgen White-knee pale of substance, gray of hair, accomplishing my incubation in proper poetic forms in diverse color. The ancestors do not apportion the same to everyone -- tipped, inverted, right-side-up; no knowledge, half-knowledge, fullknowledge -- for Eber and Donn, the making of fearful poetry, vast, mighty draughts of deathspells in active voice, in passive silence, in the neutral balance between, in the proper construction of rhyme, in this way it narrates the path and function of my coire (cauldron). I sing of the Coire Fhís (Cauldron of Wisdom) which bestows the merit of every art, through which treasure increases, which magnifies every common artisan, which builds up a person through their gift...

“When Balor heard Bres's story he rallied to his aid for he knew that without Bres on the throne in Ireland, his own tyranny and extortion would be threatened. He assembled a fleet so big it could form an unbroken bridge from its farthest island across to Ireland." -Marie Heaney

Bres the Beautiful: It was my own fault. My injustice, arrogance, and greed brought about my downfall! I put taxes on the culchies they had never paid before, and I reduced them to poverty and hunger. I have only myself to blame for what has happened.

CATH MAIGE TUIRED The Second Battle of Mag Tuired Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray ...after

Bres had assumed the sovereignty, three Fomorian [chiefs] (Indech mac De Domnann, Elatha mac Delbaith, and Tethra) imposed their tribute upon Ireland-and there was not a smoke from a house in Ireland which was not under their tribute. In addition, the warriors of Ireland were reduced to serving him: Ogma beneath a bundle of firewood and the Dagda as a rampartbuilder, and he constructed the earthwork around Bres's fort. 26. Now the Dagda was unhappy at the work

Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves "Who is this upstart," Balor roared...?" His wife Ceithlinn of the Crooked Teeth, answered him. "I know well who he is from the description these men give of him, and it is bad news of us. He is our own grandson, the son of our daughter, Eithlinn, and he is known as Lugh of the Long Arm. It has been foretold that he will banish the Fomorians from Ireland for all time, and it will be at his hand that you, Balor, will meet your end!" Meanwhile Lugh and Nuada had begun to make plans for battle, too, for they knew what Balor would try.
They called together all the people who possessed special skills, and Lugh asked each one what contribution they would make toward the struggle....”

Luighidh iolar ar uathadh. Ní féidir an dúchas a cheilt.

We're suffering from post traumatic stress disorder
Look at all our old men in the pubs
Look at all our young people on drugs
We used to worship God [Almighty] as a mother
Now look at what we're [God [Almighty]] doing to each other
We've even made killers of ourselves
The most child-like trusting people in the Universe
And this is what's wrong with us
Our history books the parent figure lied to us
And if there ever is gonna be healing
There has to be remembering
And then grieving
So that there then can be forgiving
There has to be knowledge and understanding
See we're like a child that's been battered Has to drive itself out of it's head because it's frightened
Still feels all the painful feelings But they lose contact with the memory

--Shuhada’ Sadaqat

Ngu˜egi˜ wa Thiong'o Decolonising the Mind "
Language as communication and as culture are products of each other. Communication creates culture: culture is a means of communication."

Give me hope Help me cope,
with this..
Trying to... reach you...
--George Harrison

An té nach mbeireann ar an ngnó beireann an gnó air. Ní féidir an seanfhocal a shárú.
'Níl sa saol ach gaoth agus toit.'

Ósgur Ó Ciardha ..
'I lost patience. I was sick of the same old conversations with strangers every time I went out ...I was exhausted from the passing remarks about the language we use. It was as if people didn’t believe that people like me could exist, and that I was trying to pull some sort of [swindle] by

speaking Irish.
I was raised in the Irish language; I feel more comfortable, more confident and happier in myself when I speak Irish. Even though I'm surrounded by English, it's not my language at all.'

Marshall McLuhan "Many a good argument is ruined by some fool who knows what [they are] talking about."

Language is the thread of guidance into the known world, it is how we come to know ourselves. Armed with her diving accouterment, the speaker also arms herself with language: "The words are purposes. / The words are maps." Without this "map" we are purposeless and lost. Language is the thread that keeps continuity with the past and present. Words are the bridge between the Spiritual and Physical. — Amber C. Snider, How Silently Sheela-Na-Gig Speaks: Memory, Mythos, and the Female Body

Silently Sheela-Na-Gig Speaks: Memory, Mythos, and the Female Body Amber C. Snider Graduate Center, City University of New York 3 Meitheamh 2014
...when silencing occurs, the myth is broken. The myth can be passed on not only through language, but also through ritual, that is, involvement with the body. The act of storytelling through ritual is essential to ensure cultural regeneration. "Riddles and sophisticated wordplay are a reminder of the origin of all sacred mysteries: Breath, or the Word itself" (Sharkey, 13).

Perhaps this is telling of why the Eucharist in Catholicism is so important—it is a repeated act of the body; a ritual that involves not only the Word, but the Body in unity. The Catholic Church acknowledges only one distinct female presence in its sacred rituals— The Virgin Mary. Yet Mary's voice, like the voice of most women in mythos, has been lost in time and buried in the rubble of patriarchal penmanship.

But Mary had a body too, and was first a woman before she was a mother. One cannot discount, or exclude the physical presence of this body. Going back to the image of the Sheela, whether she is a symbol of vulgarity or fecundity, the Sheela-Na-Gig's primal presence points out a larger cultural question: does the problem of interpreting this symbol, and subsequently female myths as a whole, lie in the modern cultural reception of the female body? The Sheela-Na-Gig represents an actual body, a figure of a woman, either haggard or healthy, exaggerated and never understated, but always distinctly female. To cast this off as mere representation, or mere myth, is to subjugate the body itself....

THE ELEGY AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD. From introduction to poems of Aoghán Ó Rathaille Fr. Patrick Dineen and Tadhg O'Donoghue, 1911 As many poems in this collection are Elegies or deathsongs for persons of distinction, it may be well to give some account of this species of composition, and of the mourning for the dead, as practised from time immemorial in Ireland. ... The mourner seems to have been generally a woman, gifted with a plaintive voice, and able to put her thoughts into verse without much pre-meditation. The bean bean chaointe as she was called in Munster, was in constant attendance during the time that elapsed between the formal laying-out of the corpse for waking and the burial. Other mourners came and went in groups. Some came from a distance, and, on entering the house of death, set up a loud wail, which they continued all together over the corpse for some time. It is not easy to imagine anything more solemn and plaintive than this wail. Some, indeed, joined in it who felt no natural sorrow for the dead ; but even these had griefs of their own which gave sincerity to their mourning once the flood-gates of sorrow were open.The men seldom joined in the funeral chorus, and only those whose near connexion with the dead inspired real sorrow, or who were specially gifted with a wailing voice. The bean chaointe often filled up the interval between successive wailings by chanting an extempore dirge in praise of the dead, or of his living relations, or in denunciation of his enemies. These dirges, which not

unfrequently reached a high pitch of pathos and eloquence, were eagerly listened to, and treasured in the memory. Sometimes there were two such mourners, each introduced by one of the factions into which a family was too often divided. They used to pour forth their mutual recriminations in verse, often of great point and satire, on behalf of the faction they represented ; so that sometimes the bean chaointe Keening woman, the smoother outer became a bean cháinte. Satirist, lampooner, condemner, censurer, sanctioner...
...Sometimes a near relative of the deceased was bean chaointe ; and here genuine sorrow would often produce a strain of great pathos. Similes like the following would be thrown out in the ecstasy of grief : — My heart is oppressed with grief...When the key has been lost, And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it.

From Bean Chaointe to Fear Léinn: 'The Lament for Art O'Leary' Julie K. Marren Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Vol. 13 (1993), pp. 49-53 The Gaelic woman's contribution to the oral tradition of Ireland included laments or caointe, some of which survive today in written form. The only reason that it is possible to study caointe today is because they have been transcribed, but the arrangement of the written texts has clouded our twentieth - century perception of this oral tradition. As Angela Bourke writes, "Scholars of Irish studying lament poetry have focused on the available texts, often to the neglect of their contexts

The wren serves to remind us of an aspect of Lúgh that is too often eclipsed by his heroic appearance in so many of the Irish literary tales: that he is lú, "little", easily dismissed before his powers have been revealed. The wren, too, despite his tiny size, is a "[chief]", the [chief] of all birds: in a folktale known throughout Eurasia (including the Celtic lands) he gains that title through trickery, stowing away on the eagle's back during a contest of which bird can fly the highest, and then flying up when the eagle has exhausted himself and can go no higher.
The symbolism of the wren helps us understand one of the symbols associated with Lugus in his earliest manifestations: the mistletoe, who is the smallest of all trees, yet grows at the top of the tallest tree, the oak, and is thus closest of all the trees to heaven. It is also green in winter, when the oak itself is bare, so that it manifests life even in the midst of death.

There is a striking similarity between Lugus and Vishnu, who first appears in the Vedas as very much a "little" god, but one capable of saving the day during the great battle against the fertility-withholding monster Vrtra because of his unique talent of creating new space in the universe with his steps...'

Brian Friel’s Translations
Yolland :...There were no longer any frontiers to man’s potential. Possibilities were endless and exciting. He still believes that. The Apocalypse is just about to happen… I’m afraid I’m a great disappointment to him. I’ve neither his energy, nor his coherence, nor his belief. Do I believe in fate? The day I arrived in Ballybeg - no, Baile Beag - the moment you brought me in here, I had a curious sensation. It’s difficult to describe. It was a momentary sense of discovery; no - not quite a sense of discovery - a sense of recognition, of confirmation of something I half knew instinctively; as if I had stepped… Owen: Back into ancient time? Yolland: No, no. It wasn’t an awareness of direction being changed but of experience being of a totally different order. I had moved into a consciousness that wasn’t striving nor agitated, but at its ease and with its own conviction and assurance. And when I heard Jimmy Jack and your father swapping stories about Apollo and Cuchulainn and Paris and Ferdia - as if they lived down the road - it was then that I thought - I knew - perhaps I could live here… (now embarrassed) Where’s the pot-een? Owen: Poteen? Yolland stands up from the stairs and begins to pace around. A look of sad realization dawns on his face. Yolland: Poteen - poteen - poteen. Even if I did speak Irish I’d always be an outsider here, wouldn’t I? I may learn the password but the language of the tribe will always elude me, won’t it? The private core will always be… hermetic, won’t it? Yolland leans back down against the creele.

Owen: You can learn to decode us.

In Silva Gadelica and Lay of Oisin on Tir na Nog the form Niamh occurs, but in Feast of Bricrin, p. 35, the name is Niab, daughter of Celtchar Mac Utfhechair. Late in the Irish historic period Niamh was a favourite female name. Nemphe, which is the name for Blackwater in the Life of Mochuda, is merely an extended form of Nem. In Lady Gregory's Gods and Fighting Men, there is an Irish tale, in which the Nem and Laoi (Lee) are stated to be two of the twelve chief rivers of Ireland. From the word Nem is also derived Nemid or Neimheadh, who, as son of Agnoman, has a connection with the Great Island of Cork Harbour, which was named Ard Oileain Neimheadh. (See Keating's History, and Rhys' Hibbert Lectures.) From Nem is also Nemid Mac Sruibchenn, chief of the Erne, and second hus band of the wife of Conaire Mor, the father of Cairbre Muse, C. Baschain, and C. Riada. Nemid Mac Sruibchenn and Ingcel are stated to have slain Conaire, and Nemid was slain by the Cairbres in the battle of Cenn Febrat (Ballyhoura Mountains). For particulars see O'Flaherty's Ogygia, SUva Gadelica, Hibbert Lectures, and Togail Bruden Da Derga, which has been translated by Dr. Whitley Stokes. To the root Nem must also be referred Nemthenn, the old name of Athassel, and the source of Nephin, a mountain in Co. Mayo. Ath Nemthenn in Tipperary was the northern boundary of the territory of Muscraighe Breoghain, who were named from Cairbre Muse. For a folk's etymology of Nephin (Nemthenn) see Bodleian Dinnshenchas , p. 33, where the name is stated to be neim tenn, or " strong poison."

The present Irish name for the Blackwater is Abhainn Mhor, or " great river," and it is named Abhuin Mhor by Edward Walsh in his Mo Chraoibhin Cno ("My Cluster of Nuts"). " My heart is far from Liffey's tide, and Dublin town ; It strays beyond the southern side of Cnoc Maol Donn, Where Ceapa Chuinn hath woodlands green, Where Abhuin Mhor's waters flow, Where dwells, unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno. Low clustering in her leafy green, Mo Chraoibhin Cno."

Dr. Joyce says that abhainn, which corresponds with Sanskrit avani, is in much more general use than abh, and it is the common appellative in the language for a river. The Abhainn Mhor of Co. Cork is often called Broadwater by early Anglo-Irish writers, and the word abhain has, according to Dr. Joyce, three different forms in the genitive, viz., abhann, abhanna and aibhne. Abhann or abhand also occurs as nominative, thus in Mesca Ulad, p. 14, " Dar Findsruth ris a n-apar aband h Cathbath," "across Findsruth (bright river), which is 'called the river of O'Cathbad " (Owen O'Coffey or Nenagh river, in Co. TipperaFy). In SUva Gadelica, p. 188, is mentioned Abhann Deise, or " river of the two persons." Dr. Joyce says that there are many streamlets in the South of Ireland, but none in the North, named Abh. Awbeg, or " little ab," is near Doneraile, and Abh na gcaerach is the sheep river of Fermoy district, and Finnow, or "bright ab," is near Ballyclough. The Blackwater is termed Awniduff by Spenser. " There was the Liffy rolling down the lea, The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrion; The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea; The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitful Ban. Swift Awniduff, which of the English man Is cal' de Blackwater, and the Liffar deep ; Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran ; Strong Alio tombling from Slewlogher steep, And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep." Callanan says : " Avondu means the Blackwater (Avunduff of Spenser). It rises in a boggy mountain called Meenganine (in Co. Kerry), and discharges itself into the sea at Youghall. For the length of its course and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior, I believe, to any river in Munster. It is subject to very high floods." The following is the opening verse of Callanan's " Sweet Avondu," but Avondu has been taken from Spenser : — '! On Cleada's hill the moon is bright, Dark Avondu still rolls in light; All changeless is that mountain's head, That river still seeks ocean's bed. The calm blue waters of Loch Leanc Still kiss their own sweet isles of green, But where's the heart as firm and true As hill, or lake, or Avondu?"

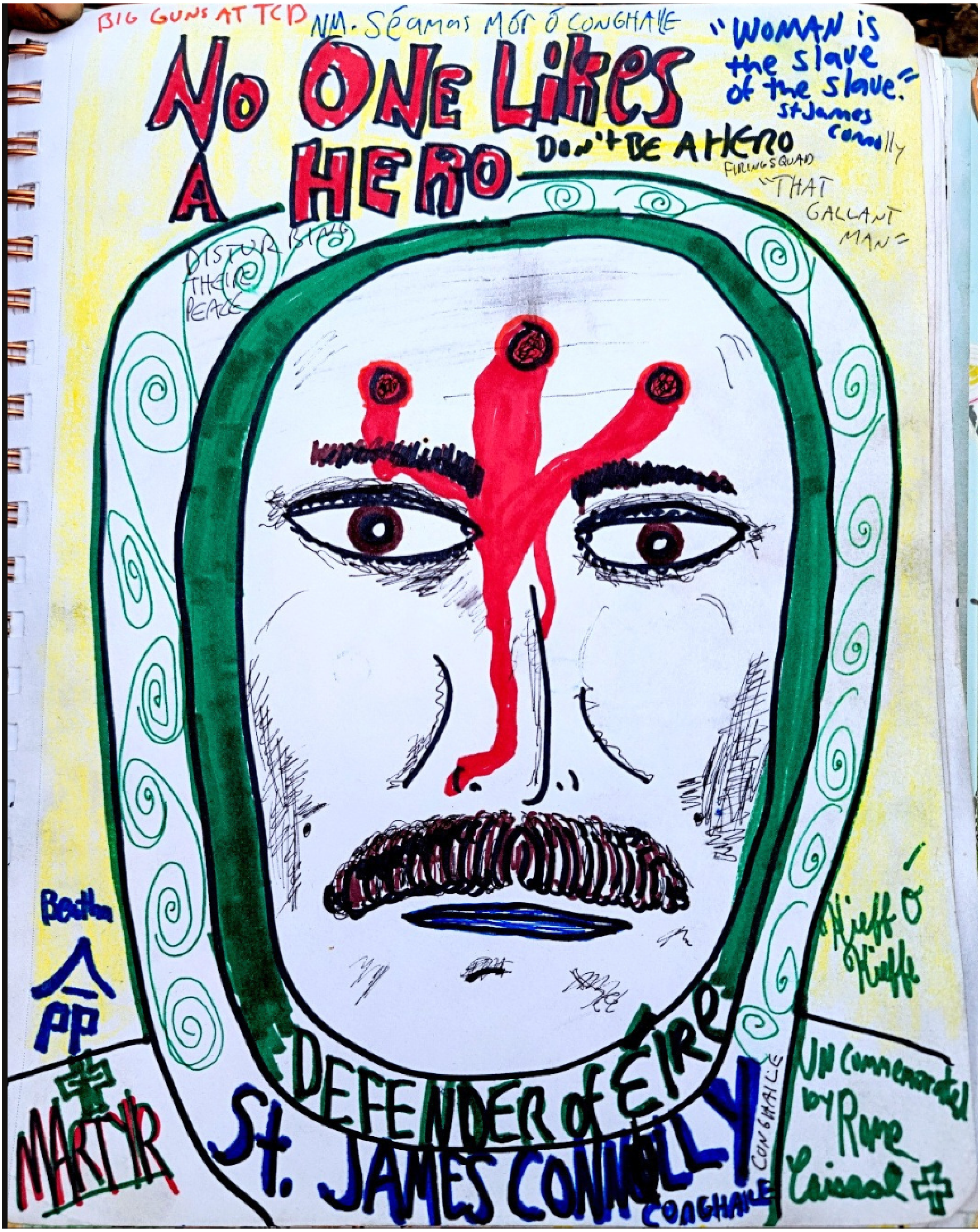
From O'Heerin's Topographical Poem I take the following, in which there is mention of the Abhainn

Mor :— " Fuair O' hAoda do brond ba, Muscraighe leathan Luachra ; Fine glan fhuinn an ghloir ghil, Imon Abhainn Moir Maighrigh. " "Oh Aodha, who bestowed cows, has got The wide Muscraighe Luachra; A tribe of fine land and high renown, About the salmon-full Abhainn Mor." Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

...Borlase (Dolmens of Ireland, Hi., 90) says that Windele (Topog. of Desmond, p. 151) has attached a legend to Glenna Bo, near Ballyhooly, and according to Silva Gadelica there was a Loch Bo on the Ballyhoura mountains. The Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen (Irish Dictionary), under Bothar, says that Bothar Bo Finne, or "Road of the White Cow," was an Irish name for the Milky Way. For another reference to Milky Way, see Hibbert Lectures, p. 300. Windele says that Cullinagh, or holly district, is near Coolnamucky, being to the east, and that west of Hollymount is a large square fort. The parish of Ballyhooly is also named Aghultie by Lewis, which is the name he gives the Prebend in his account of Cloyne. Aghultie is from the Irish Ath Ubhla, which became Athull, Aghuld, Aghultie, and so thus the old name of the ford is preserved. Colonel Grove White remarks that the castle was built on the rock for the purpose of guarding the ford, and instructed by his military knowledge, I assume that the Irish had also a fort on this rock for the same purpose, and a very important fort it must have been owing to the importance of the great road which here crossed the great river of Feara Maighe Fene.

In connection with the name Dun Manann, which is very important, Dr. O'Donovan says that the name is now obsolete in the Fermoy district, but that it was evidently the name of the chief residence of O'Dubhagain, who possessed about the northern half of the territory of Feara Muighe Feine, being seated between O'Keeffe and the Ui Fidhgenti. There is also another reference to Manannan in O'Heerin's Poem, in which, I think, the reference is misunderstood by O'Donovan :— "Muintir Baire an bhrogha ghil, Do Clannaibh Fothaidh arrocothigh ; O'Baire ar thir na tuinne, Ca haille min Manainne. " "Muintir Bhaire of the fair fort, Of the race of the warlike Fothadh ; O'Baire is over this land of the sea, Is the plain of Manainn fairer?" O'Donovan thinks that Magh Manainne is the plain in Fermoy on which Dun Manann was erected, but it seems to me that here Magh Manainne must be Magh Mor, or "great plain," called also Magh Mell, or " pleasant plain," and which in numerous tales is connected with Manannan. Muintir Bhaire is a tribal district in the parish of Kilcroghane in West Cork. It is not easy to trace those things of old to their true source, and at every step we make we are liable to fall. The Teutons have been working at their tales since the year 1555, when Olaus Magnus published his Historia gentium Septentrionalium, and very little work has yet been done by the Celts in Ireland, and the amount of work that has to be done in the Celtic field is simply appalling, but now as we have begun at Feara Maighe Feine and Duthaigh Ealla, we shall, I hope, keep at work in these important districts, comparing Irish name with Irish name, and Irish tale with Irish tale, and the old things of Ireland with the old things of other lands, and thus: "We shall tread the dust of ages, Musing dream-like on the past, Seeking on the broad earth's pages For the shadows time hath cast ; Waking up some ancient story, From each prostrate shrine or hall, Old traditions of a glory Earth may never more recall."

“Here we are now, entertain us.” — Kurt Ó Cobain


BIG GUNS AT TCD
NM. Séamas Mór Ó Conghaile
No One Likes A HERO
DON'T BE A HERO
FIRING SQUAD
"WOMAN is the slave of the slave." St James Connolly
"THAT GALLANT MAN"
DISTURBING THEIR PEACE
Beatha
命
MARTYR
DEFENDER of ÉIRE
St. JAMES CONNOLLY
CONGHAILE
CONGHAILE
Nieff Ó Nieff
UN commemorated by Rune Caiseal

irisharchaeology.ie 29 Márta 2017 These Old Irish names are taken from the country's corpus of ogham stones. Consisting of a series of incised linear lines, ogham represents Ireland's very earliest form of writing. It is typically found on standing stones, especially in the the south and southwest of the country, where there is a remarkable concentration of these monuments. The monoliths generally commemorate named individuals and it is likely that the stones originally marked burials spots or tribal boundaries. Most of the ogham stones were erected between the 5th and 6th centuries AD...

BALLINGARRY OGHAM STONE reads "Mailagni Maqi Gamati".
Dated 366 - 433 AD

[Filidecht and Coimgne by Sean Mac Airt, Ériu,Vol. 18 (1958), pp. 139- 152.
'In the traditional view of the growth of history, coimgne ranks with the early inventions ascribed to the [chiefs] of Munster. These discoveries are in turn gold and silver, , fessa and forbessa, memorials in Ogam (cuimni i nogmaib), pillar-stones (coirthi) for marking boundaries, and (jointly) coimgne and filidecht. ']

Name: Son/Devotee of the Rowan Tree (Maqi-Carattinn). Ogham stone: Cloghanecarhan, Co. Kerry Name: Wolf Singer (Quanacanos). Ogham stone: Island, Co. Mayo Name: Respecter of (the god) Lugh (Lugudeccas). Ogham stone: Ardmore, Co. Waterford
Name: Little Seal (Ronann). Ogham stone: Arraglen, Co. Kerry Name: Living Fire/Fire Alive (Bivodon). Ogham stone: Kilbeg, Co. Waterford Name: Little Badger (Broccan). Ogham Stone: Kilmalkedar, Co. Kerry Name: Raven Born (Branogenos). Ogham Stone: Barnaveddoge, Co. Louth Name: (he who has) The Strength of a Wolf/Hound (CUNOGUSSU). Ogham Stone: Ahalisky, Co. Cork Name: Son of the Yew Tree (Ivageni). Ogham stone: Mount Russell, Co. Tipperary Name: Heron (Corre). Ogham Stone: Coolinheagh. Ogham stone: Glebe, Co. Cork Name: Devotee/Son of the deity Erc , possible a cow [Bean Sí] (Maqi-Ercias). Ogham Stone: Coumeenole North, Co. Kerry Name: Flame (Dego[s]). Ogham Stone: Coolmagort, Co. Kerry Name: Chief in Battle (Catabar). Ogham stone: Ballyquin, Co. Waterford Name: Winter Wolf/Hound (Gamicunus). Ogham Stone: Lugnagappul, Co. Kerry
http://irisharchaeology.ie/2017/03/raven-born-wolf-singer-some-old-irish-names-from-ogham-stones/

Tales of the Fairies AND OF THE GHOST WORLD COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION IN SOUTH-WEST MUNSTER BY JEREMIAH CURTIN 1895
THE FAIRIES OF RAHONAIN AND ELIZABETH SHEA When the company came to my room on the following evening the host brought a fourth man, Maurice Lynch, a mason, who knew a good deal about ghosts and fairies. When he bade me good-bye the night before John Malone promised to open the present session with a tale which he knew to be true, for the chief actors in it were friends of his own, " and himself was in it also." The tale was called forth by a question concerning a practice among the fairies (quite common it seems) of carrying away living people and leaving substitutes in place of them.
It seems that these substitutes are corpses when the persons borne away are marriageable young women. When a married woman is removed a deceased counterfeit is left to take her place. When an infant is stolen a living imitation of the child is put in the cradle. The substitute seems to the parents their own child, but to any one who has the fairy vision the fraud appears in its true form.

About thirty years ago, said the old man. there lived in a village near Rahonain Castle a man named James Kivane, a step-brother of my own, and he married a woman called Elizabeth Shea. Three or four nights after her second child was born Kivane's wife, who was attended by her own mother and her mother-in-law, woke and saw the bed on fire. She called to the mother, who was there at the bedside, but had fallen asleep.

The mother sprang up, and, turning towards the hearth, saw a cat with the face of a man on her, and was frightened, but she had no time to look longer at the cat. When she had the fire quenched she looked for the cat, but not a trace of her could they find in the house, and they never caught a sight of her again.

Two days later the young child died, and three or four days after that the woman had a terrible pain in her foot. It swelled to a great size, and where the swelling was the skin looked like the bark of a tree.

The poor woman suffered terribly. They sent for the priest many times, and spent money for masses. They offered one priest twenty pounds to cure her, but he said that if all the money in the [chiefing] were offered he would have nothing to do with the case. He was afraid of getting a [Cat Sí Piseóg] himself...

http://www.maryjones.us/jce/tlachtga.html

“All who hear should understand that no person’s suffering can be measured against another person’s suffering. It can be extremely damaging if anyone makes comparisons. Combat veterans frequently doubt that they are worthy of treatment, knowing other vets who are worse off now or went through worse than they did. Many survivors of trauma obstruct their own healing by placing themselves in 'hierarchies of suffering', usually to their own disadvantage.” ― Jonathan Shay, Achilles in Vietnam: Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character

“Unless some insider got all of this down on paper, I figured, no future human would believe that it had happened.” —Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine
Name: Champion of Wolves/Hounds (Cun[a]netas). Ogham Stone: Island, Co. Waterford Name: Thunder (Brusccos). Ogham stone: Emlagh East, Co. Kerry Name: Black Raven (Branaddov). Ogham stone: Gearha South, Co. Cork Name: Battle Man (Cattuvir). Ogham Stone: Dromore III, Co. Waterford Name: Champion of (the god) Segamo (Neta Segamonas). Ogham Stone: Ardmore, Co. Waterford.

monreaghulsterscotscentre.com
'So why is this beautiful area named The Poisoned Glen? ...Another story is that the [chief] of Tory, Balor, had a gorgeous daughter who he kept closed away in a Tower out of men’s view. However, word of her beauty spread and she was kidnapped and brought to Magheroarty. Balor followed and got her and killed her kidnapper with a giant stone. At the entrance to The Poisoned Glen one such stone stands, and it is said to be the poisoned eye of Balor.'

Another version:The poisoned glen is where Balor is defeated, there’s all these multicolored rocks in the landscape looking like the poison was dispersed from his poison eye. Right next to that is Dún Lúiche, Lú’s fort. It’s Lú who defeats Balor. Lú means small. The underdog, the downtrodden. It’s the David to the Goliath. Lú to Balor the Evil Mastermind and Bress the Beautiful.

An Pocán is celebrated in a timeless [chiefing] festival, Aonach an Phoic, held every year in Cill Orglan in the [chiefing] of Kerry in the middle of the month we call Lúnasa. Lúnasa is named after Lú, uniter of the clans, who is the mixed grandson of the oppressor Balor (in some versions) and who overthrows him. Fionn Mac Cumhal stories are also used to express those truths. Chief Arthur Pendragon is a fourth 'poetic universal' or 'imaginative representation' in the words of Giambattista Vico, Principi di Scienza Nuova,1725, that fits the same description.

'When they could not achieve this by logical abstraction, they did it by imaginative representation. To these poetic universals they reduced all the particular species belonging to each genus, as to Jove everything concerning the auspices, to Juno everything touching marriage, and so on.'

from a " Fragment " preserved in the Codex Salmanticensis : " Who can describe the virtues of St. Brendan—his humility and meekness ; his charity and tender compassion ; his patience and gentleness ; his fasting and abstinence ; his constant assiduity in prayer? Because he had perfectly fulfilled all the Commandments of Christ, and had faithfullypractised all those virtues and many others of a like nature, the Blessed Brendan, in a good old age, among choirs of angels, with great joy and triumph, amid gleaming lights and choral psalmody, departed unto the Lord, to whom be all honour and glory for ever and ever ! Amen." DENIS O'DONOGHUE, P.P. 1895 Brendaniana

'Áer is traditionally translated as 'satire' and has been the focus of a certain amount of attention in medieval Irish studies in recent times. DIL (10) defines áer as '(a) cutting, incising; (b) act of satirising, lampooning, defaming'. It also refers to the word rind/rindad 'cut, cutting' for comparison, and this Dillon (1953a, 82, note on l.10) translates as 'point' which in turn equates with the modern Irish word rinn, meaning 'point, tip', i.e. rinn sleá, rinn claímh 'point of spear, point of sword' (Ó Dónaill, 1977, 1001). Thus áer has affinities with rind(ad). Binchy (1941, 69) describes áer as a 'formidable weapon with which members of the poetic orders (grád fhiled) enforced claims either on their own behalf or on behalf of other persons who employed them…To satirize a person without lawful ground is a delict which entitles the victim to recover the full amount of his honour-price as a penalty'.......We understand, therefore, that satires such as this were believed to contain a demonic power which had the capacity to cause the death of the victim. Whether this story is true or not does not matter, for tradition accepted it and that is what makes it significant; the 'word could kill; and in popular belief it did kill' (Elliott, 1960, 15)....
-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth, July 2007

Boys Of Barr Na Sráide
from Christy Moore

Author: Sigerson Clifford

Ivy Ruler

Oh, the town, it climbs the mountains and looks upon the sea
At sleeping time or waking time, it's there I'd like to be.
To walk again those kindly streets, the place where life began,
With the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

With cudgels stout they roamed about to hunt for the dreólín*
We searched for birds in every furze from Litir to Dooneen.
We danced for joy beneath the sky, life held no print nor plan
When the Boys of Barr na Sráide went hunting for the wren.

And when the hills were bleedin' and the rifles were aflame
To the rebel homes of Kerry the Saxon strangers came,
But the men who dared the Auxies and fought the Black-and-Tan
Were the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

But now they toil in foreign soil where they have made their way
Deep in the heart of London or over on Broadway,
And I am left to sing their deeds and praise them while I can
Those Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

And here's a health to them tonight wherever they may be.
By the groves of Carham river or the slope of Bean 'a Tí
John Daly and Batt Andy and the Sheehans, Con and Dan,
And the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

When the wheel of life runs out and peace come over me
Just take me back to that old town between the hills and sea.
I'll take my rest in those green fields, the place where life began,
With those Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

Tom Moore and the Seal Woman

There is a tale in Scotland concerning people of the clan MacCodrum, who were seals in the daytime, but men and woman at night. No man of the MacCodrums, it is said, would kill a seal. The MacCodrums are mentioned in Gaelic as " Clann Mhic Codruim nan rdn " (Clan MacCodrum of the seals). In the village of Kilshanig, two miles north-east of Castlegregory, there lived at one time a fine, brave young man named Tom Moore, a good dancer and singer. 'Tis often he was heard singing among the cliffs and in the fields of a night. Tom's father and mother died and he was alone in the house and in need of a wife. One morning early, when he was at work near the strand, he saw the finest woman ever seen in that part of the [chiefing], sitting on a rock, fast asleep. The tide was gone from the rocks then, and Tom was curious to know who was she or what brought her, so he walked toward the rock. " Wake up ! " cried Tom to the woman ; " if the tide comes 'twill drown you." She raised her head and only laughed. Tom left her there, but as he was going he turned every minute to look at the woman. When he came back he caught the spade, but couldn't work ; he had to look at the beautiful woman on the rock. At last the tide swept over the rock. He threw the spade down and away to the strand with him, but she shpped into the sea and he saw no more of her that time. Tom spent the day cursing himself for not taking the woman from the rock when it was God that sent her to him. He couldn't work out the day. He went home. Tom could not sleep a wink all that night. He was up early next morning and went to the rock. The woman was there. He called to her. No answer. He went up to the rock. " You may as well come home with me now," said Tom. Not a word from the woman. Tom took the hood from her head and said, " I'll have this ! " The moment he did that she cried : " Give back my hood, Tom Moore ! " Indeed I will not, for 'twas God sent you to me, and now that you have speech I'm well satisfied ! And taking her by the arm he led her to the house. The woman cooked breakfast, and they sat down together to eat it. " Now," said Tom, "in the name of God you and I'll go to the priest and get married, for the neighbours around here are very watchful ; they'd be talking." So after breakfast they went to the priest, and Tom asked him to marry them. " Where did you get the wife ? " asked the priest. Tom told the whole story. When the priest saw Tom was so anxious to marry he charged /^$, and Tom paid the money. He took the wife home with him, and she was good a woman as ever went into a man's house. She lived with Tom seven years, and had three sons and two daughters. One day Tom was ploughing, and some part of the plough rigging broke. He thought there were bolts on the loft at home, so he climbed up to get them. He threw down bags and ropes while he was looking for the bolts, and what should he throw down but the hood which he took from the wife seven years before. She saw it the moment it fell, picked it up, and hid it. At that time people heard a great seal roaring out in the sea."Ah," said Tom's wife, "that's my brother looking for me." Some men who were hunting killed three seals that day. All the women of the village ran down to the strand to look at the seals, and Tom's wife with others. She began to moan, and going up to the dead seals she spoke some words to each and then cried out, " Oh, the murder ! When they saw her crying the men said : We'll have nothing more to do with these seals." So they dug a great hole, and the three seals were put into it and covered. But some thought in the night : " 'Tis a great shame to bury those seals, after all the trouble in taking them." Those men went with shovels and dug up the earth, but found no trace of the seals.

All this time the big seal in the sea was roaring. Next day when Tom was at work his wife swept the house, put everything in order, washed the children and combed their hair ; then, taking them one by one, she kissed each. She went next to the rock, and, putting the hood on her head, gave a plunge. That moment the big seal rose and roared so that people ten miles away could hear him. Tom's wife went away with the seal swimming in the sea. All the five children that she left had webs between their fingers and toes, half-way to the tips. The descendants of Tom Moore and the seal woman are living near Castlegregory to this day, and the webs are not gone yet from between their fingers and toes, though decreasing with each generation.'
Tales of the Fairies AND OF THE GHOST WORLD COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION IN SOUTH-WEST MUNSTER BY JEREMIAH CURTIN PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT IN THE STRAND

[Also, confirmed verbally that McAlpine descendants from Scotland have the webbed toes of the Selkeys.]

wikipedia: In the Mabinogion story Lludd and Llefelys, the red dragon fights with an invading White Dragon. His pained shrieks cause women to miscarry, animals to perish and plants to become barren. Lludd, [chief] of Britain, goes to his wise brother Llefelys in France. Llefelys tells him to dig a pit in the centre of Britain, fill it with mead, and cover it with cloth. Lludd does this, and the dragons drink the mead and fall asleep. Lludd imprisons them, still wrapped in their cloth, in Dinas Emrys in Snowdonia (Welsh: Eryri).

A verse that wren-boys say is —

"The blue cuckoo she had but two"
And did not know how to [raise] them
The little wren had nine or ten
She [raised] them up to be fine big men
She [bathed the all with] a bottle of beer
And wished you all a Happy New Year
— Allenwood, Co. Kildare, Teacher: Seán Ó Clúmháin, duchas.ie

When the axe came to the forest, the trees said: “The handle is one of us.”
Armenian proverb

Dan O'Keefe, in an interview on "The Origins of Festivus" on New Day at CNN in 2013 “Actually I didn't want to put it on TV. It was sort of a family disgrace, and then my younger brother let it slip that this went on, so the other writers and Jerry [Seinfeld] said, yeah, "we'd like to give this to America."...The real symbol of the holiday was a clock my dad put in a bag and nailed to the wall every year … I don't know why, I don't know what it means, he would never tell me. He would always say, "That's not for you to know."

Is fearr réchonn ná iarchonn.
Foresight is better than hindsight
In “The real Festivus: the true story behind Americas favorite made-up holiday”, Dan O’Keefe

shows his Dad was trying to express Irish cuimhne, or memory: “...[T]he true theme song of Festivus lies elsewhere. It is a ballad about an Irish [martyr he calls a] terrorist and it is called:
Kevin Barry
In Mountjoy Jail one Monday morning,
High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty…

[Dan O’Keefe says] This ballad combines all the darker elements of Festivus in one sweaty knot: celebration of injustices past, the sense of being surrounded by enemies, a brave refusal to ever cooperate with anyone, a vague affinity with Catholic martyrdom stories, fierce nationalism, and the worship of death. And such a pretty tune!”

Bíonn chuile dhuine lách go dtéann bó ina gharraí.
Everyone is sociable until a cow invades their garden.
You can’t wake a person who is pretending to be asleep.
Diné Navajo proverb

The O'Keefes sitcom [created by Mark O'Keefe], WB, episode 5 Jobs
Lauren O'Keefe: What will we do?
Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry" O'Keefe: We will fight back.
Lauren O'Keefe: Oh, but, we can't beat "them"!
Danny O'Keefe: Yeah, Dad, nobody beats The King, that's his slogan!
Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry"
O'Keefe:The only thing that beats a king ... is an O'Keefe.

Mug Ruith, rígfhili cen goí, ba breithem, ba suí Ro ngabsat Goídil ar [...] Níba rí, ba druí. Servant of the Many, a royal poet without falsehood, was a judge and a sage whom the Gaels took... He was not a (rí) [chief], he was a (draoi) druid. – 2005 Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, John Carey

“Let no voice but your own speak to you from the depths. Let no influence but your own raise you in time of peace and time of war. Hear all, but attend only that which concerns you.”
― Marcus Ó Garvey

By Blarney Kings blindfold the nations,
By Blarney statesmen buy and sell the liberties of the people,
By Blarney politicians degrade and use the people,
By Blarney pretended patriots delude their followers,
By Blarney preachers, poets, divines, liberators are enabled to delude the human race on their own vile and mercenary purposes and sordid vile ends
-duchas.ie

Campbell's "The [Chief] of Assaroe"
"his heart was so heavy the chair broke under him."

Even Minahan ...comparison of " The Woman who went to Hell " with " The Champion of the Red Belt."
Glencolumkill is the extreme south-west corner of Donegal, remote, like Achill and Renvyle. It is chiefly represented by the tales of Pat. Minahan,from whom I obtained more stories than from any other one man. He said he was eighty years of age ; but he was in full possession of all his faculties. He also had a holding on which he still worked industriously.

WEST IRISH FOLK-TALESAND ROMANCES Collected and {Translated BY WILLIAM LARMINIE.

The locals would explain to any visitor that Geároid, "…must continue this until the silver shoes of his horse wear out."

But the historic Geároid, who was the Chief Justice for [Norman-Anglo]Ireland in 1367, employed the magic of words rather than sorcery; he composed poetry in both Irish and French.

According to Michael Dames,Geároid the man "came to emulate Lugh's and Finn's roles at Lough Gur in joining the world of men to that of the gods."

Geároid, son of an invader, a foreigner, was taken to the heart of the Lough Gur myth cycle, and installed there by local people as 'an enchanted magician, a periodic rider, a lost leader whose return is awaited, and a feared [chief] of the [Sí] host.' 'I am the son of the [Chief] of the Norman [Sí] and my name is Geároid Iarla' was a verse still sung in Co. Limerick in 1879…"
http://www.voicesfromthedawn.com/lough-gur/

Corrghuíneacht Lugha
Ár a thraí cath co-mhart ann.
Isin cath iar ngall ro bhris comhlonna
for sléacht slúaigh. Silster ria slúaghaibh
Síabraí, íath fir fomnaí,
cuifí ciathaí, fir gan rogain.
Léantar gala. Fordám aisid,
fordám cloisid, forandíchráighid.
fir duibh. Béic finn nointam!
Fó Fó Fé Fé Clé a m'áinsí!
Noífit mann íar néalscoth
trí a treanncheardtaibh druag
Ním' chreadhbhadh catha fri críocha
Nísitmeata m'itge for neamairches
for lúachair loisces.
mart alt shuides, mart orainn trogais.
An comair sídh fri gach nae
go comair Ogma sáchu
go comair neamh agus talamh agus muir
go comair grian agus gealach agus réaltaí.
Dreim niadh mo dhream-se dóoibh
Mo slúagh-sa slúagh mór muireach
mochtsáileach bruithe neartóireach
ro gheanaius agus tocraí atá for róe cath.
Co-mhart a thraí. ár a thraí.

Ag duine féin is fearr a fhios cá luíonn an bhróg air.
The wearer best knows where the shoe pinches

Gabhaltais Shearluis Mhoir = The conquests of Charlemagne Edited from The Book of Lismore and Three other Vellum MSS. BY DOUGLAS HYDE, 1917. p. xiv/18
An interesting side light on the translator's time is found in his rendering of "omnes servi qui sub malis consuetudinibus pravorum dominorum religati tenebantur" by "every person who was under 'biadhtachas' and under slavery," p. 28, i.e. every person who held under that tenure. By

"biadhtachas" I understand the obligation which manv of the clansmen were under to supply food to or support and entertain their overlord with a certain number of his followers for so many days in the year, when it pleased the overlord to quarter himself upon them [the Celtic Chieftains of Europe fighting the Franks and Carolingians during Charlemagnes time [700-800s] used the sme tactics as the English in 1500s]. This form of tenancy which the English used to denounce under the name of "coyne and livery" must have been obnoxious to the translator's circle or contemporaries, otherwise he would hardly have so translated. Our text contains many military terms, and it is remarkable that they are all purely Irish and not borrowed from the Normans....

As for example the following [check for the right Irish in the paste] : Osadh a truce, ag coimét a ndeiridh guarding their rear, suidhe timchioll cathrach to besiege a city, do thinnlaic an chathair he surrendered the city, an chathair do chonnmhail to hold the citv, cathair do ghabhail to take a city, múr doclaite an impregnable rampart, Íáthair au chatha the battlefield, bhi da chois fie ivas on foot, fogair cath do [also "ar"] to challenge to battle, tosach the battle front, "acies," cloidhmedh to put to the sword, dibhracadh soiget shooting arrows, foslongport a camp, torann a charge (?) bratach G. brataighi a standard, corughadh catha [or simply corughadh] a division of an army, madhmaigh break through, rout, tucadar ucht ar a cheli they faced one another, do innsaigh he he attacked him, claiteoir a victor, do thinoil a shluagh he assembled his army, suaichentas ensign. do leith a ndroma in their rear, do dhoirt 'ua cenn he burst upon them, sáidh pubull pitch a tent, do dhluthaigh (?) chuige he closed with him, misider a herald or emissary. It will be observed how very pure this language is, and that not one of these terms except the last is borrowed from a foreign speech... [DOUBLE CHECK THE IRISH LATER]

Fr. John Romanides Cuimhne go brách.
http://www.romanity.org/htm/rom.03.en.franks_romans_feudalism_and_doctrine.01.htm

Charlemagne had also caused the Filioque [adding “and the Son” after saying the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father”]to be added to the Frankish Creed, without consulting the pope. When the controversy over this addition broke out in Jerusalem, Charlemagne convoked the Council of Aachen in 809 and decreed that this addition was a dogma necessary for salvation. With this fait accomplit under his belt, he tried to pressure Pope Leo III into accepting it. Leo rejected the Filioque not only as an addition to the Creed, but also as dogma, claiming that the Fathers left it out of the Creed neither out of ignorance, nor out of negligence, nor out of oversight, but on purpose and by divine inspiration.

What Leo is clearly saying, but in diplomatic terms, is that the addition of the Filioque to the Creed is a heresy. The Franks were a too dangerous a presence in Papal Romania, so Leo acted as Hadrian had done before him. Leo did not reject the Filioque outside of the Creed, since there is in the West Roman tradition an Orthodox Filioque which was, and is, accepted as such by the East Romans until today.

However, this West Roman Orthodox Filioque could not be added to the Creed where the term procession [the Holy Spirit proceeding] had a different meaning. In other words in a wrong context.

In any event, Charlemagne cared very little about the pope's thoughts on icons and the Filioque. He needed the condemnation of the East Romans as heretics in order to prove that they were no longer Romans, but Greeks, and he succeeded in getting this in the only way the Frankish mind at this time could devise. [Rum Orthodox Catholics, Roman OrthodoxCatholics in Palestine, and Melkites, also Rum.]

Believing that the Franks would eventually take over the Papacy, he knew that future Frankish popes would accept what Roman popes of his day had rejected. Charlemagne in his youth heard stories of his father's and uncle's struggles to save Francia from the Roman revolutions, which had destroyed Visigothic rule in Hispanic Gothia (Spain) and had almost destroyed the Franks in Gaul [perhaps it was Gaulish deep culture more than Roman?].

Many historians take for granted that, by this time, the Franks and Romans in Gaul had become one nation, and that the Romans were supposedly included under the name Frank or populus Francorum.

So there is not doubt about the identity of the revolutionaries in Gaul, we quote a contemporary Frankish chronicler who reports that in 742, the year of Charlemagne's birth, the Gascons rose in revolt under the leadership of Chunoald, the duke of Aquitaine and son of Eudo, mentioned above.

Charlemagne's father and uncle "united their forces and crossed the Loire at the city of Orleans. Overwhelming the Romans, they made for Bourges."[10]Since Chunoald is here described as a beaten Roman, this means that his father Eudo was also a Roman, and not a Frank, as claimed by some.

The resulting Carolingian [Frankish] hatred for Romans is reflected in Charlemagne's Libri Carolini and in Salic law, and is clearly expressed by Liutprand, Bishop of Cremona, during the following century, as we shall have occasion to see.

Meanwhile, the West Romans and the pope continued to pray in church for their emperor in Constantinople. Even the Irish prayed for the Imperium Romanum [in Constantinople presumably before 1101 'Reforming Synods']...'

THE " IRISH LIFE OF BRENDAN," FROM Book of Lismore, WITH LITERAL ENGLISH TRANSLATION ON OPPOSITE PAGES BY THE REV. DENIS O'DONOGHUE, M.R.I.A. P.P., ARDFERT 1895
THE IRISH LIFE OF ST. BEENDAN. INTRODUCTION. IN the following pages are given the text and translation, with some notes, of what may be called the biographical portion of the Betha Brenainn (Irish Life of Brendan) from the Book of Lismore, a MS. con taining lives of some of the early Irish saints and many other ancient documents, written, as O'Curry tells us, " in Gaelic of great purity and antiquity."...Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford, where it was discovered in 1814, by some workmen in a walled-up door or passage, concealed in a wooden box, along with a beautifully worked ancient crozier; hence its name, Book of Lismore. But it ought to be called rather the Book of MacCarthy Reagh...{umm, actually: ?[An Leabhar hEóganachta Chaisil(sp)]}
...The birth and parentage of St. Brendan ; his baptism by Bishop Ere ; his nurture for five years by St. Ita ; his education and religious training by St. Ere ; miracles then wrought by him ; his visit to the saints of Erin, " to learn the rules and practices of a holy life ; " he converts St. Colman MacLenin, Patron of Cloyne; his visit to St. Jarlath, Patron of Tuani, and his first missionary labours in Connaught ; " the llule of the religious life " received by him from an angel ; his return to St. Ere, for priestly ordination ; his admission to monastic profession : his foundation of monasteries in his native district ; his spiritual retreats on Brendan-hill ; his visions of the " [Promised Land] " therefrom ; he resolves to sail on the ocean in quest of it ; he prepares large vessels for the voyage, which he commences with a crew of chosen monks ; the celebration of Easter on the back of the great sea-whale ; the perils of the ocean ; the tempests allayed by the prayers of the saint.
…
476 Ostrogoths, Germanic tribes, take Rome
522 Eochaid mac Óengusa, Eóganacht Glendamnach, dies
500s- Iona and other christian monasteries founded around Ireland and Scotland, begin missionary

outreach to Europe. Clonard, founded by Finian, Clonfert by Brendan, Bangor by Comgall, Clonmacnoise by Kieran, Killeaney by Enda, Cloyne by Colman Mac Léníne; and, in the 600s, Lismore by St. Carthage and Glendalough by St. Kevin.
542 Crimthann Srem mac Echado, Eóganacht Glendamnach, dies
565 Death of Justinian, East Rome gives up on West Rome
568-774 Lombards conquer Rome/Italy with help of 20,000 Angles and Saxons
577 Coirpre Cromm mac Crimthainn, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies. Mómó. [The Lore of Ire1a.nd—Em1y. KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures THE TRIADS OF IRELAND]
590-604 Pope Gregory I institutes papal supremacy begins to try to lock down the Western church to go with the Frankish/Viking feudalism in direct competition with the Irish church. Stirrups, Lynn White Jr. Medieval Society and Social Change, Oxon? We got Lismore back, Annals of Inisfail?
597 Angles and Saxons converted to christianity? by Irish Monks
602 Columbanus is persecuted by Roman Latin Bishops about differences of Irish christian practice
627 Cathal mac Áedo, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies. Mómó is informal title used meaning Nenong in Tagalog?
635 Sasanach/Anglo-Saxon chief Oswald invited the Irish bishop Aidan from Iona into his [chiefing], and Aidan founded the monastery at Lindisfarne on the coast of Northumberland.
640 Cuana mac Ailcene/son of Ailcen, Laech Liathmhuine/Hero of Liathmhuine, An Draoi Ruadh, noted for unbounded generosity, dies.
659 Marmoutier Abbey, Alsace Saint Leobard (d. here in about 680) in 659, was a community of Irish monks under the Irish Rule of St. Columbanus. In 728, it changes to Holy Roman Rule of St. Benedict 664 Synod of Whitby, Irish missionaries have authority and practices unseated by Holy Roman ways
665 Cathal Cú-cen-máthair, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies
697 Cáin Adomnáin upheld by Irish (not Roman) Synod of Birr in Offaly, upholding Ancestral Irish protections and sureties in christian system, aimed at lessening brutality of christian war, ensuring safety and rights for non-combatant women. “Law of Innocents” HISTORY IRELAND, 'The Irish Geneva Convention' Good looks. Deer Island Boston Harbor mass graves Irish and Algonquins. Slave trading graves too?
701 Ailill mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies
742 Cathal mac Finguine, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies
795 Vikings begin attacking Ireland at Rathlin island, 'Silk Road' book specifies they traded in Irish slaves in this era. Flemish Celts also mentioned. Is that how Roche gets driven west? Wales First? Cymru. Dílis Davies seems a sound Cymraeg.
800 Charlemagne solidifies feudalism and church/state control is crowned emperor of Frankish “Holy Roman Empire”
800s Trecheng Breth Féne (The Triads of Ireland) Ceithre báis breithe: a breith i ngó, a breith cen dílse, a breith cen ailig, a breith cen fhorus. “The four deaths of judgment: to give it in falsehood, to give it without forfeiture, to give it without precedent, to give it without knowledge.”
821 Artrí mac Cathail, Eóganacht Glendamnach chief of Cashel and Munster, dies. His great grandson Art Caemh was ancestor of the Ó Caiomh (O'Keeffes) of County Cork.
841 Norsemen attack what becomes called Normandy (Norse-man-dy) make deals with the Holy Roman Empire, become the Normans
841 Norsemen attack Baile Átha Cliath founding Dyflin/Dublin
901 In Cashel were 5000 students and six hundred Conventual monks; the like number were in Lismore and Dun-da-leathglass. These are the Celtic Church, the Irish Orthodox Christians
902 Fionguine (Son of Gorman) chief of Mumhan dies
908 Art Caoimh, from whom the name Ó Caoimh comes, son of Fionguine chief of Mumhan, slain
944 Donnchadh son of Caoimh, commands the forces of Mumhan to rescue Callaghan, chief of Mumhan, from the treachery of the Lochlannach Sitric. A sea and land victory at Dún Dealgan. Three champions bearhug three champions, and pull them under the waves. Navy led by McCarthy,

Failbhe Fionn under orders from Donnchadh, An Draoi Ruadh.
1028 The diocese of Dublin was formally established by Lochlannach Sigtrygg (Sitric) Silkbeard, King of Dublin. Diocese is Roman, reports to Canterbury.
1054 Great Schism between Eastern Holy Roman Frankish Latin/ and Eastern Roman Orthodox Churches 1063 “Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite [semi-monastic attached to a church], died.”— From the Four Masters 1066 Lochlannach/Viking/Norman William the Bastard conquers England 1070 Scots (Irish) Monastery built at Regensberg, Germany 1084 Normans Sack Rome 1095 First Crusade 1096 University of Oxford founded, endowment as of 2016 £5.069 billion 1100 Scots (Irish) Monastery at Regensberg, Germany begins major expansion because influx of presumably refugee monks because there's a clearance going on as you can tell by the next item. 1101 Muirchertach Ua Briain sells Cashel, sovereignty of Munster, to Norman Roman Catholic Church 1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Dhuinn, Ollamh of Leinster 1124 King David I of Scotland adopts Lochlannach/Norman Feudalism for Alba. His sister, Good Queen Maud, was Henry I wife and he grew up in his household, adopting Norman values and traits. “He introduced a feudal system and granted land to Anglo Norman incomers who soon anglicized the lowlands in Southern Scotland. Norman English became the dominant language of court while Gaelic was spoken in the Highlands and Norse in the far North and Isles…” 115 1130 circa 1130, Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil Do you not think it a pity, O dear Donnchad [son of Caem], O descendant of beloved Ailill, that the women of Mumhan should be in captivity— without deceit —And that the Lochlannachs should carry off their cows? 1132 Maelmhaedhoc Ó Morgair (Malachy) becomes Roman Catholic bishop of Armagh

Economic historians agree that, in comparison with their neighbours in England and the northern Netherlands, wages in Ireland, Scotland and Flanders were low [all populations mentioned as earlier Viking slaves by the Silk Road book].

However, there are some indications of variation amongst the three cases in terms of changes in wage levels during the 18th century, and in terms of the gap in wages between skilled and unskilled labour. It must be emphasized that, especially in the Irish case, data on prices and wages remain scanty...
..Kennedy and Dowling have recently published data for Ireland showing that wages remained ‘sticky’ from 1700 to around 1760, and from 1820 through the Famine years of the mid-1840s. Both wages and prices were characterized by marked inflation during the wars with France.
—Jane Gray, Department of Sociology and National Institute for Regional and Spatial Analysis National University of Ireland, Maynooth, The European Linen Industry in Historical Perspective. Pasold Studies in Textile History 13. Oxford: Oxford University Press (2003, pp. 159-186).

AENGUS MAC NADHFRAICH Was the first Christian [Chief] of Munster, having been .baptized by St. Patrick before he reached the throne. He was killed at the battle of Cill-osnadha (now Kelleston), in the present County of Carlow, in 490— about seven years after the birth of St. Brendan.

The mother of the saint is named " Cara " in the Latin Lives, preserved in the Burgundian Library, Brussels.

The holy union of Finnlug and Cara, under the rule of Bishop Erc, was very fruitful of saints.

In a marginal note to MacFerbuis's pedigree we find : " Brendan and Domaingin of Tuaim-musgire, and Faitleac of Cluaintuascairt and Faolan of Cill-tulac, were four sons of Finnlug." The festival of St. Domaingin is marked in the Martyrology of Tallaght on the 29th of April, but his church of Tuaim-musgire has not been identified.

I believe I will not be far astray in suggesting that it was the church now called Kiltuomy, now a parish in the barony of Clanmaurice, where the ruins of an ancient church still remain, surrounded by a graveyard largely used for burials. We read in a very ancient life of St. Carthage[St. Mochuda, The saint whose monastery was displaced by Castle Lismore?]Mochuda, that soon after his priestly ordination by his master, St. Carthage Senior, he built a small church at Kiltulach (now Kiltallagh, near Castlemain), where he wrought many miracles, and was highly honoured by those who attended his ministrations ; but though he was ordained by [Native Irish Catholic] St. Carthage, whose episcopal juris diction in Desmond [South Munster], afterwards the diocese of Aghadoe, was limited by the river Maine, on the Kerry side of which lay Kiltulach, he was challenged as an intruder by two bishops who then ruled episcopal sees within the Kerry borders, and who insisted that he should withdraw outside the sphere of their [Holy Roman] episcopal authority. Their names are given]as Domaingen and Dubhlin, correctly, Dubhdin.

Munster Chief St. Óengus mac Nad Froích, whose mother was St. Faochan, daughter of the Pendragon of Briton.

Duarrigle Castle Duth Aireageail:
The Countryside of the Oratory In older days it was one of the castles of the O'Keeffes, who also owned Dromagh and Dromsicane nearby, and they appear to have built it in the sixteenth century. In 1576 it was owned by Art O'Keeffe, chief of the clan, who succeeded by Art Oge (died 1610): Manus (died 1636) and then Daniel. The latter lost the lands in 1654: recovered them on the Restoration, but unfortunately died before he could take them over. The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by the Hollow Sword Blade Company. Abraham Dickson was the purchaser and in 1712 he left it to his grand-nephew Hugh Dickson. By 1728 they were owned by Henry, Bishop of Cloyne who made them over to James Maule. After that they passed to Henry Wrixon who gave a lease to Thomas Justice.
SOURCE UNKNOWN

NOESE LOAN WORDS IN IRISH. The following list of Irish words, compiled by the late Professor Sophus Bugge, and completed by his son Alexander Bugge, does not claim to be complete, it is only a contribution to the final list of all Norse loan words in the Celtic languages. As these loan words possess not only linguistic, but also historical value, I have thought it best to arrange them under different headings, according to their meaning.
...The Norse influence on the Celtic nations is in no domain manifested so clearly as in the words belonging to the shippinglanguage. Very few of the Irish words for ships, parts of a ship and sea -faring are of Celtic origin...
The first castles were built in Ireland by the Norsemen. The earliest notice of a Norse castle in Ireland is in the neighbourhood of Cork (A.D. 866, A.Bugge, 'Vesterlandenes Indflydelse', p. 253). The first Irish towns, Dublin, Waterford, Cork and Limerick, were likewise built by the Norse settlers....

Ir. borg (borgg) "a castle", from Old Norse borg....
Ir. garda "yardhouse", from ON gardr (c/;Kelt. Beitr.III 58f.; A. Bugge, 'Nordisk Sprog og Nationalitet i Irland', p. 292). gardha is still in use in Munster....
..."TIGERNACH year AD1020:Armagh was burnt on the 3rd of the Kalends of May, with all its prayer -houses, except only the library; and many houses were burnt in the Thirds, and the great stone -house, and the belfry with its bells
Mod. Ir. stoc "a stock, pillar, post" (O'R), from ON stokkr (Craigie) ? or from Engl, stock …
...The Norse settlers in Ireland — Ostmen as they were called — mostly lived as merchants and carried on all the shipping between Ireland and the continent. Giraldus Cambrensis even says that the Ostmen had got permission to settle in Ireland and build towns there on condition that they should carry on trade and provide Ireland with the goods it wanted.'-

And even as late in the middle of the 17th' century Duald Mac Ferbis states that all the merchants of Dublin were of Norse origin, i) It is also well known that the Norse kings of Dublin struck the first Irish coins. …M. Ir. iarla (the oldest forms of the word are erell ['Annals of Ulster' A. D. 847] and erla [FM, A. D. 8i6]) "earl". From ON iarl (erilaB on Runic inscriptions)..
M. Ir. Ustaing {Ustaing .i. uas toinges .i. na uaisle ca toinge imma comall " the nobles swearing upon it to perform their agreements" [Cormac 167]). From ON Msping "assembly to which a prince or chieftain calls his men". The word liusping has also become a household word of the English language, and is a. o. the name of the court of the City of London {cf. Steenstrup, 'Normannerne' IV 175— 178). ..

Booker Washington aptly described the race in one of his lectures by stating that we were like crabs in a barrel, that none would allow the other to climb over, but on any such attempt all would continue to pull back into the barrel the one crab that would make the effort to climb out. Yet, those of us with vision cannot desert the race, leaving it to suffer and die."
― Marcus Ó Garvey, Selected Writings and Speeches of Marcus Garvey

OJ BERGIN
POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO GORMFHLAITH.
Son of Niall of the Nine Hostages,") the festive, son of Eochaidh Muighmheadhon : i^) the grandmother of dear Domhnall was daughter of Alpin") from Scotland …
Once I was in Limerick with loving Niall of Ailech; lovely was my coloured raiment among the chiefs of the western men
This is mournful, Fort of the [chiefs] — no wonder for thee lacking Niall. Seldom hast thou felt decay; to-night thou art mournful after him. 2 Though thou art mournful to-night, thou wast the hill of the bardic companies; seldom wert thou lonely in the time of Niall of the Nine Hostages. 3 Every [polity] but the [Chiefdom] of God shall all pass away, that is the truth of it. The world is no mark for envy. This is mournful, Fort of the [Chiefs].
As a woman when she is wedded gets only one man to suit her, and as a man never got, to tell of it, but one wife to match him — The son of Niall's descendant ') was a match for me — be- loved the gallant gentle [chief], he was the equal, point by point, of the daughter of the high -[chief] of Ireland. ..
Though bitter every sickness and strife that is given to living man, the child that is born of one's fair body, that is what lives in one's mind...
..."Woe to anyone who is proud of gold, woe to anyone who is ungenerous, Mor
I have nothing between heaven and earth but a white smock and a dark cloak; in Kells of the hundred [Chiefs] it matters little that I am without food. One Sunday we were in the churchyard, my prince and I at the hollow stone, in Kells at the high cross, proclaiming the provision due from Conn's Half. …
To-night I pray the Son of God who created every body to grant me death; wherever Niall is, may he and I be on one path. 9 Three hundred cows and two hundred horses Cerball of the sword gave me; Cormac — it was no mean act — gave twice as many as Cerball. 10 Why should I hide from my [chief] the wealth I have got from him? All that thrice over I got from Niall in one month. ….

'Knowest thou, fair Gormlaith, that it was God who created heaven, and that it was He who created men, and that He desires not their bitter weeping?'

How Donn Fírinne got his horse shod. A blacksmith near the Feale???

Some particulars concerning Cuana Mac Cailcin have been already given, who, according to Four Masters, died a.d. 640. The wife of Cuana was named Ruithchearn (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 590), and she was the daughter of Aedh Bennan, [Chief] of West Munster about a.d. 600. In the Book of Leinster there is a sketch of the tale of the elopement of Ruithchearn with Cuana. Aedh Bennan had

also a daughter named Mor, ** the heroine of a strange series of adventures recorded in Book of Fermoy. Inis Faithlenn (Inisfallen) at Killarney is stated in P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 1,15, to have been named from Faighlen or Faighlenn (Faithlenn), son of Aedh Bennan, of the race of Core Mac Luigdech.
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

[3 Mor is generally termed Mor Mumhan, i.e., Mor of Munster. In " Chronicum Scotorum," a.d. 633, is following entry: —" Bas Moire Muman," "death of Mor of Munster." Mor was a favourite Irish name. Mor, wife of Brian Boru, was mother of Murrough, Conor, and Flann. In " Silva Gadelica," p. 547, it is stated that Mor Mumhan was wife of Finghin Mac Aedha, chief of Munster, and mother of Deog, wife of Laighnen Mac Colmain, and afterwards wife to Guaire Aidhne Mac Colmain, chief of Connaught. According to the legend of Mor (" Book of Fermoy"), she was wife of Cathal, son of Fionguine, son of Cu-gan-mathair, but Cathal Mac Fionguine died a.d. 737, as noted by Todd. Aedh Bennan, father of Mor Mumhan, from whom are the family of O'Moriarty of Kerry, died in [???]Finghin, son of Aedh Dubh, was chief of Desmond (604-619), and brother of Failbhe Flann, ancestor of the Mac Carthy who was chief of Munster (627-636). The O'Sullivans .ire traced to Sullivan, eighth in descent from Finghin Mac Aedha, and the O'Keeffes are traced to Caomh, fourth in descent from Cathal Mac Fionguine. See Genealogical Table in " Battle of Magh Rath."]

An rud a ghoilleas ar an gcroí caithfidh an t-súil é a shileas.
What pains the heart must be washed away with tears.

It was a constant theme of regret with the Irish [Filí] of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the Saxon planter's who succeeded the Irish...chiefs despised — in their gross ignorance — both poets and poetry, and indeed learning in general.

Colmcille made a verse (or rann)
For the rich man as well as the poor man —
If you will not purchase heaven for yourself
Your wife or children will not purchase it for you.

Although pilgrimages and fasting and praying are good —
Without false sighs (hypocrisy),
In spite of all that, better still
Is humanity, kindness, and hospitality.

Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa

“We need to return from the self-centred concept of sincerity to the other-centred concept of truth. We are not isolated free choosers, monarchs of all we survey, but benighted creatures sunk in a reality whose nature we are constantly and overwhelmingly tempted to deform by fantasy. Our current picture of freedom encourages a dream-like facility; whereas what we require is a renewed sense of the difficulty and complexity of the moral life and the opacity of persons. We need more concepts in terms of which to picture the substance of our being; it is through an enriching and deepening of concepts that moral progress takes place. Simone Weil said that morality was a matter of attention not of will. We need a new vocabulary of attention.”
Iris Murdoch, 'Against Dryness' — A Polemical Sketch Encounter, 16 (January, 1961) pp. 19-20

Nerth gwlad, ei gwybodaeth.
The strength of a nation is its knowledge.
'Truthiness is tearing apart our country, and I don't mean the argument over who came up with the word. I don't know whether it's a new thing, but it's certainly a current thing, in that it doesn't seem to matter what facts are. It used to be, everyone was entitled to their own opinion, but not their own facts. But that's not the case anymore. Facts matter not at all. Perception is everything. It's certainty. People love the president because he's certain of his choices as a leader, even if the facts that back him up don't seem to exist. It's the fact that he's certain that is very appealing to a certain section of the country. I really feel a dichotomy in the American populace. What is important? What you want to be true, or what is true? … ...Truthiness is "What I say is right, and [nothing] anyone else says could possibly be true." It's not only that I feel it to be true, but that I feel it to be true. There's not only an emotional quality, but there's a selfish quality. — Stephen Colbert, 2006, Onion AV Club

Nowadays we are not supposed to write about global subjects like magic. The British language-censors and the American nominalists tell us that things like totemism and magic do not exist. They are just constructs, words we make up. We cannot talk about caste systems, totemism, magic, anxiety and so forth, and so we are helpless when we bump into these harsh realities. The truth is that the social world is largely made up of overdetermined symbolic complexes like these. Just because they are hard to describe does not mean they are less real. We understand sub-atomic particles, DNA, and stellar evolution better than things like religion, personality, mental illness or magic. And yet the latter are formed, have histories and predictable patterns. Marcel Mauss called them total social facts. Their complexity can only be grasped by a theoretical approach. That is really true in everyday life, too. We all live by theories about what to expect from the social world around us…. But how are we to understand such immensities scientifically? One way is to make up an abstract model; a better way is to describe real examples… Many social facts are dialectical and ambiguous…" Daniel Lawrence O'Keeffe, Inventor of Festivus and Author of Stolen Lightning: A Social Theory of Magic.

.A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found...
http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press.

From a genealogical poem by Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652) translated by Michael Longan with some minor changes I The reigning house is the family of Uí Chaoimh, Strong Dragons of many and great riches; People of great judgement from the green plains of Lir, The mighty defenders of Cashel. II A conquering party that committed no mean action, Natives that were of late exiled; By those oppressions that afflict the land of Breagh (Dublin area), Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of their ancestors. XXIII If the children of Éibhear had not lost The sovereignty of the famous Cashel, The family of O'Keeffe would not rest Without claiming its undoubted right.

The apostate patriotism of the Irish capitalist class, arising as it does upon the rupture with Gaelic tradition, will, of course, reject this conception, and saturated with foreignism themselves, they will continue to hurl the epithet of 'foreign ideas' against the militant Irish...." —James Connolly, 1915, The Re-Conquest of Ireland

"Finding a voice means that you can get your own feeling into your own words and that your words have the feel of you about them; and I believe that it may not even be a metaphor, for a poetic voice is probably very intimately connected with the poet’s natural voice, the voice that he hears as the ideal speaker of the lines he is making up.” How, then, do you find it?

In practice, you hear it coming from somebody else; you hear something in another ...'s sounds that flows in through your ear and enters the echo chamber of your head and delights your whole nervous system in such a way that your reaction will be, 'Ah, I wish I had said that, in that particular way.'

This other ..., in fact, has spoken something essential to you, something you recognize instinctively as a true sounding of aspects of yourself and your experience. And your first steps...will be to imitate, consciously or unconsciously, those sounds that flowed in, that in-fluence."
— Seamus Heaney, Feeling into Words, Finder's Keepers, 17.

[Clíodhna] is said to have drowned in the harbour of Glandore and the noise of the waves entering cliff caves near that spot has since been called Tonn Chlíodhna – Clíodhna’s wave. Its noise is loud and sudden and is said to foretell the death of a [chief] or noble man in Ulster. Clíodhna foretold, that because of the way she was treated by mortals, a great wave sent by her, would one day engulf all of Munster.
http://bardmythologies.com/cliodhna/

...'we are going to keep it, in there, company. As you would keep a scared child company. You would not push on it, or argue with it, or pick it up, because it is too sore, too scared or tense. You would just sit there, quietly. … What that edge needs to produce the steps is only some kind of unintrusive contact or company. If you will go there with your awareness and stay there or return there, that is all it needs; it will do all the rest for you.'
Gendlin, Eugene. 1990. “The Small Steps of the Therapy Process: How They Come and How to Help Them Come,” in Client-Centered and Experiential Psychotherapy in the Nineties, eds. Lietaer, Rombauts, and van Balen. Leuven, Belgium: Leuven University Press, p. 216. As referenced by Ann Weiser Cornell https://focusingresources.com/the-power-of-listening/

Queen Victoria's Treasury regarding late 1500s
To listen to Irish lays or give alms to an Irish [lawyer poet] exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the [English] laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated. "All carroughes, bards, rhymers, " and common idle [Indigenous] men and women, within this province [sic] (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels, and to be put in the next stocks [neck stocks, tortured], there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation." As if, forsooth, they could !"

“More elaborate social organization projects a more elaborate sacred cosmology [view of the universe] containing more abstract and powerful symbols—and these become available to individuals to help them organize their ‘projects’ or ‘plans’ or ‘models’ of action just at the time when society ‘needs’ individuals.” Daniel Lawrence O’Keeffe, Stolen Lightning: A Social Theory of Magic.

“The ancestral Irish cosmology—like all cosmologies— comprises the cultural knowledge, in head, heart and hand (action and artifact), that comprehends and represents in a broad, general way, how the world and human existence have appeared meaningful to its adherents—the bearers and transmitters of Irish tradition—in narrative and in ritual.” Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

Seán Ó Dreada in the first half of the nineteenth century with dates on it listing 1644, 1652, 1682.

Gaeilge

I

Let no man be puffed up with pride or with pomp on account of his wealth,
Or be sad if he happen to be without e'en a penny in hand ;
For the haughtiest king who rules over a kingdom all filled full of gold
No longer doth live than the wastrel whose food consists solely of drink.

II
Men are annoyed and get angry without any reasonable cause;
Therefore it is that the grave is so frequently filled every day,
The journey to which is no faster for the veriest wretch in the world
Than it is for the mightiest noble or the innocent young little babe.

III
I have never succeeded in getting from the cleverest druids on earth
A clear and authentic account of the land to which all the crowds tend
Who die every day without ceasing since the time when the first sword was forged,
And left us, alas, here behind them, as yet unreturned to the earth.

"[I]maginative life and cultural knowledge can be regarded as constituting a universe of discourse that is both a symbolic product of consciousness in Ireland and a symbolic process whereby Irish experience is represented and communicated within Irish consciousness and Irish culture. The term coimcne was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life." Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

Malarndirri [Ní Chárthaígh] McCarthy welcomes immigrants in maiden speech, declaring 'I stand here for you too' By Stephanie Zillman,
Updated 15 Meán Fómhair 2016,
The two speeches could not have been more different – one calling for unity, the other for division. Who is Malarndirri McCarthy? • Yanyuwa woman from Borroloola in the Gulf of Carpentaria, Northern Territory • Preceded by Nova Peris, McCarthy successfully ran as the Labor candidate for the Senate in the 2016 election • A career journalist and Labor politician, she held the seat of Arnhem in the NT Legislative Assembly from 2005-2012

New Labor senator Malarndirri McCarthy yesterday took to the lectern for her maiden speech in the Senate, where just minutes prior incoming Senator Pauline Hanson had done the same. Ms McCarthy began her speech in Yanyuwa, her mother's language spoken in the gulf country around Borroloola - some 1,000 kilometres south-east of Darwin. In contrast to Ms Hanson, who said Australia had become "swamped by Muslims".

Ms McCarthy made her welcoming stance on immigration and refugees clear. "Whether they live on the vast cattle stations, or whether they have travelled from countries like Asia, Africa, or the Middle East to forge a new life for their families, away from strife-torn lives that offered no future, I stand here for you too." Ms McCarthy used the majority of her speech to reflect on constitutional recognition of Aboriginal people and the history of land rights...'

An Biobla Naofa 36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?” Dúirt sé: “An té a rinne an trócaire air.” Dúirt Íosa leis: “Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna.”

MacCarthy mor Castle (Killarney Castle) from okeefeclan.org History of the MacCarthy mor Castle McCarthy MOR CASTLE is situated on the eastern shore of Loch Lein or the lower lake and gives its name to that portion known as the Bay of Castlelough. In early times this district was known as Eoghanacht Loch Lein. The families who ruled there, were descended from a common ancestor, Eoghan or Owen. Their descendants to-day are known by the family names [including] McCarthy, O'Sullivan, O'Mahony, O'Keeffe, O'Donovan and O'Donoghue.

Gone Are All the Noble Poets
Daibhi O Bruadai
from the Gaeilge

I
Gone are all the noble poets,
Sad the darkness of the world ;
The children of those learned ollamhs
Now are void of keen retorts.

II
Sad their books with gray dust covered,
Satchels ne'er in folly versed ;
Mystic lore forgotten wrongly,
Born of wisdom-drinkers' minds.

III
After the death of the poets, whose riches were poems and wit ;
Woe unto him who hath seen the fate that hath come upon us ;
Their books, now unheeded in corners, lie mouldering, covered with dust,
While of their mystical treasures no whit is possessed by their sons.

Is it true the president of the GAA Pádraig Ó Caoimh had the first 'president' of Ireland, Douglas Hyde, who wrote an essay on De-Anglicising Ireland, removed as a patron of the GAA as a penalty for attending a soccer /football match because of the Gaelic restriction on foreign games?

Assorted from duchas.ie, the School's collection
Churning

“Our churn is 14 inches across the top and it is 23 inches across the bottom. The height is 43 inches. The sides of our churn are round. It is nine years old. The parts of our churn are the barrel the stand and the lid. Butter is made once each week in summer and winter.

Everybody has a share in the churning. Strangers who come in during the churning operation help at the work because if they went out again without churning they would bring all the luck out of the churn.

It takes a half hour to make a churning. There is a glass in the top of our churn and when the churning is made the glass is clear. Water is poured into the churn in cold weather to help to churn the milk.

When my mother is taking the butter out of the churn she takes it out in a dish and makes a rool of it and then it is salted. Some of the buttermilk is used for making cakes and some of it is given to the pigs.

Long ago some of the old people had beliefs that people had power of taking the butter out of the cows milk. Once there was a man who had a lot of cows but he could never get any butter. Every evening when milking the cows he would meet a white cat coming out of the cowhouse.
Once he asked his neighbour what he should do. His neighbour told him to redden an iron in the fire and the next time he would meet the cat to strike him with the red iron. One night when he was going milking his cows he saw the cat sitting in the cowhouse and he struck him with the iron.

There was an old woman in a house near by and she had not been seen for a long time after that. One day a man went to the woman's house. When he opened the door he saw a shawl thrown over the old woman in the corner near the fire. He pulled down the shawl from over her head and he saw the track of burns in her forehead. Then he knew that it was the old woman who used to steal the butter.”

Collected by Patrick Hopkins, Island, Co. Mayo

Strange Beliefs about Churning

In olden times churning was different to what it is now. It is said in olden times when people used to be churning, if a stranger came in, he would have to help to churn, and if he did not, he would bring the butter.

There was another old remark in the olden times. A person could not put a coal on his pipe when the people would be churning. In olden, it is said a troop of [Sí] used to play about an Irish lake. Each [Sí] had golden hair, and it was very nice to see her driving before them to the lake to drink, a white cow which was as white as silver.

One day the cow strayed away from the [Sí], and a farmer who lived near found the white cow in the field among his own cows. He liked her very well and he drove her home before him and put her in.

From that day onward the farmer grew richer. The butter and cheese made from her milk was the best in the world. He used only have to milk her every fourth day, and when they would churn they would have plenty of butter, and in they were making bad use of her butter and milk and she went out of her milk.

They used only have to churn with a certain churn or if they didn't churn with that churn they would get no butter at all. At last the cow would give no butter or milk, and the farmer made up his mind to kill her for her meat.

The day for killing soon arrived. The butcher was there with his axe. But when the butcher was ready to kill, a soft voice on a hill top was heard, and when the people looked they saw a [Sí] standing near and said "Arise and come home with me" And the white cow rose up in the air and could be seen no more.

In her place a black cow stood, and was as good for her milk and butter as the white cow, and she was the first black cow ever seen in Ireland. In this time, new churns were made, and there were many kinds of churns, as a hand churn, swing churn, and a dash churn and many other. The tools of a churn are dash, lid, joggler and the butter dish.

Is maith an t'ancoire an t-iarta.
The hearth is a good anchor

Churning

“In olden times the people used to churn each week. It was a barrel and a round piece of board and a handle stuck in it the people used. Some of those churns are in my district still.

About a hundred years ago a man by the name of James Keogh lived in Ballykenan and he was churning one day. It was on the tenth day of July and one of his friends were dead, and the man was going to the funeral. But his wife made him churn before he would go.

He was working hard when a man came in singing. He walked out again and he met the man's wife. He never spoke a word to either of them. In about twenty minutes the man was finished.

Then he went out to the stable and brought out his horse and started off riding him but he was late. When he went down the lane a small bit he saw a big roll of butter on the ground under a Daletree. He went back to his wife and told her.

When his wife came out she looked at it and said that it was resin that fell from the tree. The man went on another bit and he saw the churn of butter of butter milk on the ditch. He went back again and told his wife. She came to place and said that it was lime water.

The woman left both the butter and the milk on the ditch until evening. When the man was coming home there was the barrel on the ditch and the milk init.

He went for the cows that evening and when the cows were passing the barrel one cow drank some of it and perished that evening. The man died about a week after but his funeral was never seen. The woman never got to churn afterwards.”
Told by Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow

In the monastery of Innisfallen there flourished, in the days of Brian Borumha, a remarkable scholar, by name Maelsuthain O'Carroll...Here is the legend attached to his memory:

'Three Ulster students spent some time under him, and at last they formed a design of performing a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. They asked his permission, which he granted on one condition. "You will die," said he, "before you return. And now give me your solemn promise that, when your spirits are freed from their mortal bonds, you will not ascend to heaven till you come and announce to me the time of my own death, and whether I shall obtain eternal happiness or not."

"We make that promise," said the three together. They died at Jerusalem: and when St. Michael was about to conduct their spirits to heaven, they mentioned the necessity they were under of returning to their preceptor, and making the revelation demanded. "Go," said he.

They appeared before the great scholar, and thus revealed his destiny:--"You have made changes in the canon--you have been incontinent--you have neglected to sing the Altus for seven years. In three years you shall die, and hell is your destination."

"Not so," said the frightened man. "I will never more make a letter of alteration in the canon; I will lead a pure life; I will sing the Altus seven times every night; I will turn with true contrition to my Maker. Is it not written, 'the impiety of the impious, in whatever hour he shall turn from it, shall not injure him'?"

So he changed his practices: he lived a mortified and pious life; and at the end of the three years, on the day of his decease, he was again visited by the three spirits who, in the appearance of doves, came to give him an assurance of salvation, and bring comfort to the assistants at his death-bed. '

Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts by Patrick Kennedy

Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh
The Ó Carrolls, a goodly stock, the race of Cian, good to all petitioners...

Get your damn hands off her, Trump,
Her name is Jean Ó Carroll.

So that troubled time continued, woe 190 that never stopped, steady affliction for Halfdane's son, too hard an ordeal. There was panic after dark, people endured raids in the night, riven by the terror.
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

“Secrets, silent, stony sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts: secrets weary of their tyranny: tyrants willing to be dethroned.”
James Joyce, Ulysses

“Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past.”
George Orwell, 1984

THE DEATH OF THE THREE SONS. OF DIARMAIT MAC CERRBEÓIL (OR CERBAILL), chief OF IRELAND A.D. 538-558.

“It has been said that time heals all wounds. I don’t agree. The wounds remain. In time, the mind, protecting its sanity, covers them with scar tissue, and the pain lessens, but is never gone.” ― Countess Rose Elizabeth Fitzgerald Kennedy

“Together we understood what terror was: you're not human anymore. You're a shadow. You slip out of your own skin, like molting, shedding your own history and your own future, leaving behind everything you ever were or wanted to believed in. You know you're about to die. And it's not a movie and you aren't a hero and all you can do is whimper and wait. ”― Tim O'Brien, The Things They Carried

Nollaig Ó Gadhra. The Cultural Crisis of Identity. Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974

'When Sunningdale failed before the challenge of the Ulster Workers Council strike, and the Britisn government yielded to the pressure of right-wing Unionism once again, the politicians in [Republic of Ireland] began to feel the draught also.

Their attitude in the majority of cases continued to be that Nationalist Ireland should make as many concessions as possible to win over the Unionist acceptance, despite the fact that Ulster Unionists ... have nothing but contempt for those who are prepared to water down their cultural heritage to achieve a false 'unity'.

Nevertheless within weeks of the failure of the Sunningdale package -- an arrangement which we were told only three weeks previously would guarantee absolute and equal opportunities for the expression of both 'aspirations' in the Six Counties -- Dr. Conor Cuise O'Brien was telling RTÉ listeners that he was not, in fact, working towards national unity because he did not believe that such an idel was a practical proposition.

As Minister for Posts and Telegraphs Dr. O'Brien has already been at the centre of a major controversy about the development of Irish television and radio services.

But he has as spoken regularly on the [NI Statelet] situation, so frequently and so authoritatively that he seems to have taken over the direction of [NI Statelet] policy from the Department of FOreign Affairs, and indeed from the Taoiseach, Mr. Cosgrave, whose speeches seem to follow, more and more, the O'Brien line.

What has all this got to do with the Irish language? Simply that Dr. O'Brien, and Dr, Garret FitzGerald, the Minister for FOreign Affairs, seems to be dominating government thinking at present and that these same two ministers have grave reservations about reviving the Irish language...

The Most disturbing aspect of this trend is that there seems to be nobody in the cabinet who is prepared to present the traditional national viewpoint...while others get on with more serious business.

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. ― George Orwell, 1984

Dr. Garrett O’Connor’s Recognising and Healing Malignant Shame
“Dr. Anthony Clare, a prominent Irish psychiatrist, while emphasising the 'extraordinary vigour and vitality of so much of Irish life', also describes the Irish mind as being 'enveloped, and to an extent suffocated, in an English mental embrace'. This development has occurred, he says, in 'a culture [that is] heavily impregnated by an emphasis on physical control, original sin, cultural inferiority and psychological defensiveness ...Shaming strategies such as ridicule, teasing, contempt and public humiliation are clearly rooted in the historical reality of political oppression.

Devious conniving, silence as a form of communication, interpersonal treachery, and secret delight at the misfortunes of others are contemporary reminders of the familial savagery and tribal betrayal to which at least some of our forebears must have turned in order to survive under colonial rule

[IS THAT ALL WHAT LIAM GALLAGHER MEANS BY 'GETTING SHIT [MALARKEY]?]. IS THAT WHAT RAPPERS CALL N-WORD SHIT? IS THAT CALLED PAPARAZZI OR GANGSTALKING? WAS IT NOEL OR LIAM SAID HAD '2 STALKERS'?

EPSTEIN ISLAND, GOMER PILING
HUCKLEBERRY HOUNDS, MAFIA CLOWNS
BAD BADDIES OCCUPYING EVERY CORNER AROUND
THE SHIT LIST, THE RINGER, DRAW BAD CARD.

[O'Brien,]“You are a slow learner, Winston." "How can I help it? How can I help but see what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four." "Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder.
It is not easy to become sane.”― George Orwell, 1984

“I’m not from these parts. I’m from a little place called England – we used to run the world before you lot.” – Ricky Gervais 2004 Golden Globes

[O'Brien]“War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength.” ― George Orwell, 1984

"It is not easy to stand outside the mainstream and to continue to press for the truth, but we know this is the way in which human rights defenders undertake their work in every country around the world." —Dr. Maurice Manning, President, Irish Human Rights Commission (9 Nov. 2010) via Justice for Magdalenes • JFM Research • www.magdalenelaundries.com

Limerick, its history and antiquities; 1884.by Maurice Lenihan Notwithstanding the presisting enmity of the Orange faction irrespectively of every consideration of decency, truth, and honor, and the contumely and scorn with which Catholics and the Catholic Clergy continued to be treated, the old faith lived in the hearts of the people, and the year 1720 became remarkable in the Annals of Limerick in a pre-eminent degree.

Until that year there had not been a Catholic Bishop appointed to the diocese of Limerick since the death in Paris, of the Right Rev. Dr. Moloney ; when the Court of Rome at length adjudged it proper to appoint a Bishop to govern the diocese. The selection of the Holy See was made in the person of the Right Rev. Cornelius O'KeefFe, a native of the diocese of Cork, and of the family of the O'Keeffes of Clouna Phircane, in that county.

The day that witnessed the advent of a Catholic Prelate to a clergy and a people, who had been so long severely suffering, and so many years without a spiritual ruler, was a joyous one indeed. While to all the Catholic citizens of every degree, nothing could have been more acceptable. Almost contemporaneously with the arrival of Dr. O'Keeffe a partial relaxation was experienced in the rigors of the penal code.

An order was given by Parliament for liberty to Catholics to dwell in Limerick, without undergoing the process of registration, contrary to the Act of 1703 ; but the Catholics were compelled to enter into security for their good behaviour. Toxeth Roche, a bigot and a firebrand, was particular in enforcing this order ; but it may be added, that like many other men equally earnest in enforcing the letter of the law, his own conduct in the Corporation, did not prove to be above suspicion.

During his mayoralty in 1731, a Charter of Incorporation was granted to the Curriers and Tanners of Limerick; but the star of these Orange Roches was not destined to remain much longer in the ascendant. Systematic plunder and oppression had been arousing the resentment, not indeed of the Catholics alone, but of the Protestants themselves, who were not within the magic circle of the Corporation.

The gentlemen of the county commenced a lawsuit against the municipal body, on account of the many illegal exactions which were practised in the collection and in the levying of the Customs and the Gateage. The Catholic merchants, taking advantage of this auspicious occasion, contended with the Corporation about the Small Duties, called Cockett duties, which had been paid to the Corporation on the importation of goods, and which were proportioned according to the duties which they paid the Crown.

The case went before Parliament; several members of the Corporation were summoned to Dublin; the decision on the point being left to a committee of tAventy-four members of the House. The Corporation had a ready excuse for their misconduct, alleging that many Catholics were living in Limerick, and were not registered in accordance with the act of 1703, and that all such should be turned out of the city. Some of the most prosperous merchants were among this number.

This was a dangerous plea, as leave had been just given to Catholics to live and trade in Limerick, without registration. The committee, however, decided the question in this way : they decreed that it should be optional with the Catholic merchants to pay the small duties to the Corporation as before, or compound by paying £5 each year in lieu of these small duties.

By this decree about £100 per annum were gained for the Corporation ; and the liberty of dwelling in Limerick, contrary to the Act of 1703, was secured to the Catholics without registry. [Notes from Lenihan 1884 It may be proper to observe that " the Corporation " Roches of Limerick, were not related to the ancient Catholic family of that name, who are a branch of the Fermoy house, and were plundered of their patrimony{ahem} in Cork county by Cromwell, and driven to Clare, where some of them continued in business, and about the period at which we have arrived in our history, settled in Limerick, where they became eminent merchants and bankers — and one of whom, the late William Roche, Esq., was returned member for the city of Limerick, with David Roche, Esq., created a baronet in 1842 (a descendant of the Corporation Roches)— both liberals, in the first reformed Parliament, in 1833, and represented the city for some years.

The persons named in the Charter as of the Corporation of Curriers and Tanners, are Alderman William Franklin, William Brett, Thomas Brett, Charles Taweys, Edward Gray, William Benn, James Fortness, and Joshua Tabb. The draft of the Charter, which is .signed by George Roche, Mayor, and Toxeth Roche, Town Clerk, is among the Corporation documents.]

Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin.

Patrick Carton 'I’m growling at the gate I’m howling at the hate'

"One experiences oneself as another and the other as oneself. One begins to apprehend otherwise un-apprehendable suffering." ― Richard Ó Kearney
"Even now, I'll admit, the story makes me squirm. For more than twenty years I've had to live with it, feeling the shame, trying to push it away..." — Tim O'Brien, On the Rainy River

Suddenly I'm not half the man I used to be. There's a shadow hanging over me. Oh, yesterday came suddenly. — Ó Lennon/McCartney

“If my eyes could show my soul,everyone would cry when they saw me smile.” ― Kurt Ó Cobain

Aislinge Meic Conglinne,Kuno Meyer Translation
The three hags have attacked thee, even scarcity and death and famine, with sharp beaks of hunger. An [evil eye] has regarded thee. A plague of heavy disease has visited thee.

...The thirst and voracity which I feel in consuming my food, so that what I eat gives neither satiety nor substance ; inhospitality and pleonexia, refusal and uncharitableness regarding what is my own, so that I am a burden to myself, and dear to none. Hunger, with its four-and-twenty subdivisions in addition thereto, sadness, pleonexia, anxiety...

Vasco/Basque songwriter Roland Orzabal of Tears for Fears:
All around me are familiar faces
Worn out places, worn out faces
Bright and early for their daily races
Going nowhere, going nowhere

Their tears are filling up their glasses
No expression, no expression
Hide my head, I wanna drown my sorrow
No tomorrow, no tomorrow

All through the night I grumble at the lack of light
Mumble wrongs, stumble on rights
The Moon loses its Memory
Cormac Ó Caoimh

Celebrity Colonialism: Africa – the Glimmer of the "Underdeveloped world" by Svetlana Fenichel, The Stockton Postcolonial Studies Project
"...African current popularity as a cause célèbre directly echoes practices of early colonial missionaries. European Christian missionaries were actively engaged in exploration and colonization of the undiscovered world while converting, civilizing...the indigenous population.

Spring-Serenity Duvall sees the continuity of this tradition in the actions of "celebrity missionaries [operating] within a Western hegemony". According to Duvall, contemporary celebrity ambassadors to the developing countries set to promote similar developmental projects and ideas that were spread by colonial missionaries. The world saviours Bono, Jolie and the like simply "[profess] Western ideals about self-improvement, nation building and morality," assets Duvall.

Elkus[wrote], "[this] brand of moral grandstanding suggests that Africa has become a kind of plaything for some campaigners, a backdrop against which they can make themselves feel good and 'special.'"...

...Duvall stresses the fact that by engaging in missionary activities in the developing countries celebrities ultimately seek the recognition of good-doers. What remains unmentioned, is the fact that the current economic and social condition of many non-Western countries is an immediate consequence of exploitative colonial practices.

Western celebrities fail to justify their actions as a well-deserved compensation to Africa for the atrocities of colonialism, nor do they admit the fact that "the West <…> actually owes a debt to Africa" (Duvall 100).

Frantz Fanon similarly insisted on differentiating between charity and reparation in relation to the modern day European charitable deeds aimed at aiding the inhabitants of the developing world. In response to the West praising itself for its charitable activities, Fanon's valuable point should be taken into consideration by the power-bearing West."

Right, Bob Geldof?

Lay low for awhile
Try to find peace try to unwind
Become someone new
Believe in something true
-- Cormac Ó Caoimh

Linguistic Shenanigans: who politicised the Irish language in Ireland? by Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair

Céad míle fáilte ...I was struck by a debate on BBC Talkback on 12th May 2017, with Mark

Carruthers interviewing the News Letter's Editor, Ben Lowry about Acht na Gaeilge… the supremacist and fear-based outpourings during this radio show prompted me to revisit my thoughts on the wider topic of the language.

The whole island of Ireland is the native homeland of the Irish nation. Our rich ancient indigenous language, culture and heritage identify us as the unique and distinguishable settled nation we've been since long before the English language existed or even a Union of British nation(s) existed. British Unionists must cease framing debates on promotion of Irish identity, language and culture as if such were not inalienable native peoples rights but rather privileges to be granted by their colonial masters.

In a supposed "UK of equals" the Scots and Welsh nations have a unique Act to protect their indigenous language. Why therefore are British Unionists even asking native Irish citizens to justify insisting on a similar right – the fact they seek to treat Irish differently is what requires robust probing.

We all agreed in our 1998 peace deal to build 'parity of esteem ' between both traditions here. However, British Unionist politicians have since refused to fully implement this way forward. As this new process began to take shape within our anglicised environment, British Unionist politicians seemed to fear that genuine equality and parity was highlighting the stark difference between Irish and English: Irish is the naturally occurring indigenous language of the island of Ireland and English is a non-native language imposed upon us by a foreign colonial state.

In Germany, China, Russia, France, Spain, Italy and Poland etc, all their name places, roads and streets are in their indigenous language[Not so say the Helveticae, Hmong, Mongolians, Galicians, Sabine women, etc].

Moreover, their children are educated in the language indigenous to their native homeland and such nurtures in children a unique sense of self and belonging. This is what most terrifies insecure British Unionist/Colonialist politicians who reject their birthright Irish identity, which increasing numbers of their constituents children are embracing: Tá an tír lena dteanga féin tír a anam féin – a country with its own language is a country with its own soul.

Like every Irish Nationalist child who attended a Catholic school, I was taught Irish at school but struggled to ever use it in a public sphere controlled by a British Unionist orange supremacist state. Importantly, in those dark repressive days, the UUP and DUP were overtly hostile to all aspects of Irish identity and culture and Sinn Féin were the only party that bothered to promote them in the public sphere.

Thankfully, we Irish have arisen off our knees and stand proudly and resolutely with this goal in mind: we will ensure that a brighter and more enriched future awaits all of our children. I repeat: all of our children. The overwhelming majority of Irish speakers consistently elect Sinn Féin and the Socialist Democratic Labour Party to represent their interests.

Prior to the last election, the DUP insisted it would 'never' agree a new Irish language Act and rejected representations on this by Sinn Féin and the SDLP. This was despite the fact that an Act formed part of the Saint Andrew's Agreement the DUP signed.

In March 2017, Sinn Féin came within one seat of being the largest party at the Stormont regional election. Alarmed by this, the DUP leader hastily attended an Irish school in Armagh (the constituency of Sinn Féin MP Mickey Brady and Megan Fearon MLA who is the party's spokesperson for children) in what the DUP portrayed as some supposed act of outreach to Irish speakers. In reality, this visit to a bunscoil was more a case of the DUP acting as the supremacist Gatekeeper showing its own voters that the DUP would decide who it deemed entitled to represent Irish speakers.

[Anyone] could detect that we Irish remain the victims of a centuries old ongoing cultural war. Today, that war is fought by the offspring of English and Scottish Colonists planted on stolen Irish land to aid and abet British state efforts to eradicate what's Irish in Ireland and supplant it with what's English/British.

It's time the media obliged British Unionists politicians to concede, politicisation of what's Irish in Ireland was perpetrated by the British state aka non-Irish foreign state in Ireland: see its 1367 Statute of Kilkenny; 1695 Foreign Education Act; the 1831 National Education Act outworkings of a Tally Stick/Bata Scoir used to beat school children who spoke Irish; and the 1921 exclusion of the Irish language, uniquely Irish sports and Irish history from the new NI statelet's curriculum to ensure state schools were 'safe for [British Unionist] Protestant children'.

Today, British Unionists aren't using draconian penal laws to attack Irish identity, language and culture. Instead, they reject the creation of Irish schools, engage in discriminatory funding of existing cultural projects and conjure bogus 'costs and economy' excuses to mask their discriminatory actions and attitude.

For instance, they falsely suggest the unit cost the state allocates to educating one child in a Irish bunscoil isn't precisely the same as allocated to a school teaching the state curriculum in English. They further stupidly contend, teaching the curriculum in non-English is detrimental to building a successful economy in modern day Europe.

However, this conniving nonsense ignores that not least German industry was built on its indigenous language and it remains thee most successful economy on this our European continent. Since the undemocratic creation of the N Ireland statelet in 1921, the majority of British Unionists either raged at, shunned, marginalised, mocked and demonised displays of Irish identity, language, culture and history.
Consequently, it's unsurprising that during the 1980s it was once said at a Sinn Féin event: 'Every word of Irish spoken is like another bullet being fired in the struggle for Irish freedom.' To this day, British Unionists perversely cite this one-off remark as the cause of the politicisation of the Irish language.

This utterly depraved British Unionist tactic of inverting Irish grievance issues to portray themselves as the aggrieved is not uncommon but no less a gross act of political chicanery. The most scandalously blind British Unionist deflection nonsense I've heard in answer to the above is being told in English: you Irish should stop complaining we occupied your country and be thankful we British defeated the Nazis or you would now be speaking German.

British Unionist politicians deny they have a fear-based hatred of the Irish language and Irish culture, and are quick to contend: sure Ireland's Presbyterian community helped preserve the language. That, however, is pure sophistry.

It's true that a few self-identifying Irish Presbyterians belatedly helped save Irish culture from the near death throes of destruction efforts by the British state. However, here's the rub. The vast majority of Presbyterians were no less hostile to the Irish language and culture than the vast majority of their British Unionist counterparts in the Anglican, Methodist and other sects of Protestantism and to suggest otherwise is devious myth-making.

As British Unionist Protestant Professor John Brewer observed: Unionists can more readily tell you what they oppose than what they represent. If truth be told, British Unionists in Ireland dread their colonial sense of identity becoming eclipsed if they ceased proactively sustaining their forefathers suppression and opposition toward native Irish identity and culture.

In addition to Ben Lowry's 'alarm' and 'suspicious' remarks on the BBC Talkback radio programme a further striking example of what truly motivates Unionists' conduct was provided during a 19th February 2015 televised Stephen Nolan show whereon the Irish language was being discussed: DUP politician and Orangeman Nelson McCausland oozed insecurity when he alleged that the Irish nation were promoting our indigenous language in order to, supposedly, cause the 'cultural humiliation of [British] Unionists', adding he was 'absolutely… absolutely' serious.

When you invite British Unionists born in Ireland to describe their 'British' sense of identity most struggle. Many refer to their incessant flag waving and militaristic parading. Others seek to claim sole ownership over universal values common across western societies.

To-date, none have convincingly rebutted the central point made by wise Welsh politician Gwynor Evans who opined: 'What is Britishness… it is another word for Englishness… which extends Englishness over the lives of the Welsh, the Scots and the Irish. If one asks, what the difference is between English culture and British culture ones realises that there is no difference.'

In closing, I leave British Unionist readers in particular with this doubly telling remark from their English former master Winston Churchill who at least understood the spirit of we Irish would never be crushed: 'We have always found the Irish a bit odd. They refuse to be English' a.k.a British.
Oscail an doras go saol eile, léigh leabhar Gaeilge – Open the door to another world, read an Irish language book!

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't after you.
Kurt Ó Cobain
I'm going to hide in the hollow..trunk
In the hollow of an old oak
And hear only the hazel
Build an Atlantis in my blood
Cormac Ó Caoimh

"Colonialism hardly ever exploits the whole of a country. It contents itself with bringing to light the natural resources, which it extracts, and exports to meet the needs of the mother country's industries, thereby allowing certain sectors of the colony to become relatively rich. But the rest of the colony follows its path of under-development and poverty, or at all events sinks into it more deeply." ― Frantz Fanon, The Wretched of the Earth (Les Damnés de la Terre)

"Today, as a deflection tactic, some British Unionists in the Northern Ireland colony statelet mockingly dismiss the native Irish nation's litany of legitimate 'ethnic cleansing' grievances and absurdly claim ownership of this victimhood issue.

Ethnic cleansing of the native Irish nation by foreign British occurred over a period of centuries and was extensive, brutal, and had lasting consequences. Though the British state long ago ended these evil practices, alas, varying degrees of similar tactics continued to be perpetrated by certain elected British Unionist/Colonialist politicians and British terrorist gangs…

. ...Flash forward to the unfolding year of 2017, the old anti-Irish ethnic cleansing mentality of our supremacist British Colonialists still prevails.

That said, it's radically morphed e.g.:

- The Orange Order buys land to block native Irish Catholic purchases.
- A DUP Stormont Minister and Orangeman stands accused of anti-Irish/anti-Catholic housing decisions.
- A DUP Minister stands accused of suspiciously refusing to approve development of new Irish language schools.
- A DUP Minister is lambasted for cutting a tiny Irish language fund, and further refusing funds to other Irish culture groups while massively increasing funds to British Colonialist entities closely associated with anti-Irish and anti-Catholic activities.
- A DUP Minister changed the original native Irish name of a state owned boat to a English name.
- A DUP Minister praises the burning of Irish symbols.

Ruaidri Ua Conchobair, Ireland: ethnic cleansing and racism by supremacist British Colonialists, 27 May 2017 http://belfast-child.blogspot.co.uk/2017/05/ireland-ethnic-cleansing-and-racism-by.html

“Language, any language, has a dual character: it is both a means of communication and a carrier of culture” ― Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, Author, Decolonising the Mind

I wonder if Ed Sheeran is aware that his Framlingham Castle was given to Pembroke College in 1636. Pembroke is the third oldest of Cambridge University’s colleges and was founded in 1347 by Mary de Châtillon/Marie de St Pol, Countess of Pembroke, widow of Aymer de Valence, 2nd Earl of Pembroke (third creation), who fought at the Battle of Blàr Allt nam Bànag/Bannockburn against the Scots, bringing to mind Richard de Clare, Marcher Lord [English landlord on Cymru land] 2nd Earl of Pembroke (first creation), also known as Strongbow, leader of the Norman Invasion of Ireland , who recognized a mark when he saw one in future father-in-law and former Chief of Leinster Diarmait Mac Murchada, Diarmait na nGall, Diarmait of the Foreigners, dispossessed in 1167 by High Chief Ruaidri Ua Conchobair, [chief] of Connacht, after having abducted Dearbhfhorghaill, wife of Tighearnán Mór Ua Ruairc, Chief of Bréifne, 19th chief of the O'Rourke [RIP Uncle Bill Ó Rourke] dynasty, in 1152. Strongbow and English King Edward II of the Catholic Angevin Empire were happy to offer a little help with the first invasion beginning May 1169 with a little help from their friends Robert Fitz-Stephen, Maurice FitzGerald, and Robert de Barry. Edward II sent a second invasion in 1171, the year of Mac Murchada's death, to try to shore up his power against Strongbow.

Ní tír gan teanga. There is no nation without a language.

Note: This is not so much a seanfhocal as it is a modern affirmation of the importance of the Irish language in defining Irish identity. The thought is that if a "nation" expresses itself using some other nation's tongue, then it really has no seperate identity at all. Note also: The Irish word "teanga" has the primary meaning of "tongue". For obvious reasons it has the secondary meaning of "language" as also occurs in English. — daltai.com

He's a real nowhere man
sitting in his nowhere land
making all his nowhere plans for nobody
He's as blind as he can be
Just sees what he wants to see
Doesn't have a point of view
Knows not where he's going to
Nowhere man, please listen...

Ó Lennon, McCartney

“Whether you succeed or not is irrelevant, there is no such thing. Making your unknown known is the important thing--and keeping the unknown always beyond you.” — Georgia O'Keeffe

Churns

Long ago the people only used dash churns.

In preparing to make a churning they churn should be rinsed with cold water scrubbed with salt and again rinsed in cold water.

In winter it should be scalded with boiling water. Then scrubbed with salt then rinsed with cold water a few days before making a churning. The sour cream is then put into the churn. It is a custom to shake salt on the lid of the churn.

The woman of the house would not let anybody take a coal of fire while she was making a churning because she thought he would take the luck and butter with him.

When the churning was made she took out the butter with a and washed it in a wooden dish. Then she put a knife through the butter to see if there were any ribs in it. When the butter is made the bean -an- tige blesses the churn and the butter. She puts luck on the cows in this way. The butter-milk that is left is used for making cakes. It is sometimes given to the pigs.

The people long-ago used firkens to take the butter to the market or to store it up for the winter. Sometimes in a bog people find wooden vessels of butter buried. They give them to Dr. Costello of Tuam and he sends them to the Museum in Dublin.
Maureen O'Keeffe
Old Road.
Tuam.
I got this from my mother -
Mrs. O'Keeffe
Old Road.
Tuam.

from Tír Do Doirteach
(A Land Poured Out Beneath the Feet ofMiscreants)
by Aoghán Ó Rathaille, 1670-1726
Tír gan eaglais chneasta ná
clérigh!
Tír le mioscais, noch d’itheadar
faolchoin!
Tír do cuireadh go tubaisteach,
traochta
Fá smacht namhad is amhas is
méirleach!

A land without a meek church or
clergy!
A land which wolves have spitefully
devoured!

A land placed in misfortune and
subjection
Beneath the tyranny of enemies, and
mercenaries and robbers!

Lúcás 10 An Bíobla Naofa
36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?" 37 Dúirt sé: "An té a rinne an trócaire air." Dúirt Íosa leis: "Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna."

Luke 10 English Standard Version
36 Which of these three, do you think, proved to be a neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?" 37 He said, "The one who showed him mercy." And Jesus said to him, "You go, and do likewise.

Verses composed by a poetic brehon about the year 1300 advise the young law student:
The literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud—for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks.

— Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

"Almost 140,000 children in Ireland are living in consistent poverty and one-parent families are twice as likely to be living in poverty as the rest of the population, latest figures show.

Some 8 per cent of the population is in consistent poverty, with the highest rate among unemployed people at 22.6 per cent, according to the Central Statistics Office's Survey on Income and Living Conditions for 2014....

...Director of Social Justice Ireland, Dr Sean Healy, said the figures provided 'conclusive evidence that, despite what we are being told, government policy has failed to protect our society's most vulnerable, or to significantly ease their difficult circumstances'."

Ní mar a shíltear a bhítear.
Things aren't as they seem.

Calf Jumping, Schools Collection, duchas.ie

One night many years ago as a man was returning home from Ennis in a horse and cart he had to pass over a bridge which was supposed to be haunted. As he was going over the bridge he was taken off his cart and the [Sí] put him riding on a white calf and he went hunting foxes with the [Sí]. But he was warned not to talk or he would fall off the calf.

Everything went well until they came to a wide river and the calf jumped over the river. Then the man gave a shout of surprise on seeing a calf jump over a wide river. The very minute he shouted he fell off the calf and into the river. A boat happened to be passing with turf and the man was rescued.

Every night from that out the man was riding with the [Sí] and he was able to tell what would happen in the future.

Collected by Samuel Keane

"Meitheal is the Irish word for a work team, gang, or party and denotes the co-operative labour system in Ireland where groups of neighbours help each other in turn with farming work, such as

harvesting crops. Neighbours who give their work to others are helped in turn with their own heavy seasonal tasks to the heart of the concept is community unity through cooperative work and mutually reciprocal support. Meitheal is the Irish expression of the ancient and universal appliance of cooperation to social need."
—Source of definition, the Mary Robinson Centre

'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas
...the women acted out their grief as if mad: the keening woman often describes herself as dishevelled, often speaks of drinking the blood of the dead and rending her garments, and cares for nothing but the dead whom she keens.

There is ample anthropological evidence that even after the loss of the overt legal structures, the daoine/people maintained the Gaelic forms to the degree that they could.

In his book The Irish Countryman published in 1937, Harvard anthropologist Conrad Arensberg makes note of how the gathering of the older men with responsibilities differed from the [carefree attitide] of the [unmarried] men:
"The personalities of the 'village' participated variously, different groups met more or less regularly at specific houses… [buachaillíní] know the 'Dáil' [defined here] as the [séan] [fir]'s house; they -stay away-. One of the [buachaill] in Rynamona put the matter most clearly, when he described the [séan] [fir]'s gathering from its members' point of view:

'It wouldn't suit [for the young men to participate], he said. They gather at Jack Roche's and they laugh and joke and play cards; they talk about the next -gamble- and the next -dance-, and that is all they know. It is a lot of codology.

It is only the old men, the men with families and a responsibility on them, they are the ones that [participate]. And in our own way we learn a great deal. 'If you advance any argument you must be prepared to defend it from all attack, and John Roche, the public prosecutor, will ask you questions till he is sure it is right or wrong.

Then some evenings we have real discussions in which we settle problems. Other times we discuss farming. It wouldn't [be appropriate] for the young men to [participate], but when we get old and they get married, then they will gather just as we do and -talk about this and that-.

That is the way it has always been and that is the way it always will be.

There is never any bad blood between any of the village, and one reason is because we talk things over.'

Arensberg, Conrad, The Irish Countryman: An Anthropological Study, The Natural History Press, Garden City, NY, 1937. American Museum Science Books Edition, 1968.

Meitheal - Using the old Irish tradition of a Meitheal to develop a resilient, adaptive, autopoetic learning community,Liam Ó Gógáin, 16 Eanáir 2002

Meitheal is an ancient Irish tradition of a group coming together for a common purpose and working together and for each other to ensure that all succeed in achieving their goal. and nurtures the Genius of the group.

When cultivated and conscientised, this richness provides the lubrication, creativity, magic, self belief and resilience for the Meitheal to respond to changes in its environment and to demands made on its members, whether they are rapid and unpredictable, or foreseeable and moderately paced, in a balanced, congruent, holistic and effective manner.

In terms of managing change, particularly against the world view of accelerating chaotic, unpredictable change, Meitheal can operate as an aware, congruent, self reliant, adaptive self organizing organism...."

Ollamh Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the county of Galway, to George IV
(1762 – 1830) in Dublin:
'Three poets for three sister kingdoms born, One for the Rose,
another for the Thorn ; One for the Shamrock, which will
ne'er decay, While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away. '
At which the King and his Court laughed heartily."

Caol Art O'Caoimh.
Do bhí muinntir O Chaoimh ag rialiu na h-áite seo uair. I n-aimsear Cromail do cuireadh ar a dtaltaí iad agus dubhradar leo "dul go ifrinn no go Connacht."

Do bhí Art pósta agus do chuaidh a bhean agus a chlann go Connacht, ach d'fhan é féin ins na sléibte, agus bhíodh sé ag robáil ós na Sasanaigh. Do bhí capall aige, agus nuair a bhí na Sasanaigh ag dul ó gCorcaig go Mág-Ealla, do chuireadh sé (Art) stop leo, ach do bhí ortha gach a raibh acu do thabáirt dó.

Tar-éis tamaill fada do gortuigheadh é, agus nuair a bhí sé ag fágháil bháis, do tháinig an sagart cuige agus dubhairt sé leis, airaí a dheanamh.

Dubhairt Art nach n-déanfadh sé é, mar níor dhein sé aon rud ar as an slighe, agus nár goid sé aon rud ó aoinne ach ós na daoine do ghoid uaidh. Dubhairt an sagart leis, go raghadh sé go h-ifrinn.

Do gheall Art de'n sagairt go dtiocfadh sé thar n-ais arís tar-éis a bháis cun innsint do, cá raibh sé.

Tar-éis tamaill do bhí an sagairt ag teact abhaile oidhche. Do chonnaic sé (an sagairt) fear agus é ag marchaidheacht capall agus bhí fhios aige, gur ab'é Art a bhí ann.

Dubhairt Art leis go raibh sé i bhflatis Dé. Do bhí ionghnad ar an t-sagart, mar do cheap sé go raghadh Art go Ifrinn.

THE TALE OF THE LEATHER BOTTLE
"Curious Tales from North Cork" by Edward Garner

It begins with the lines:

When'er a man to lift the stone is found
From near the Funcheon or the country around,
The Faeries there can never again come
Their power is broken- their charms undone

Many years ago there lived quite close to Labbacallee a man by the name of Seamas na mBó. Late one night after attending a funeral, Seamas sat astride his old horse making for home. As he drew alongside the ancient tomb, Leaba Chailleach, the horse suddenly took it into his head to rear up, flinging poor Seamas out of the saddle and landing him right in the middle of the grave. Seamas was angered by this treatment and cursed the horse in terms both loud and explicit.

The noise caused a very old woman to emerge from Leaba Chailleach to inquire what all the commotion was about. She berated poor Seamas, accusing him of being drunk, which may have been true, for he was a man that liked his drop.

Seamas apologised for the disturbance, and having turned on the charm, he spoke some words of plámas to the Cailleach.

Flattery calmed the Cailleach down and when Seamas asked for a night's lodgings, she beckoned him to follow down into Leaba Chailleach.

Before long, they reached a great hall brightly lit: full of music, ceol, and dance, damhsa. The Lephrechauns stopped suddenly as Seamas and the Cailleach stepped in the door deep beneath Leaba Chailleach.

Seamas was unable to believe his eyes. Weakly he sat down as a leprechaun offered him a drink. Blessed with a permanent thirst, Seamas accepted with gratitude as he took a cautious sip.

One sip then another and soon Seamas was quite in his cups. He wrestled with the leprechauns outside their rules defeating them easily. Flushed with his success, he boasted to the the leprechauns that he could lift Leaba Chailleachs's giant capstone high enough for the Cailleach to crawl through and leave the place forever.

This he did with great ease. As he raised the stone the Cailleach herself stepped forward, and wished Seamas a life of poverty for himself and all his family and left Leaba Chailleach, crying, 'Piseóg!'.

The Lephrechauns power had been broken and they left the hall in a mighty rush, shrieking and wailing with fear and trembling. Thunder struck, lightning flashed and as each of the Leprechauns passed by Seamas, they gave him a knock on the door with their shillelaghs.

One Leprechaun handed a leather bag to Seamas, muttering to open it the day his son got married. Next day when Seamas awoke the little people were gone but the leather bag was still in his hands. His head was pounding. He was dizzy and felt about to vomit.

Remembering the warning about not opening the bottle, James kept it locked away in a cupboard at home until the day his only son, Sean, got married.

Everyone turned up...the people showing up uninvited. And with the ceremony due to the occasion, he opened the leather bottle and a drink. Each man in the room took a turn and yet for all they drank, the bottle remained as full as when first opened...until it was broke in the fistfight...

Soon the fighting and screaming broke out. Noses were bloodied, eyes blackened and skulls cracked. It was a battlefield. Seamas na mBó was amongst the fallen, and when he awoke it was to see dozens of leprechauns trooping into the room picking up the bits of the leather bottle, and passing them over to the cobbler in the corner.

As the cobbler tapped away with a tiny hammer, putting all the pieces together, he'd look over to

Seamas every now and again and burst out laughing. As the last fragment was tapped into place, a rooster crowed nearby and the Leprechaun folk left taking with them their leather bottle.

Tréde immifoilnge báis do gáeth: fúasnad, ferg, mesca.
Three things that make a wise man foolish: quarreling, anger, drunkenness.

The Diviner
By Seamus Heaney

Cut from the green hedge a forked hazel stick
That he held tight by the arms of the V:
Circling the terrain, hunting the pluck
Of water, nervous, but professionally

Unfussed. The pluck came sharp as a sting.
The rod jerked with precise convulsions,
Spring water suddenly broadcasting
Through a green hazel its secret stations.

The bystanders would ask to have a try.
He handed them the rod without a word.
It lay dead in their grasp till, nonchalantly,
He gripped the expectant wrists. The hazel stirred.

THE IRISH-AMERICANS.
No treason we bring from Erin
—nor bring we shame nor guilt !
The sword we hold may be broken,
but we have not dropped the hilt !
The wreath we bear to [Turtle Island] is twisted of thorns, not bays ;
And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears ;
And we claim our right by a People's right outliving a thousand years !
JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

This extract from the 12th century poem Sweeney’s Lay shows a sense of beauty and reverence for trees from the [Gaelic] perspective:

Laoi Shuibhne
A dhair dhosach dhuilledhach,
At ard os cionn crainn.
A chollâin, a chraobhacháin,
A chomhra cnó cuill.
…
A abhall, abhlachóg,
Tren rotchraithenn cách,
A chaerthain, a chaeirecháin,
Is alainn do bhláth.
…
A bheithi blaith bennachtach,
A bhorrfadaigh bhinn.
Alainn gagh craobh cengailteach,

I mullach do chinn.

Sweeney’s Laoi ~
Thou oak, bushy, leafy,
Thou art high beyond trees,
O hazlet, little branching one,
O fragrance of hazel nuts.
…
O apple tree, little apple tree,
Much art thou shaken,
O quicken, little berried one,
Delightful is thy bloom.
…
O birch, smooth and blessed,
Thou melodious, proud one,
Delightful each entwining branch,
In the top of thy crown.

- trans. Niall MacCoitir, from Irish Trees: Myths, Legends & Folklore
-

John Boyle O'Reilly selected poems

ERIN
WHAT need of new hero, with Brian? or preacher, With Patrick? or soldier, with Conn?
With her dark Ollamh Fódla, what need of a teacher, Sage, ruler, and builder in one?
What need of new lovers, with Deirdre and Imer?
With wonders and visions and elves
Sure no need at all has romancer or rhymer,
When the [Sí] belong to ourselves.
What need of new tongues?
Oh, the Gaelic is clearest, Like Nature’s own voice every word;
“Ab[h?]agur! Acushla! Savourneen!” the dearest The ear of a girl ever heard.

They may talk of new causes! Dhar Dhia! our old one Is fresher than ever today;
Like Erin’s green sod that is steaming to God The blood it has drunk in the fray. ...
Through ages of warfare and famine and prison Her voice and her spirit were free;
But the longest night ends, and her name has uprisen, The sunburst is red on the seal

“0 Bride of {the Sea! may the world know your laughter
As well as it knows your tears!
As your past was for Freedom, so be your hereafter, U
ndimmed through the glad coming years!”

What need of new songs ?
When his country is singing, What word has the poet to say,
But to drink her a toast while the joy-bells are ringing
The dawn of her opening day?

THE IMMORTAL POET.
True singers can never die ,
Their life is a voice of higher things unseen to the common eye ;
The truths and the beauties are clear to them,

God's right and the human wrong,
The heroes who die unknown, and the weak who are chained and scourged by the strong.
And the people smile at the death-word, for the mystic voice is clear ;
The singer who lived is always ALIVE : WE HEARKEN AND ALWAYS HEAR !
JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS,OPENER

Spalpeen: The Story of A Failed Settler on Turtle Island

I was born at St. Margaret's Hospital for women in 1977
A month before Mary Boyle went missin'
I was a Catholic then, like grandma Ní Dhuinn and Grandma Ní Chaoimh
though neither of them new how to spell or say those names
We moved to Lynn Lynn the city of sin
You never go out the way you came in
The twin sisters up the street and their older brother bullied us
I walked to Kindergarten at the Hood School didn't take a bus
Ice cream in the winter and big wheels off the wall
I walked at 8 months; a month and a half I crawled
St. Margarets gave my parents the option to cut off my foreskin
My parents opted for this genital mutilation
After I was cut out by Caesarean Section
I never got the squeeze
That babies need to activate muscles, thru their mommies
I got a spinal tap around age four
The giant needle that still hurts
I can still feel myself awakened by this pain
At least my mother breast fed until I was weened
Mom said my name was always Joshua
Back then she had a mystical connection to God in her
There's a lot more I remember from back then
the feeling the world was exploding when
That car crashed into our cellar, basement
Or mom and dad's arguments late night conversations
The world was ending, I prayed to God
I love God, I hate the devil,
As I lay in bed as a child
My feelings were extreme like that, not mild
Medical torture bullies and the end of the world
Didn't get along with the other boys
Not really allowed to be friends with the girls
Visiting grandma and grampa's farm so far away
Something happened so rarely I'd say today
All the cousins gathered round
I was too young to know what we lost
But I saw much that could be found
I ran through grandma's screen door
Grandma and Grampa were so poor
Grampa remembered his brothers and sisters farmed out young
To do housework for other families not to have fun
Grampa remembered his mother Jenny was from Antroim
Like his father Alex Brown who was born in the Great Potato Genocide they call a Famine
Grampa told me I really got it in me, remember you're Irish

There's never been another option but eventually remember this
Grandma on the Farm always wanted to die a good death
Peacefully in her sleep she took her last breath
Her brother Michael Ó Kieff died December 6 1942.
Somewhere in North Africa fighting for the English Speaking dudes
Memory isn't always a straight line
We remember the impressions left over time
I come from a line of people without friends
Family people but what that means depends.
Mom was the seventh daughter of eight
Farmhands too small to remember it as anything great
The country poor of Ireland moved to displace the Haudenosaunee
Same thing as Ohio next store with the Shawnee
Grampa gave me a sacred task
Remember my Irish, all he had left were approaches to farm tasks
Tír gan teanga, tír gan Spáilpín
We plastic paddies aren't allowed to have an opinion
Neither are us scrawnie shrimp wimps allowed
I came from people who looked after raw milk and cows
We moved to a farm town when I was five
Not much after that as a farm town would it thrive
Suburban sprawl and all those patterns
We were just outsiders in an old New England town we didn't matter
I never really talked much about the bullies at home
they all seemed like the same Petrarca mobster clone
tittie twisters and noogies, wind ups and take downs
Some kind of weirdo, a pipsqueak, nature boy, some kind of fairy, a leprechaun
It took me forty years to understand that as racial abuse
We're not wanted there my dad thinks being irish is something I choose
His mother comforted herself her whole life in the same shoes
Don't call me Cathern, she repeated, same racial abuse
Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter, her orphan father would say to cheer her up
She retired from being a Chief Nurse down in Florida with other nurses and cops
Every five minutes another telephone scam ringing it never stopped
On her wall though it said Mullach Abu'.
You were born your way, but being an ethnic Irish Catholic is something I choose?
I just want to get this down and forget
Just fit in, be normal, look forward no regrets.
The melting pot is perfect if you do it their way
Just don't get too big for your britches, right JFK?
Grampa's dad was homeless most of his life.
His father fled from Antroim's potato genocide
Michael D. Higgins says we have a feigned historical amnesia
I'm the last of my kind like Goku and Like Frieza
How are An Gorta Mór victims any better than magdalenes?
At least you pretended for the latter a redressment scheme.
You're not allowed to be an ethnic in any English speaking place
Since world war two though, we're not on the census as a race?
I'm not white, though my skin is.
I'm not a white anglo saxon protestant.
Though I tried for a while
But real protestants aren't white either I learned as a child

Too religious, you can't make friends.
In other words, Prostestants are too catholic until
the glorious advent of the Health and Wealth Gospel
Don't worry, I am not a protestant and never really was
But I do know that in these colonies it wouldn't be safe to be Jesus.
I tested it as thoroughly as a sinner can
You have to serve money not God if you want to be an American.
I am a philosopher and theologian by training
For a while I tried to do business consulting, marketing
I can help anyone tell their story
They are replacing marketers now with Artificial intelligence
But no one wants to hear anything that causes any worry
Maybe I am the only one saw that coming.
Copywriting, Content Marketing, then help the rich get richer
Clean nuclear is what they mean by green energy, sick getting sicker
I fell off the map. There was nothing left I could do with a clear conscience
So i thought i would market the story of the Sovereignt of Gaelic Ireland.

“The principal castle of the Dunnes was built in Tinnahinch in the old parish of Rearymore (east of Clonaslee)[County Laois] by Tadhg MacLaighnigh Ui Duinn who ruled the territory in 1475. It was the residence of the chief of the Dunnes. A map made in 1563 shows this castle (Baun Riaganach) to be near the source of the river Barrow. The castle was located about one mile south of Tinnahinch Bridge beside the river Barrow. The place name Tinnahinch comes from "Tigh-na-hlnnse" or "house of the island." A fairly large stream flowing into the Barrow at the site of the castle almost surrounds it, creating the impression of an island. It is believed that the castle was on the west side of the river and, of course, this is in line with the place name description above. In fact, the field on the opposite (east) side of the Barrow was known locally as the Mill Field. In 1547 the forces of Anthony St. Leger, the Lord Chief Justice, built a fortification around Baun-Riaganach in order to oppose the O'Connors and O'Moores. The castle was attacked and blown up by Cromwellian forces under Colonel Hewson in 1653. It was occupied by Charles Dunne, possibly the Catholic son of Barnaby Óg, who took part in the Confederate Wars (1641 - 1649). Very strong resistance from Charles resulted in Colonel Hewson using a full park of artillery to level the castle. Dr. O'Donovan, in his Ordnance Survey Letters for the Queen's County (1838), stated that "The present ruins of this castle are very trifling, but it was certainly, when perfect, a castle of considerable importance and extent." There is very little trace of it today with the possible exception of an old wall which may have formed part of the structure.”1 “Riaganach is identified in a location name, mbád.ún riaganac., as "Badhun-Riaganach, i.e. the bawn of the Hy-Regan which was the tribe-name of the O'Dunnes, in the barony of Tinahinch and Queen's County" in 1547.” “Badún : n o, m. (ba (pl. of bó) + dún ?) enclosing wall, fortified enclosure (for protection of cattle.” http://www.askaboutireland.ie/reading-room/history-heritage/heritage-towns/towns-and-villages-oflao/clonaslee/tinnahinch-castle/ 2 http :// medievalscotland . org / kmo / AnnalsIndex / DescriptiveBynames / Riaganach .shtml. John O'Donovan, Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters, Volumes 1-7 (New York, N.Y.: AMS Press, 1966), vol. 5, p. 1502, footnote "m" 3 http://dil.ie/5123

Grián, Gronyn, Grawn (Sun, Sunny) Giolla Gréine (Servant of the Sun) Gráinne ní Cormac, Granìa Oí (House of the Sun) Ianuaria (Life) (pron. GRO-nin, GRAWN, GREEN, GULLA GREEN, GRAWN-yuh, GRAN-you-uh) At last you have followed the counsel that was given you, said the raven; and now, having learned wisdom, you may go home again to Grianaig. There you will find that the knight’s two eldest daughters are to be wedded this day to your two brothers, and the youngest to the chief of the men at the rock. But her gold cap you shall give to me and, if you want it, you have only to think of me and I will bring it to you. And one more warning I give you. If anyone asks you whence you came, answer that you have come from behind you; and if anyone asks you whither you are going, say that you are going before you. So Iân mounted the horse and set her face to the sea and her back to the shore, and she was off, away and away till she reached the Church of Grianaig, and there, in a field of grass, beside a well of water, he leaped down from his saddle. ‘Now,’ the horse said to him, ‘ draw your sword and cut off my head....It is the only way that I can free myself from the spells that were laid by the giants on me and the raven; for I was a girl and he was a youth wooing me!’

Said Ailill to Fraech, Let your harpmen play ...Now those harpers were wondrous men, by their sides they had sacks of otter’s skin, About their bodies the sacks were tied, And they carried their harps within, With stitches of silver & golden thread each case for a harp was sewed; And, beneath the embroidery gleaming red, the shimmer of ruby coral showed! Roeskin about them in the middle, it was as white as snow; Cloaks of linen as white as the tunic of a swan. Harps of gold & silver & bronze, with figures of serpents & birds, & hounds of gold & silver. Gentle & melodious were the triad, And they were the Chants of Uaithne (Child-birth). The illustrious triad are three brothers, namely Gol-traiges (Sorrow-strain), Gen-traiges (Joy-strain), And Suan-traiges (Sleep-strain). Boand from the fairies is the mother of the triad (252)
Christine O'Keefe's fairy page online

THE BURDEN OF MANHOOD. The great but acceptable burden of manhood —the overmastering but sweet allegiance that a true man owes to the truth. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

IRELAND. With what weapon must that country be struck where the palace is a temple of infamy, and the prison a shrine of national honor ? A NATION'S TEST. A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres ; One master-mind is worth a million hands. JB O'rEILLY

Walk into half the Irish pubs in the world, and you are likely to see a document on the wall called the Proclamation of the Irish Republic. Now, I don't believe in Republics for historical reasons, namely: Rome and Rape of the Sabine Women, England and the Rape of the Algonquin Women, and France and the rape of Hai'iti. All of those historical, unanswered crimes relate to the founding and maintenance of every Republic you might imagine.

Even in Plato's wildest dreams of justice, a republic always fails without wisdom, and republics are never founded on such wisdom. The name on that document in the pubs isn't what interests me most.

A little further down from the title that document says in every generation, Ireland never failed to assert its sovereignty. That wee document signed by the likes of James Connelly and Joseph Plunkett says, here we are asserting the sovereignty. They were summarily murdered for this assertion. Did the sovereignty die with them?

Well, not by their own logic it didn't. They assert that other lads who were summarily murdered for asserting this sovereignty, whether Red Hugh Ó Caoimh at the battle of Clontarf or Iarla Fitzgerald up against the Statutes of Kilkenny or Hugh Ó Neill after the Hamiltonian Plantation of Ulster or Dónal na Cásca Ó Caoimh after the false peace of Limerick or Remember Skibbereen, this sovereignty of Éire has never been ceded by the Traditional Custodians of the tribe we might call Fine Gael against the tribes we might call Fine Lochlannach, Fine Sasanach, or their friends, family and bad luck they brought to this fair Island of Éire.

Fine Gael, the family, not our sellout cousins who have the the pluck to name a political party such a name without family authorisation, Fine Gael has never stopped asserting our right to the sovereignty of Ireland. It's affirmed by St. Patrick baptising Aengus of Munster, it's affirmed by

Amergin before that. More recently its affirmed on the flags of the Irish Brigadiers who were stolen from Ireland to fight wars for England, America, France, Spain, and Mexico in the expression Erin Go Bragh [Éire go brách]. The same phrase go brách is used of the allotment of Mogh Ruith in Fermoy in Forbuis Droma Damhghaire as well as in our translations of the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. Go brách means forever, Éire -- the sovereignty and law of Fine Gael's Ireland represented as a woman or the harp representing all women -- forever.

Surely all these words and phrases have been used in other ways because of the brokenness of all things. But, if we remove our historical amnesia just out of kindness and generosity for a moment, isn't that all true? You disagree? Has anyone ever heard this sort of argument made outside of songs? Is this what Michael Martin (you don't get to use our Gaelic language to seem like one of us) of Ireland's occupying Government is alluding to when he says backwardlooking ideas of sovereignty in the news? Isn't that cowardice exactly the attitude James Connelly refers to as Woe to the Vanquished in his book on the Re-Conquest of Ireland? Woe to the Vanquished, says Michael Martin, we aren't going to assert any sovereignty in light of your Hard Border, I mean Brexit Backstop, I mean Belfast Protocol I mean Windsor Assertion...As the King said in his speech, it's business as usual.

Who have ourselves Sinn Féin become in all this? The party of pretending that isn't all happening so they can get language rights for half the remaining Fine Gael family members and forget the other half of the Fine Gael called Muinceor whose language Shelta should be protected too. Which ourselves do they refer to exactly, this Sinn Féin? The party so eager to get in on policing they forget our Family Fine Gael, ourselves, Sinn Féin, in our soverign law Féineachas forbids Roman or Gustavus Adolphus style police forces, previously refered to as Peelers or English soldiers. No sore Féin like your own sore Féin.

Irish Sovereignty is based, like any Indigenous Sovereignty, in the Truth of the Chief Fir Flathemon, the Will of the People Oidhreacht, and the sustainability of sea, air and land Iascach na Muir. When Trinity College Dublin, where the big guns were in 1916, was founded in 1592 to erase all that, I guess they decided to start believing their own version of historical events. Mind yourselves.

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis...Éire go brách.

'In the year of the world 4465,' translating from the 'Book of Leinster' died the monarch Lughaidh Laighné, of the line of Eber, after a reign of seven years.
JB O'Reilly, Ethic of Boxing and Manly Sport

The Paschal controversy in the British Isles centred on the use of an 84-year Easter table, which was abandoned by Iona only in AD 716. Previous discussions of the Irish table have been hampered by the fact that no manuscript copy was known. This paper announces the discovery of such a manuscript (Padua, Biblioteca Antoniana, MS I. 27) and offers, for the first time, an authentic Irish Easter table for AD 438-521....

Annala Ríoghachta Éireann- Four Masters, O'Donovan Earliest - 1616
The precision with which the compiler of the Annals of Ulster has transmitted an account of the eclipse of the sun, which took place in the year 664, affords a proof that this entry was derived from a contemporaneous record.-- See note ; under AD 664...Venerable Bede who is followed by the Four Masters mentions this solar eclipse as having occurred on the third day of May; but the Annals of Tigernach and Ulster have preserved the exact day and hour....

Writing to the Gallican bishops in AD 603 on the subject of the Easter controversy, Columbanus remarked defiantly that he had `more confidence in the tradition of my native land in accordance

with the teaching and reckoning of eighty-four years and with Anatolius ... for the celebration of Easter, than in ... Victorius'. ' It is generally acknowledged that the Irish-and British churches of the sixth century and earlier reckoned the date of Easter by means of an 84-year cycle.
THE `LOST' IRISH 84-YEAR EASTER TABLE REDISCOVERED DANIEL McCARTHY and DáIBHI 6 CRóINíN

Chunnaic mi an searrachan 'sa chulaobh rium, Chunnaic mi an t-seilcheag air an lie luim ; Chual mi' a' chuag gun ghreim 'nam bhroinn, Is dh' aithnich mi fein nach rachadh a' bhliadhn' so learn.

[t]he snail on the bare flag in motion so slow ;
Without tasting of food, lo !
the cuckoo I heard,
Then judged that the year would not prosperously go.
The prophecies of the Brahan seer, Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche, Mackenzie

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES BY L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC

Literature & Theology, Vol. 33. No. 3, September 2019, pp. 233–240
doi:10.1093/litthe/frz019
MY WAY TO THEOPOETICS THROUGH ERIUGENA Richard Kearney

My first Benedictine mentor, Patrick Hederman, taught me that Eriugena was someone who paved a path beyond the binary opposites of dualist metaphysics (materialism versus nominalism) and theology (apophasis versus kataphasis). This opened a third way to God beneath and beyond the polarity of being and non-being. Hederman called this ‘teratology’—meaning a certain monstrous disruption of our normal logic of thinking which invites us to playfully and mystically imagine new ways of envisaging and experiencing the divine.

By remaking language one could unmake and remake our conceptions of God. Hederman also taught me that Eriugena was a poet of play and hilaritas—key qualities of what I now understand by theopoetics.

My next exposure to Eriugena was thanks to my Dublin colleague and friend, Dermot Moran, in an essay he had written for a book I edited on The Irish Mind (1984). Moran taught me how boldly heretical Eriugena was in his
...views on God as a live power in the natural world:
‘The accusation of heresy excluded Eriugena from the main western philosophical tradition for many centuries. Yet even in his own time he was regarded as an outsider, a vir barbarus, as the Vatican librarian terms him, an advena ... a‘‘famous Irishman’’ (Scotum illum).

Ireland....Eriugena was a key figure of the Celtic intellectual diaspora of medieval Europe.

In the ninth century he left Ireland for Laon in France, where he spent many years at the court of King Charles the Bald, writing his great theopoetic treatise on Nature (the Periphysion). His impressive [work] also
counted a significant body of poems (full of Celtic puns and hilarities) as well as his monumental translation of the Patristic mystic, Denys the Areopagite, from Greek into Latin. But he was not alone. His...included many other Irish scholars, amongst them Sedulius Scotus, Martin Hiberniensis, and Fergus of Laon.

Ezra Pound praises Eriugena and his migrant compatriots for their famous ‘wit’ known as hilaritas and for ‘bringing Greek learning and the eastern patristic traditions into the Carolingian world’.

This merry troupe of Celts made up what Christopher Bamford calls ‘an ecumenical cosmopolitanism’—which he explains thus: ‘to be a ‘‘Celt’’ meant to be at home everywhere: it is to have the gift of languages, the ability to empathize and be at one with everyone and everything; it is to be dialogue incarnate, conversation, to know the Word in the word’. Which sounds like a good account of what one might call a Celtic theopoetics. Central to the hilaritas of Celtic theopoetics was the ability to embrace opposites and dance with dualities. Just think of the encircling animals and interlacing plants in great medieval illustrated Irish manuscripts like The Book of Kells or the Book of Durrow....

The overall import of Eriugena’s message is, I believe, that the divine is not to be understood as a static metaphysical Idea—hiding away in some transcendental heaven—but as an integral part of all created things: theopoetics incarnate.

WIKIPEDIA: In Eastern Orthodox (palamite) theology, there is a distinction between the essence (ousia) and the energies (energeia) of God. It was formulated by Gregory Palamas (1296–1359) as part of his defense of the Athonite monastic practice of Hesychasm[note 1] against the charge of heresy brought by the [Holy Roman Catholic Scholastic] scholar and theologian Barlaam of Calabria...
...According to Meyendorff, Barlaam viewed "any claim of real and conscious experience of God as [heresy]

Barlaam also took exception to the doctrine held by the hesychasts as to the uncreated nature of the light, the experience of which was said to be the goal of hesychast practice, regarding it as heretical and blasphemous. It was maintained by the hesychasts to be of divine origin and to be identical to the light which had been manifested to Jesus' disciples on Mount Tabor at the Transfiguration.

https://orthodoxwiki.org/Sunday_of_St._Gregory_Palamas
The Sunday of St. Gregory Palamas is the Second Sunday of Great Lent. It commemorates St. Gregory Palamas (+1359). It falls between the Sunday of Orthodoxy and the Sunday of the Holy Cross.
Each of the Sundays of Great Lent has its own special themes. These can be seen as historical and spiritual. This Sunday's theme is that men can become divine (theosis) through the grace of God in the Holy Spirit.

It was St. Gregory (November 14), who bore witness that by prayer and fasting human beings can become participants of the uncreated light of God's divine glory even in this life. After his glorification in 1368, a second commemoration of St. Gregory Palamas was appointed for this Second Sunday of Great Lent as a second Triumph of Orthodoxy. It celebrates the condemnation of St. Gregory's enemies and the vindication of his teachings by the Church.

Troparion (Tone 8) [1]

O light of Orthodoxy, teacher of the Church, its confirmation,
O ideal of monks and invincible champion of theologians,
O wonder-working Gregory, glory of Thessalonica and preacher of grace,
Always intercede before the Lord that our souls may be saved.
Kontakion (Tone 4) [2]

Now is the time for action!

Judgment is at the doors!
So let us rise and fast,
Offering alms with tears of compunction and crying:
"Our sins are more in number than the sands of the sea;
But forgive us, O Master of All,
So that we may receive the incorruptible crowns."
Kontakion (Tone 8) [3]

Holy and divine instrument of wisdom,
joyful trumpet of theology,
together we sing your praises, O God-inspired Gregory.
Since you now stand before the Original Mind, guide our minds to Him, O Father,
So that we may sing to you: "Rejoice, preacher of grace."

Great Lent: Journey to Pascha, by Fr. Alexander Schmemann (1974), St. Vladimir's Seminary Press.

WIKIPEDIA: In his years of evangelism, Aidan was responsible for the construction of churches, monasteries and schools throughout Northumbria. At the same time, he earned a tremendous reputation for his pious charity and dedication to the less fortunate—such as his tendency to provide room, board and education to orphans, and his use of contributions to pay for the freedom of slaves:

He was one to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; and wherever in his way he saw any, either rich or poor, he invited them, if infidels, to embrace the mystery of the faith or if they were believers, to strengthen them in the faith, and to stir them up by words and actions to alms and good works. [...]

This [the reading of scriptures and psalms, and meditation upon holy truths] was the daily employment of himself and all that were with him, wheresoever they went; and if it happened, which was but seldom, that he was invited to eat with the king, he went with one or two clerks, and having taken a small repast, made haste to be gone with them, either to read or write. At that time, many religious men and women, stirred up by his example, adopted the custom of fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays, till the ninth hour, throughout the year, except during the fifty days after Easter.

He never gave money to the powerful men of the world, but only meat, if he happened to entertain them; and, on the contrary, whatsoever gifts of money he received from the rich, he either distributed them, as has been said, to the use of the poor, or bestowed them in ransoming such as had been wrongfully sold for slaves. Moreover, he afterwards made many of those he had ransomed his disciples, and after having taught and instructed them, advanced them to the order of priesthood.

—Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation (Book III: Chapter V); Butler, 406–407

WIKIPEDIA: Cuthbert was born (perhaps into a noble family) in Dunbar, then in Anglo-Saxon Northumbria, and now in East Lothian, Scotland, in the mid-630s, some ten years after the conversion of King Edwin of Northumbria to Christianity in 627, which was slowly followed by that of the rest of his people. The politics of the kingdom were violent, and there were later episodes of pagan rule, while spreading understanding of Christianity through the kingdom was a task that lasted throughout Cuthbert's lifetime. Edwin had been baptised by Paulinus of York, a Roman who had come with the Gregorian mission from Rome, but his successor Oswald also invited Irish monks from Iona to found the monastery at Lindisfarne where Cuthbert was to spend much of his life. This was around 635, about the time Cuthbert was born.

The tension between the Roman and Celtic Christianity, often exacerbated by Cuthbert's near-contemporary Wilfrid, an intransigent and quarrelsome supporter of Roman ways, was to be a major feature of Cuthbert's lifetime. Cuthbert himself, though educated in the Celtic tradition, followed his mentor Eata in accepting the Roman forms, apparently without difficulty, after the Synod of Whitby in 664..."

Richard Kearney asked me once, 'How Irish are you?' and suggested I read Garrett O'Connor's essay Recognising and Healing Malignant Shame. Richard likes a fast paced dander and misses the dog he used to have. His wife is twice as brilliant as he is and has two very differently brilliant daughters. He invited me to give a talk at Boston College for a conference on the Irish Imagination. He had previously called me a 'Bob Dylan' type, a true bard and philosopher, so I figured I would kind of go for it with my talk.

At the beginning, he mentioned how a well known Irish Sacred Music expert was disallowed into the USA in 'Trump's America.' Bernadette Devlin had been barred for her doing a hand-off to the Black Panthers with the key to *New York City*[Overheard in Florida 'Like NYC in the 70s and 80s' Like what precipitated Bernard Goetz?]. How Irish was Bernadette there? Well, she didn't give it to the Algonquins or to whomever the Sacred Land once called New Amsterdam once belonged...So I had to speak right after James Smith's discussion of how the Imagination of the Irish State managed to dispense with a wicked lot of evidence and removed the Magdalene Victim's imaginations. Since these are my mnáibh, I got a bit heated and gave a poetic laser show demonstrating what happened on the land we were standing regarding the Algonquin Cousins and their genocide we celebrate every American Thanksgiving.

Someone from History Ireland was on hand to let me know about the mass graves of Gaels on the same Deer Island Inis Fianna where the Algonquin Presbyterians called Praying Indians were genocided that has a no-doubt under-reported 850 dead Irish in an An Gorta Mór era mass grave. I wish I could tell her that there wasn't even nominally Irish police in Boston until 1851, 221 years after they were founded by my ancestor Myles Standish. I wish I could tell her about the church in Boston's North End that says Gaelic women were killed as witches if they didn't denounce Catholicism in 1688, a year before Virginia's Protestant Revolution rebranded Coode's Rebellion, and 3 years before the Treaty of Limerick with King Billy the Bully.

Father Patrick Hederman gave the keynote. He introduced us to the notion of Mythopoesis that forms the ways we encounter reality. The Praying Indian Algonquin Presbyterian Martyrs received the mythopoetic adjustment that comes with receiving Christ our Lord. But their mythopoesis as Algonquins made them suspects to the Orange Puritans and the Orange Puritans mythopoesis we call Protestant Dominionism just figured they's just as soon genocide them and have a Thanksgiving dinner Arlo Ó Guthrie style. Maybe keep some around and erase them or whatever. Right?

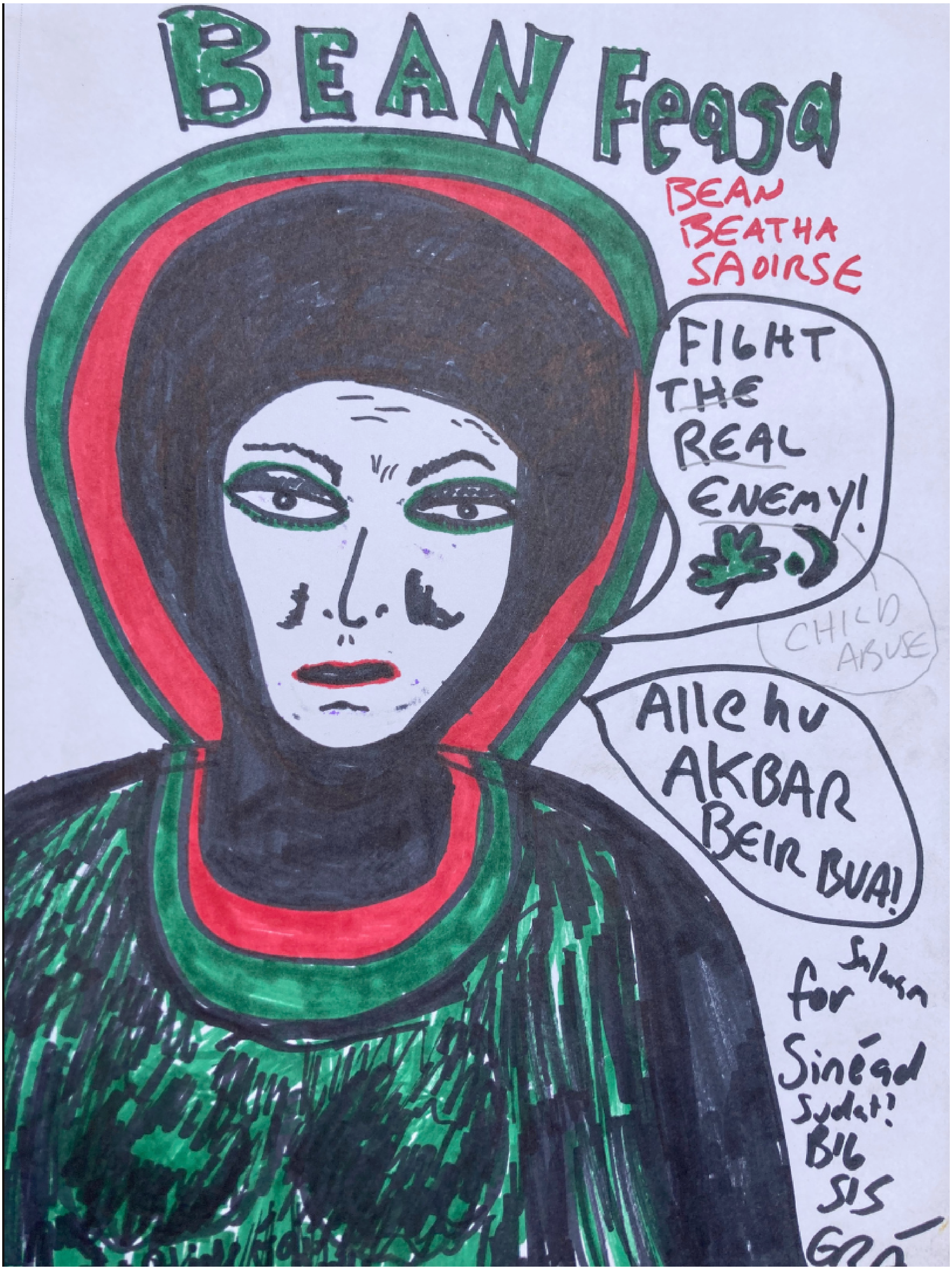
This might be too wordy for a Pocumtuc grandma, but there's a local story in the area of Nahant and Pocumtuc Wolhana and in the area of Quinshepauge about folk-hero called Cheepi in someplaces. In some place he is called Glooskap. In some places he is called Hobbomok. He removes obstacles like a giant.

One obstacle Cheepi encountered one day was that a large beaver had dried up the river and poisoned it somehow as well, so that there wasn't no way to get by off the land or nothin. Cheepi faced the large mammal cousin and said, 'Why you gotta be like that. This place was meant to be shared.'

Beaver was clearly sick with the wetsikuh like hissing and wild-eyed and clawing the air. Cheepi eliminated the obstacle. Now don't make me tell you that story ok?

Ní chronaítear an tobar go dtrá sé.
The well isn’t missed until it dries up
An Draoi as the Basis of Celtic Law re: the establishment of a justice system as opposed to a Penal Code within a rules-based Law system.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.
HISTORY gives us our measuring-point. By it alone can we calculate the progress of the world, and our ownparticular corner of it. Some people are apt to think that Ireland has no separate history of her own worth considering. Others find her history confused, sad, or difficult, wanting land-marks and out-standing rulers. Others, again, look at Irish history through their own sympathies or prejudices, and cannot always picture Ireland as compared with contemporary countries, or realize the peculiar way in which Ireland was set apart.


BEAN Feasa
BEAN BEATHA SAOIRSE
FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY!
CHILD ABUSE
Allehu AKBAR BEIR BUA!
for Salman
for Sinéad Sydat! BIG SIS GRÁ

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

" THE POOR OLD WOMAN." What has she there within her wide cloak's fold Wrapped warm this woman of wide, wistful eyes, Who watches for the dawn through storm and cold, With patience waiting for the mists to rise ? What makes her patience power, her sufferings gain ? What makes her strong to shelter, love, and pray, With head uplifted beneath driving rain, While weary for the coming break of day? What but the strong young child, brave-eyed, and bold,Won by her sufferings, fruit of love and stress, Old Ireland's offspring, young life from the old, Her child Young Ireland nothing more or less ! L. M. McCRAiTH.[" The poor old Woman."" An t-sean Bean bochd "has long been one of the symbolical names for Ireland.]

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

LADY ELEANOR FITZGERALD. WIFE OF THEMAcCARTHY REACH. The life of Lady Eleanor Fitzgerald was one verydifferent to that of her sister Margaret, Countess ofOrmonde and Ossory. Much less is known about her, andher lines fell in different places. Margaret Fitzgerald madeher husband ; she spurred him on to action when he wassupine ; she influenced him throughout life by her soundjudgment and wisdom. Equally, her Butler marriageseems to have made her. It coloured her opinions, it widened her outlook. No less Irish than her sister, shethrew her influence into the scale on the side of loyaltyto the State in which her husband and sons bore theirpart and of law, order, and regularity. With Eleanor,it was otherwise. Eleanor was the eldest daughter of Garret Mor, the"Great Earl" of Kildare. Her mother was his firstwife, Alison, daughter, and heiress, of Sir RowlandEustace, afterwards Lord Porchester. Eleanor wasthe eldest of a long family. …Margaret,as we know, was married, shortly after her mother'sdeath, for political reasons, to Pierce Butler. It is likelythat before this in those days when men declared that"All Ireland cannot rule the Earl of Kildare!" hiseldest girl had been given by the " Great Earl " to be thebride of the MacCarthy Reagh of Carberry. Garret Morwas an Irish chieftain first, an English noble afterwards.He ordered the matrimonial affairs of his household as hewilled, careless of English opinion, and the statute of Kilkenny, before the days when Henry VII. summonedhim to England, at the instigation of the Butlers,to give an account of his deeds. At that periodof his career, he cared more for the clans than he did for the Pale. The MacCarthys were powerful in the South,and no doubt the head of one of the branches of the familyThe MacCarthy Reagh was regarded by Gerald as afitting match for a Fitzgerald. Accordingly, Eleanordeparted to the rude, and comparatively primitive, state of a native Irish chieftain's court. Margaret, in her turn, went to hardship, and conflict in the woods, and secret hiding-places of the Butler's country, until her husbandwas restored to his title. Probably, Eleanor's marriage was as much a matter of policy as was Margaret's. …

...MacCarthy Reagh, who had come upon a safe conduct,made answer with all the haughty pride of the twrofamilies Irish and English from which he derived hisblood, that he would not be sworn to the King, nor giveany man pledges to do any man right to whom he mighthave done a wrong. " For " he said scornfully " thatwhich he had won with his sword he would keep with hissword." The Lord Butler, moved at what he consideredthe insolent language of the Irish Chieftain [his first cousin] retorted angrily " That it should be to his pain,"to which MacCarthy made answer " that he would abideit," with a proud countenance " adds Ap Parry " andas like the Geraldines as ever I saw !"...

... " The royal commissioners sent to Ireland in 1537 held a conference in the fields without Clonmel with JamesFitzjohn of Desmond, and he gave them unbounded promises of fidelity, none of which he performed. Thecommissioners especially urged him to use his endeavours that young Gerald Fitzgerald should be delivered into their hands. They promised a full pardon for the only offence with which this youth was charged that of ' having withdrawn himself from the King's Majesty without ground, or cause.' They assured Desmond that the King had never any intention towards the youngGeraldine except such as tended to his honour and welfare, ' and to have cherished him as his Kinsman, in like sort as his other brother is cherished, with his mother, in the realm of England.' Desmond wearied the commissioners with delusive promises, until they began ' to think it folly to give any further faith either to his word or writings.' However, in March, 1538, this Desmond was obliged to give up his son as hostage for his good behaviour. " The young Gerald Fitzgerald was now the hope and rallying-point of the Geraldines, and was the grand object of solicitude among those who were opposed to English rule. He had about this time been conveyed with great secrecy from Thomond to Desmond, to be placed under the care of his aunt, Lady Eleanor, now a widow, and TheMacCarthy Reagh, who was chieftain of that district. …

Lady Eleanor, although she must have been over fifty, was probably still a handsome woman. For some timesince her widowhood she had been desired in marriageby Manus O'Donnell, the much-married, Chieftain ofTyr-Connell. Manus was a man of more than middleage who had already buried two wives. He was marriedin all five times. He had long exercised the rights ofChief during the old age of his father, Hugh, and thuscaused the enmity of his younger brothers. His fatherhad lately died, and Manus had been formally inauguratedChieftain of Tyr-Connell, having promised Lord LeonardGrey, the Lord Deputy, "to do good service as ever hisfather did to the English Crown." The sincerity of hispromises may be judged from this story. He was, in hisway, a remarkable man, a scholar, and a ruler of muchpower. He is described as " a learned man, skilled inmany arts, with a profound intellect and knowledge ofevery science, the friend of ollaves, and men of letters,yet withall crafty and cruel."

Negotiations had been carried on for some time for themarriage of Eleanor with this Manus. At last the widowyielded to O'DonnelPs courtship at the urgent desire ofher own kindred, who hoped thus, not only to secure asafe asylum for the young heir of the vast power of theEarls of Kildare, but to lay the foundation of a con-federacy which should eventually lead to his restoration. In the month of May, 1538, messengers came fromO'Donnell, and from his great neighbour O'Neil, to theEarl of Desmond to bring this marriage to a conclusion.

They were met by the Lady Eleanor, and her nephew, who accompanied them first to the Court of O'Brien in Thomond. From thence they travelled on, with a very slight escort, to Ulick Bourke (of Clanrickarde) whopassed them on safely to the MacWilliam Bourkes of Mayo and Sligo. They were accompanied by James Delahyde, a priest named Walshe, who was the late Earl's chaplain, and young Gerald's tutor, Leveroux. Thencethey proceeded to Donegal, without having experienced any obstruction during this long journey. From this moment, the council at Dublin began to be alarmed with the reports of the designs and preparations of the two northern chieftains, and of their secret practices with the King's enemies in Scotland. The ease with which this small party travelled nearly the whole of Ireland from north to south, revealed a strong feeling of sympathy among a large part of the people of Ireland, and a want of good intelligence and foresight on the part of the Government, who, in spite of the King's anxiety to obtain possession of the young heir of Kildare, were only informed of his departure to the north, and of the marriage of the Lady Eleanor with Manus O'Donnell, by common report some time after both events had taken place.

The near relationship of the young fugitive to his uncle Lord Leonard Grey raised suspicions of collusion on the part of the Lord Deputy, which were busily circulated by his enemies. These excited against him the enmity of the Butlers, whose interests he crossed, and of the Council, who accused himof acting on his own responsibility. Lord Grey indeed identified himself too closely with the feuds of the Irish clans. In the end Lord Grey found himself at the block.

on Tower Hill, and what mistakes he made he paid forwith his head. It was soon understood that the removal of the youngFitzgerald heir from Thomond was not merely ameasure of protection. It was the result of a deliberateplan, of which one of the least objects was Gerald'srestoration by force of arms to the titles and possessionsof his family. The design extended to the expulsion ofthe English rulers, and the establishment of O'Neil, orsome other chief, as [chief] of Ireland. This was proved notonly by the attempts to obtain help from Scotland, butalso from France and Spain. In April, 1539, Lord Greywent to Dundalk where Manus O'Donnell and O'Neilpromised to bring young

Gerald, and deliver him up.Neither appeared, and the whole thing seems to have beena snare in which one tried to over-reach the other. In the beginning of 1540, the confederacy betweenO'Brien, O'Donnell, and O'Neil was apparently unimpaired. But now O'Neil took the lead, and it wasevident that the restoration of the young heir Gerald wasbut a secondary consideration, since O'Neil's aim was theKingship of Ireland. Grey, however, fell upon him atDungannon, and almost captured him. These energetic proceedings of the Lord Deputyseem to have damped the spirits of the Irish...

THE MEAN SOUL'S GAIN. The mean of soul are sure their faults to gloss, And find a secret gain in others' loss. JB O'REILLY Watchwords

Glyphosate/Roundup and Human Male Infertility
Steep decline in human male sperm count concomitant with rise in testicular germ cell cancer, congenital malformations of the male reproductive tract and drop in serum testosterone levels, all pointing towards increasing exposure to glyphosate/Roundup herbicides during the past decades, now corroborated by lab findings.
Dr Mae-Wan Ho

Don't poison the well. Contamination levels can only rise? Think about it.

“Some people are uncomfortable with the idea that humans belong to the same class of animals as cats and cows and raccoons. They're like the people who become successful and then don't want to be reminded of the old neighborhood.” — Phil Donahue

Aisling mac Conglinne, a template?
“The four things to be asked of every composition must be asked of this composition, viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention. For example: The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster, and its author is Aniér MacConglinne of the Onaght Glenowra. In the time of Cathal MacFinguine, son of Cúcengairm, or son of Cúcenmáthir, it was made. The cause of its invention was to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine.”

The place of this aisling composition is Tír Chonaill, and its author is Ephrem, Ancestral Chief of Munster and Tiarna, He-Who-Walks-Among-the-Dead, mac Tíre, Fir Maige Féne First Nation, Celtic Orthodox Catholic Irregular Bishop- Chief of Caiseal, a forty-six year-old Plastic Paddy Nerd[Fíor Uaim] with unrealistic expectations out of life [saoirse] who lives in a dreamworld [Tír Tairngire] of nostalgia and heritage [oidhreacht] and feelings [caoine agus dúchas agus caomhnú]. In the time of Lá An Dreoilín it was made. The cause of its invention is to sound the Dord Fhéine, cast the Reachtge and to heal the world before it is too late [Ní hansa]. Beir bua agus beannacht. It's a love poem for Linda Gallagher, mo hAisling, mo chéile. Ní neart go cur le chéile, mo hAmhrán, Linda Gallagher. Grá go brách, Linda Gallagher.

We must cherish our inheritance. We must preserve our nationality for the youth of our future. The story should be written down to pass on.
Louis Riel aka Lúgaidh Ó Reilly
Red River Métis First Nation/Mór Mumhan First Nation.
Wild Goose deportee offspring from the Treaty of Limerick 1691, Broke before the ink was dry, just like the Belfast Agreement 1998 and the Treaty of Strongbow 1169 and the Fort Laramie Treaty 1851 and Le Grand Paz u Montreal1701 and the Act of Union with Scotland 1701 ... is the phrase, 'moving the goalposts' appropriate? You think the Riel dit L'Irlande's will be angry I said so? Je me souviens. Ta Ch'Indi, as we say in Diné. They gave me two names. The Irish Wolf Mac Tíre and He Who Walks Among the Dead, right He Who Baked Bread Ó Brady's Navajo ghost? Miko, Claim the Land! Two fingers over the heart, downward motion, twice rapidly, love in Cherokee sign language.

Hello to my Mi'qmaq Southie cousin and Michael the Mi'qmak. Nowich Victor, Rita, and Julian. Yacqui Auntie. Yacqui Shaman whose dead gg grandma called me Tatanka. Red Guadalupe bracelet, Blue Eagle feather. White Iguana Algonquin Noogumee rice recipe, use less meat, use less cooking times, fold in four directions.

Sifu, Chifu, Shifu, Nenang, Meimei. 道則徐　皇帝 天命
Dao-Zhe. Dharma-Xsetra.

'I am a storyteller and this is my job. Simple as that. Saying that is actually kind of amazing for me because for years this wasn't always easy for me to accept. I was a quiet child with no self esteem and I thought no one would ever be interested in what I have to say ever. What helped me was my family, knowing I could share the stories of so many people who never got a chance to share their stories. What helped me was my community, learning that everyone gets a job and a way to serve their people. Making things up in my head is my job.

I can only speak for myself but this is how I understand it: Indigenous artists are as connected to our communities and nations as we are to our individual art and practice. We are also representatives of our nations and have a responsibility to our people. Everybody interprets this connection and responsibility differently. For me, as an artist, I am free to write about whatever I want, yes, but as a community member, I have to somehow honour my family and my people in everything I do.'
Katherena Vermette on why quiet stories speak the loudest
Jennifer Warren · CBC http://www.cbc.ca/books/canadareads/katherena-vermette-on-why-quiet-stories-speak-the-loudest-1.4033214

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis ní hansa.
Fáilte. Mise An Tiarna Fir Maige Féne First Nation. Hello, I am the Ancestral Chief of Munster. This title was confirmed after a Sliach Luachra dance, and after an old man danced Séan Nós in a place properly called Pobal Uí Chaoimh. Was I that good of a dancer? Some may argue I was insufficiently skilled at dancing céilí. Others may argue that my anam was more than sufficient. I don't know. 'Great legs'. Was it the crios?

Michael D. Higgins recently reminded us of the dangers of historical amnesia and what it might mean to account for the imperialistic colonialism which scattered our family to the four directions. Munster, or Momonia as it is more properly rendered in English, experienced a genocide in the era of Elizabeth I. The facts are not in question. They are stated succinctly in Norton's Anthology of English Literature about the period. They are stated, with more than bad taste, in Edmund Spenser's A Vewe of the Present State of Ireland. Spenser was, without any objections, one of the key players in the genocide.

As an ancestral Chief, my first obair is to set the record straight about that. It's not the only crime, but it's well within any reasonable definition of genocide. Momonian Chiefs were subsequently forced into surrender and regrant schemes which were never legal since they themselves were not owners of property but stewards of land on behalf of the Chief of Momonia and ultimately the Almighty God. There is much that can be said about the genocide of one's Nation, but, here, I'd like to simply state there was a genocide of the Momonian Nation, and I am its ancestral Chief in the sight of our family and of Almighty God, however you might conceive or fail to conceive of the Creator.These crimes have yet to be addressed. I hope that they shall be soon with all due distraint. The areas that concern the Ancestral Chief of Munster most are the cancer-ridden Cobh, land of Big Pharma, and Killaloe, land of the Ó Briens who illegally tried to pass Caiseal to Rome, among other crimes including the devastation of the Celtic Church, which still maintains its apostolic succession through the families of Ó Byrne, Ó Caoimh, McCarthy, and of course the Bishop-Chief of

Momonia, second only to Christ and St. Patrick in terms of administering the Reacht/Law of Féineachas and its corresponding Cáin statutes of our Holy and Apostolic Faith.
Is the Celtic Church, the Native Irish Catholic church Cáin not the go brách law of Éire, lawfully constituted, signed off on by all parties with conciliarity? History Ireland's piece on Cáin Adamnáin as the 'Irish Geneva Convention' also mentions the rightful Lords of Briton and Scotland signed off on the Law of Christ, not the Church of Christ, as the Law of Ireland go brách? Is that not correct if we remove historical amnesia about the uncomfortable nature of our shared histories?

Diarmaid mac Murragh despoiled the last Abbess of Kildare under our Celtic Canon Law and killed all her nuns. There is no way he was speaking for the Gaelic Irish, in other words, according to the Gaelic Irish read of a historiography without feigned amnesia, your worship. There is no way he was authorised to give Ireland to England, in other words, the reason conventional histories portray it.

Correct me if I am wrong, but didn't the baptism of Aengus mac nad Froích by St. Patrick himself in 432 consecrate Aengus's line as the Native Irish Catholic branch of Pendragon's line from Briton? Isn't that what the marriage of Nad Froích to Faochan, daughter of the Chief of Britain was about as the English were incurring on Britain? Doesn't the Belfast agreement guarantee a British Identity? Does it mention an English Identity or an Ulster Scots Identity? Why wouldn't Ireland ban the English Language entirely and use gorgeous Burnsian Scots and Gaeilge and Shelta on all the signage foregoing English entirely, call it Acht Anois? Call it An Dream Derg, TG4 laughtrack.

It doesn't take a genius druid to figure out that different worldviews look at the human subject differently. It doesn't take a genius to understand some worldviews treat some human subjects as objects. We might suggest that the anthropology that goes with a Human Operating System, the view of what various humans are within that system has many implications for shedding light on each Human Operating System.

First, though, let's define or at least try to point out what constitutes a Human Operating System. Late Capitalism is a human operating system. Slave Plantationism also a Human Operating System. Orthodox Catholicism is a human operating system. Mafia nonsense also seems to constitute a Human Operating system. Confucianism is a human operating system. Hinduism, likewise is a human operating system.

In late capitalism, the human elements of the operating system tend to be separated into terms like human resources, social constructs, labor market, and public policy. In Orthodox Catholicism the human elements tend to be discussed in terms of sovereignty, sin and virtue. I am not trying to give an exhaustive account, just trying to follow Wittgenstein in pointing in general to these forms of life. Though, we are referring to them at what might be considered an epidemiological scope.

I am using a neologism Human Operating System because of our overall familiarity with what a Computer Operating System entails: functionality, taxonomies, hierarchies, usability dynamics, form, action. I might not be able to write the code for a Computer OS, but I know there are differences between Linux, Mac, Windows, etc.

I might not run a nation, but I know there are differences and interplays between Navajo, English, and Spanish- based Human Operating Systems. So, our purpose here is to make a distinction and introduce terminology to think of human operating systems, their scale, their effects, and even perhaps their malfunctions.

If we can improve computer operating systems constantly, why can't we improve human operating systems constantly for instance? Or if someone in charge thinks we are improving human operating systems constantly, how can we find the language to discuss various functionalities and have language for applying some standards to determine malfunctionalities as well. One person's trash is another's treasure. One person's perfect is sometimes another person's hell.

So, the anthropology of view of the human, that corresponds to or follows from these various human operating systems, can also be analyzed. What is the human being in an English-Based Human Operating system? What is the human being in Orthodox Catholicism? What is the human being in an English-Based Slavery Plantation vs. a Spanish-Based Slavery Plantation? You can see how various elements influence or correspond to the anthropologies in each. I say anthropologies plural there because some Human Operating Systems have different standards for different humans, some get the country club prison for crimes, some get the hellhole. The variety is too vast to discuss without getting lost in the details.

The anthropology of Orthodox Catholicism says all humans are made in the image and likeness of the Creator, for instance, though various features of ourselves and the world, namely its brokenness, tend to lead us astray from that likeness. In theory, though vastly different from the mafia-influenced reality of Catholic operating systems, this relationship with the creator as our Father gives us sacred responsibilities that Jesus calls the Straight and Narrow path.

Late capitalism's anthropology entails reducing humans to employees or clients, though it has more celebrated categories. The conditions of places like the Philipines makes employees sound a bit like a whitewash, as well. Sweat shops being the euphemism most often used to describe the slavery of Late Capitalism, which hides its tracks well.

The Human Operating Systems must be what they mean when they say for instance, Human Activity is killing the planet. It's not one or another activity, and it's not one or another specific human beings, it is the full effect of the Human Operating System we used to call the Dominant Paradigm responsible somehow. The rules, you might say, are killing the world, though Operating system is more familiar at this point and perhaps points us to at least trying to understand and modify the right thing, should we eventually find ourselves wanting to stop the world from dying.

Of course, who is the 'we'. Well, in Late Capitalism's operating system, the only 'we' that makes those decisions is corporate boards of directors, and investment strategies of venture capital firms and the like. In Late Capitalism, only those sort of people are even considered real humans. It seems the rest of us are simply rabble, subhuman scum, at best, and no doubt writing on the topic makes one a rabble rouser.

Just try to remember these distinctions should you ever find yourself wondering what needs changing to save the world. We need a different human operating system, one that is cross compatible with Nature's Operating system. Late capitalism is convinced we can simply re-write nature's operating system with biotech. By the time someone realizes that is already a failed endeavor, it may be too late.

Made in the Image of God
Citizens
sacred protections
sacred responsibilities

Employees
Clients
not my problem
expedience

Imagine for a moment that the planet was on the brink of a cataclysmic extinction event. All the evidence says so in this supposition. You don't have to believe the supposition to consider what would be necessary to avert or at least minimize the damage of this extinction event. Just as a thought exercise, consider, if you will, what would need to change if we were on the brink of an extinction event.

So there's no need to argue that we aren't in that situation here for a moment. Just pretend you are Boatman 1 on the Boat called planet Earth and you have to make the decision for everyone and everything else. You're the Admiral and its a simulation, let's say, you have to make a decision about trying to minimize the damage to the whole boat planet earth.

Now, you're the Admiral, and the whole future of the planet depends on you making the right decision, based on the supposed evidence presented above. The way the planet is running currently, by all estimates, brings you to this extinction result. There's no way to fix it within the operating system you've inherited, and you, The Admiral General of planet earth have to somehow change the course and right the ship.

There are no particular tactics that can save the day. Even a grand strategy within the current course will not right the ship. What do you do? I can imagine this being a test for Naval officers completing their training to decide who is fit for command, kind of like in Star Trek. Imagine it's like that. Your Starfleet exam, but there is no other frontier than the one known planet with life. It's either right the course or extinction. There's no multiple choice option, just the problem to solve.

If the way the planet is being run is effectively killing the planet, wouldn't you have to run the planet differently to save it? For instance, when we look at Vandana Shiva's claim that Nature Shrinks as Capital Grows, the growth of the market cannot solve the very problem it creates. Isn't that the kind of starting point we need to solve the problem. First wouldn't we need to address not just the human systems breaking the planet, but also fit new human systems to the needs presented in our supposed scenario? If the planet had certain needs, for a wild example, wouldn't the Admiral need to meet this Starfleet exam solution to those needs, as a bare minimum to pass the test?

And wouldn't fitting these new systems require an operational management philosophy of some kind to run them? If capital-ism shrinks nature, some other organizational management strategy would be needed to correct the course of the Planet Ship, wouldn't it? In other words, correcting the course would require a different big picture approach in order to manage all the corrections needed and to unify and make sense of the effort. You'd need to run a different operating system than the one causing or leading to the supposed extinction, would you not?

It's not a problem you'd be able to fix by plugging the holes in the ship. You can't address a planetary ecology issue with quick fix solutions, you'd need to overhaul the entire enterprise, would you not? You ever think about those words Free Enter Prise? Listen, if you attack Ireland, you can keep a third of what you find there, wasn't that the deal Henry VIII? Get your free enter Prise? Am I wrong? Didn't that include the right of the King's Men to quarter themselves on your wives and children? Take their Prima Nocte as its called in Braveheart, their free enter prise?

What could replace a system built on on raping and pillaging? Isn't pillaging exactly what Industrialism is?

Magdalene Laundries and Feigned Amnesia

As Michael D. Higgins pointed out, there's a lot of feigned historical amnesia about Ireland. What

happens if we add the women's experiences back in to the story as if they were of equal importance to the men's and see how that plays out against the background of this historical amnesia.
Since that in itself would take several hundred volumes, at least, let's make some generalizations based on some key clues and simply start the conversation with the Magdalene Laundries which are left out of all the conversations about British rule.

What exactly were the Magdalene Asylums as opposed to how they are generally portayed. The closest analogy to what the Magdalenes were is the Indian Residential School systems perpetrated across the so called New World, more properly called Turtle Island by modern First Nations conventions. Most of those were really work farms of some kind in spite of being called schools, but let's say the Magdalenes were like those, generally, minus the school component. The purpose of those was complete annihilation of one Cultural Operating System and violent work-based indocrination into another system complete with all kinds of abuses.

The Magdalenes were not started by the Catholic Church, but by the British in the 1760s. They ran until 1996, so say 229 years. If my read of Merriman's Midnight Court is correct, in this early period two-thirds of the men of Ireland had been murdered or driven out in the Bliain an Air, Year of Slaughter of 1741, one of the lesser Potato genocides. These Magdalenes must have been a way of dealing with Native Irish women who didn't want to comply after that. Other highlights of the 1760s were the founding of the Anacreontic Society in London. Anacreon is a greek poet that cares for children kinda like Sappho a greek poet cares for women. The Americans base their National Anthem on that society's theme song, Hymn to Anacreon in Heaven or some such. Hidden in plain view. Eyes wide shut. Zizec's Rowdy Roddy Piper glasses.

Even contemporary memories of Magdalene times suggest that women and young girls had to work 18 hours a day in silence. I would love someone to try and argue to me that Magdalene Asylums were not transgenerational slavery, if we're talking historical amnesia. Justice for Magdalenes Research has a lot of anonymous depositions about the conditions, one in this book, for anyone who wants to call the Irish Rebellions terrorism rather than revolts against tyranny.

Think about all that for a moment. The Irish women and children were 'put away' for at least these 229 years. The redress schemes only deal [inadequately] with the last generations of these women. Were there no victims the first 200 years? Weren't the magdalenes in full swing during the Lord Grey Scheme of 1848, where the Magdalene asylums must have been used to collect and ship out preteen girls as sex objects for Australian convicts. Isn't that whom most of the Australian white people descend from? The word Sheila in Australia still maintains the same sensibility as the slurs used about the Maggies in Ireland.

Australia's Invasion begins in 1788 so it's quite contemporary with these institutions, innit Michael D. Higgins? Is that not how Irish Síles were used to populate Australia as Breeding Mares, wild Brumby Women? In 1688, a church in Boston, Turtle Island, reminds us that Irish women who didn't renounce being Irish Catholics were burned as witches. Is that not all part of the same picture of Imperialism?

How many of these western chauvinists men today simply accept what happened to their own great grandmothers as great and want to wish the same on the women of the Phillipines or of Aboriginal Australia? How much do you have to hate women to keep this nonsense going?

For the women readers, I need to say, the Irish, Scottish, and British law of our Holy Catholic and Apostolic Celtic church tried to put a stop to all this kind of stuff way back in 697AD. History Ireland has it all in their article online called Cáin Adamnáin, the Irish Geneva Convention. Obviously the law of Gentle Jesus was not heeded then or now by the imperialist conquistadors. It didn't begin in the 1760s in other words, but over one thousand years before.

The book The Silk Road names the Irish as slaves back in those days, probably from the slave market started by the Vikings in Dublin in the 840s AD. Sold along the Silk Road, Irish and Flemish Celtic slaves long before Columbus. Is my memory deceiving me?

As the evidence piles up, remember all of history is worse on the women, as St. James Connelly said, woman is the slave of the slave. The Magdalene Laundries continued until 1996...how are you today?

How Did Brian Borumha Defeat the Vikings if They are Still in Charge?

Conventional History says the Vikings attacked Ireland from 795 to 1014, finally being defeated at Clontarf by Brian Borumha. This could be considered the foundational whitewash job of all the fake news and fake history we've inherited. The first key to understanding this requires looking at the larger tide of European history.

The Vikings invaded Europe too. Most notably, the Vikings or Norse-mans, take a big chunk of France and rename it Norse-man-dy or Normandy in 841. It seems once Charlemagne consolidates his empire in 800, it must have looked like a calf fattened for slaughter by these Norse invaders. Notably, the Norse-men also attack Dublin around the exact same time 841 or so and what they call Russia, the Viking Rus Norsemen in 863. Why these are not all characterised as the same attackers remains the largest misdirection in the history left to us all.

To word it succinctly, there's no way the Viking Invasion of Ireland ended in 1014, if the Vikings from Norseman-dy successfully took all of England 52 years later, 1066, William the Conqueror, and the Norman Vikings also took Rome in 1084. Clontarf was at best a minor setback in their invasion whence they regrouped and staged the remaining invasion from England and Rome.

Their next move utilises the consolidation of Church and State power effective since Charlemagne to complete the theft of the Native Irish Church in 1101. The so-called reforming Synods of 1101 coming from the same Norman-controlled Rome taken just seventeen years earlier in 1084. The great grandson of Brian Borumha Murtagh Ó Brien essentially hands them the Celtic Orthodox Catholic church, even as his great grandfather had pledged gold to the same villifiers who already controlled the church at Armagh before 1014.

This is not a historical conspiracy theory. It is a Gaelic read of the events even as the conventional Anglo-Norman historical amnesia provides the facts being reinterpreted. The Vikings successfully took Ireland in 1169, though I would suggest King John's raping rampage through Ireland as prince should get more credit than Strongbow for the eventual state of affairs. The same king John changes our legal juris prudence forever from covenant law to contract law, the Magna Carta 1215,with the encouragement of the Merchant Adventurers whom we call Venture Capital today, the bankers bankers and insurance infrastructure. With contract law comes a different trickle down of rights for the common people and eventually a complete removing of responsibility from the Lords that we still call limiting liability today.

When we place all these corrections to the story, it sounds like 1169 is better Characterised as The Irish Crusade, as they take down the seat of our co-religionists at Constantinople-New-Rome just thirty five years later in 1204, with all the same hatreds and divisions present among these same Norse dominated businessmen today. By the time Constantinople falls under John Paleologos in the mid 1400s, these same conquistadors are ready to go and open up new markets. And, just like the Laudabiliter, 1155, precedes the Irish Crusade, the Doctrine of Discovery 1453 precedes the Arawak

Crusade 1492-- after the shipping routes from the mediterranean are ensured for the European and British Norse-mans.

How did Brian Borumha defeat a viking Invasion that never stopped? The simple answer is he didn't stop it. The complex answer is, the Vikings still dominate everywhere, including Ukraine and Russia, and it is their game which underlies the war machine, the slave trade, the church scandals and divisions, agriculture as blind productivity, and the general lack of responsibility which gets called the 'human activity' creating mass extinction wherever they have landed. Otherwise, Ireland would still have penguins called awks on all the beaches and magnificent oak decarbonisers filling the skyline.

Those who do not learn from history, are doomed to repeat it. Is maith an scéal an aimsir.

Natural Law Vs. Anti-Nature Govern-ment

What is Law? And What is government? In modern usage these two words have become somewhat interchangeable. Let's suppose for a while here that they are actually different. Let's say Law is best described as Natural Law in English, implying the structures that allow for a healthy human family and a healthy planet. Let's suggest government is actually interchangeable not with law, but with control and compliance, implying the structures that keep the extractive industries producing.

Is that fair? Law is like best practices for a healthy sustainable everything; unlawfulness thereby is destruction an selfishness. Now that set of qualities that we just called unlawfulness is probably best understood in English under other terms, like sin or evil. Sin or evil and unlawfulness are all synonyms.

Government is controlling populations to keep business moving. You hear this in political campaigns as 'good for business' or 'bad for business' usually about someone's opponent. Those fellas call everything not good for business 'communism' in that they don't appreciate something considering people before profit. In our analysis, though, communism itself is a function also of government, not law. Communism exerts control primarily in practice. It's a form of government.

It seems that government follows from what Zizec might characterise as ideology or what might also be called fundamentalism in a different context. You can be a fundamentalist about science for instance, and you can be an ideologue about religion. You can be an ideologue about Hobbes which sounds like Social Darwinism. You can be an ideologue about Hume which sounds like whataboutery and denial of causation. You can be a fundamentalist about science which sounds like, if scientists are involved it must be true or right.

Western chauvinists are ideologues about male domination. Racists are ideologues about european male domination. All these fundamentalisms require coercion and control like Totalitarianism to exist as power structures. But they also seem to amount to the same thing in practice, a pecking order. As Margaret Atwood suggests, evil and ignorance seem to get the same results in practice. Rapism is larger than racism. Solve the former, solve the latter? Reparation.

All of these ideological flavors, again, favor government, meaning coercive control, as the ways and means of promoting the ideology or fundamentalist belief underlying them. One might argue Capitalist Government and Communist government have a lot more in common with each other than with what is being argued here is traditionally called Law, both are governance: rules and compliance and punitive measures to enforce (I don't think anyone sees punitive measures as justice, but that it often called punitive justice). The punitive measures are carried out by both 'legal' reinforcement and 'social reinforcement'.

Law is something other than those things if we heed the arguments of Hiawatha, Moses, Jesus, Lao Tzu to name some of history's most well respected legal scholars. Hiawatha's law is called the law of peace. Without looking at the details of it, what is it that brings about peace? Why does Moses' law insist we respect the grandfather and the grandmother? Why does Jesus's Law insist we respect and revere the children? Why does Lao Tzu, and C.S. Lewis, suggest all of these considerations are called The Universal Way or Law?

Why does the Law of Moses and Noah insist that birds and animals get the full attention of God just like human beings. Why isn't it anthropocentric, but accounting for all the creation? Are these different laws served by Hiawatha, Moses, Jesus and Law Tzu? Or are they all pointing at dynamic universals that must be applied for us to maintain the life on planet earth in balance.

Why does the law of KRSNA tell us when there are unwanted children in abundance, that it is time to restore the law or we commit a great sin? Why has government everywhere failed the grandmother, grandfather and the children?

Why does it seem that government, like the Roman Governor Pilate on Jesus and like George Washington on Hiawatha, has to silence those who speak on behalf of this universal law? Isn't it time to recognize that fake news and fake history exists to reverse the law, to poison the well, to cut down the forests, to hunt and fish to extinction?

Is that what historical amnesia looks, Michael D. Higgins?

Dominionism to Transactionalism: A Slippery Slope Avalanche

England underwent an internal colonisation at the same time as Cromwell's Roundheads turned the world upside down. This domestic colonisation is generally called Inclosure, sometimes called Enclosure. The regicide appears to be just a sideshow. The real game is taking land which, in a legal theoretical sense, belongs to the Sovereign, the chief of the English standing in for God, and assigning that Sovereign land to the Market instead. The land no longer belongs to God, but now to the market, inclosure. This formula was presented by the Algonquin Elders in their analysis of The Massacre by Captain William Turner as what happened at the same time in the Massachusetts Bay Company colony. First, the soldiers seized the land for their Chief in England on behalf of Almighty God, then later it was apportioned to the market.

Contrast English Real Estate listings to the borders of the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror and this would no doubt become quite clear. The Inclosure in 17th century England removes God as owner of the land, the sovereignty of the Lady of the Lake, Some Watery Tart; and, the Domesday Book is a clear identifying document attesting to this not so subtle shift in legal philosophies.

Before we can begin to understand all the implications of this foundational, and as it turns out later, earth cracking shift in juris prudence, let's make sure we understand the differences between the two juris prudential philosophies.

We might call the first taking of the land Dominionist: this land is the Dominion of the Chief of Britain on behalf of almighty god.

With inclosure, the operating philosophy changes from fundamentally Dominionist to explicitly Transactional, what the English Poets of the time call the Dominion of the Sword. The Chief of Britain no longer owns or stewards all the land, some of it has been enclosed or privated from the commonwealth--private property instead of Crown land in other words.

Did private property exist before the 1600s? It would be very difficult to say or prove it did. Right the Crown stole the Algonquin land, then the private-eers re-wrote the legal definitions to suit their privation. They created private property out of thin air even as their own merchant marines form Policing corporations to ensure those privated property rights, for the Trasnsactionalists over and above the claims of the Dominionists further over and above the claims of the rightful owners, the Algonquins.

The same thing happens in Britain. Removing the church politics that drive the rest, the Native Celtic Christians have their land stolen by William the Conqueror, the Dominionist. Henry II's son John misbehaves drawing the merchants to steal the law system with the Magna Carta transaction laws. Henry VIII oversteps asserting Dominionism leading to the Cromwellian privations of land and reduction of the scope of rulership by the crown. No doubt there are subtleties to the politics but isn't that what happened? A gradual movement from Dominionism to Transactionalism at the juris prudential level where before, the Crown, at least in theory, held Ultimate Responsibility. After, you have a small set of power brokers with unlimited power and increasingly limited liability also called zero responsibility.

Let's analyze this thru the case of the commons, the overfished pond. In the Dominionist mode, the fish belong to the crown. Either this is in the commons where it gets overfished or it is maintained militarily to protect the fish by the representative of the crown. Think of RObin Hood and the King's deer.
Transactional mode, the pond is mine and I fish it how I want to, though its already poisoned by the mining company upstream. In the Dominionist mode, the mining company loses its charter for poisoning the water. In the transactional mode, the mining company gets political incentives to go poison another pond. We could play it out in all the ways, and before long we'd see neither Dominionism nor Transactionalism protect the earth, water, or air.

What other alternatives are there? Well there is shared responsibility, for instance. We are all responsible for the fish, so we don't overfish. There is kinship, for instance. We are relatives of the fish so we know we can't make them go extinct. Dominionism and Transactionalism are both competitive and what the historical sources call productive, meaning if you don't outproduce someone else you lose, again, all the fish die.

What would cooperation look like? Well, first everyone would need the same education to be on the same page. That would require adhering to the same truths, which would require judicious fairness or honorability at all levels. But without some way to attend to those institutions they would fall apart. The earlier model is Covenantal. Covenant is cascading family responsibilities and duties. Covenant Law can't run on money, because the duties are more important than earning power. That's like the expression Death befor Dishonor, right?

The Dominionist model historically never considered honor, and the Transactionalist model wrote honor out of the story entirely. Is honor the sum of the mind? What are people and systems that lack honor entirely? Do they have a feigned amnesia? Molann an obair na duine.

Holy and Righteous Martyr James Connolly wrote in 1915: "The militant women who, without abandoning their fidelity to duty, are yet teaching their sisters to assert their rights, are re-establishing a sane and perfect balance that makes more possible a well-ordered Irish nation. The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family. Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older [Gaelic family] social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern [colonial] Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens…"

Fields of Athenry
Pete St. John

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling
"Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

CHORUS
Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star fall
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

'The mind of my dear comrade seek ye not for fear of reproach; even were it possible to find it tis certain its like could not be found.

Reserved is the mind of Ua Fiachrach. ever -gentle, soft-spoken youth; friendly towards all to whom he comes, yet loving not one in twenty.

A fickle man who is of us and of you, a hand with every hand that is strongest even to the extent of throwing the dice; the most faithful man in the world....

...Therefore keep watchful service in the company of strangers; let no man bow to our [chief]; difficult is the knowledge of [human] natures.
Tríd sin déun ionnramh aireach a ccaidreabli na ccomhaidheach, dár bhflaithne ná feacadh fear, deacar aithne na naigneadh. Aigneadh 7C

Dublin. J. G. O'Keeffe MISCELLANY PRESENTED TO KUNO MEYER BY SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AND PUPILS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE CHAIR OF CELTIC PHIL0LOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN HALLE A.S. MAX NIEMEYEr 1912

“One is no Poet/File who does not synchronise and harmonise all the coimcne[mutual wisdom, national outlook].” Book of Leinster
Remember Kinsale! Remember Skibbereen! Laughter of our children! Ár scath céile...

MISCELLANY PRESENTED TO KUNO MEYER BY SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AND PUPILS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE CHAIR OF CELTIC PHIL0LOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN HALLE A.S. MAX NIEMEYEr 1912
T. O'donoghue , Selected and remixed
CERT CECH RIG CO RÉIL.
Give thanks to God; it is not too much, o [chief]; it is your duty, o [chief]; offer [God] thanks for every benefit.
Of the Clann Eógain, without concealment, whether freeman or active stranger, honour every man as if he were a [chief] or a prince.
When you meet a foray, answer it early, that you may abide for ever, like a pillar-stone.
The clans of mighty Eógan, lions from the slope, by your side in [grueling] battle — who has not tasted their anger ?
Gracious [chief], for peace, seek a generous modest queen, of good intellect and form.
Run no risk of betrayal, while alone in your chamber; noble Aodh
You will drive! o gracious [chief], with might and fury, the host of the Gael and Gall before you like a tree going with the stream.
Possess the whole of Éire, thou duine who art not weak; bring it under your authority
Let there be no deceit, no fraud, no strife in a crooked cause, no deception of clerics, no anger against the weak.
Do not take sides with the strong; but truly serve, so that both yourself and your [kinsfolk] may rule brilliantly.
Show no smooth flattery to one who is not steadfast;
Aodh, be not harsh nor severe, have a ready sharp countenance for everyone in turn.
In an evil wanton world, 'tis due to the poor, Aodh, that they receive [clothes] and food.
Noble great duine, do not sluggishly slumber; if you should retreat, where is your profit for us?
Though there be the possibility and the occasion, let there be no oppressing of women
Ever advance, good wise man; may your [Caoi] increase, as your age. |
Let your voice not be suppressed; may no [one] betray you;
Levy strictly your rent and tribute; such is due to the [chief] both of a country and of a tribe.
Do not demand tribute of a man who cannot bear it;
Giving no false judgment on the bad nor the good, but (finding) the true facts, that is fitting for a [chief].
Fothad na Canone cc.

Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin. Through these times the page of history is red with details of these atrocities. Victories followed each other on the part of the invaders, until they had the surrounding country under a terrorism and subjection, which the natives could not remove. It was not, however, without earnest and constant efforts and exertions on the part of the Irish princes, to suppress their atrocities, that they were able to persevere. At length in 943, Callachan, [Chief] of Cashel, taking a lesson out of the book of his illustrious predecessor, Cormac, called his chiefs together, exhorted them against the Danes, and as no part of Ireland suffered more from their plunders, murders, &c. than Limerick, and the borders of the Shannon, Callachan selected the city of Limerick as the field of battle. In the second page of the Wars of Callachan, in the old book of Lismore, where the election of that Prince to succeed to the sovereignty of Munster about A.D. 920, is described, (writes the late Professor O'Curry to the author), there occurs this passage : — " It was then arose the seventeen tribes (of the Eugenians) gracefully and readily to inaugurate Ceallachan * * * * * " The best of those nobles were the tall graceful Sullivan, at the head of the festive race of Pingham ; and the accomplished (in arms) Reardon, at the head of the brave Clann Donnohaile ; and the valiant Caeleighe ; and the heroic champion Laindecan ; and the brilliant Daineachaidh ; and the brave Cuilen ; and the lucky Ecertach ; and the sound active Lingan."

Callaghan, at length, singled out Amlav (Auliff) the Danish commander[so, also an ancestor of mine], and by one stroke of his sword split helmet and skull, and laid him dead at his feet. O'Sullivan followed the bright example and engaged Moran, who was called son to the King of Dennark, and by a well aimed stroke between the helmet and breast-plate, cut off his head; O'Keeffe ran Magnus, the standard-bearer, through the body ; and after a gallant defence Louchlin was killed by O'Riordan. The Danes now gave way on every side, and the Irish pursued them into the city, putting numbers of them to the sword in their castles and houses. But instead of keeping possession of the city Callachan was content with exacting large contributions from the Danes, part of which paid down in gold and merchandise, and hostages taken as security for the remainder. " This success,"says Keating, " gave new life to the prospects of the Irish."

W. O'Halloran, Early Irish history and Antiquities of West Cork, 1916, found at libraryireland.com, though they discourage copying and pasting it is a very valuable site indeed! Eyeries ...The parish is rich in old pagan remains, stone circles, Pillar Stones goulanes, cromlechs. There is a cashel or caher at Bofficle which has underground chambers. The entrance to these is in the centre of the mound, but one cannot penetrate to more than one or two apartments because the earth has fallen in. A portion of the stone ramparts still remains to be seen. At Ballycrovane there is a remarkable ogham inscribed stone, the loftiest in the [Irish] Isles. It is 17 feet 6 inches above ground, breadth near bottom 3 feet 6 inches. The characters, which were deeply cut, are still legible, with two exceptions. The inscription reads: MAQI DECCEDA. SAFITORA NI AS. Torani appears to be the person commemorated. The prefix Safi may mean a sage or a wise man. The reading would then be: The wise or learned Torani son of Decceda. There can be no doubt that the stone was raised to the memory of some important personage as it required many men to remove it and place it in its present position.'

Wikipedia: In Celtic mythology Taranis is the god of thunder who was worshipped primarily in Gaul, Gallaecia, Britain, Ireland but also in the Rhineland and Danube regions, amongst others. The name as recorded by Lucan is unattested epigraphically, but variants of the name include the forms Tanarus, Taranucno-, Taranuo-, and Taraino-. The name is continued in Irish as Tuireann and is likely connected with those of Germanic (Norse Thor, Anglo-Saxon Þunor, German Donar) , Latvian (Pērkons), Lithuanian (Perkūnas), Slavic (Perun) and Sami (Horagalles) gods of thunder. Taranis is likely associated with the Gallic Ambisagrus (likely from Proto-Celtic *ambi-sagros = "aboutstrength"), and in the interpretatio romana with Jupiter. The reconstructed Proto-Celtic form of the name is *Toranos "thunder". In present-day Welsh taranu and taran means 'to thunder' and 'thunder' (taraniñ and taran in Breton and "Taran" in Cornish). Taranis, as a personification of thunder, is often identified with similar deities found in other IndoEuropean pantheons. Of these, Old Norse Þórr, Anglo-Saxon Þunor, Old High German Donar—all from Proto-Germanic *þunraz (earlier *þunaraz)—and the Hittite theonym Tarhun (see Teshub) contain a comparable *torun-element. The Thracian deity names Zbel-thurdos, Zbel-Thiurdos also contain this element (Thracian thurd(a), "push, crash down"). The name of the Sami thunder god Horagalles derives from Thor's. The wheel, more specifically the chariot wheel with six or eight spokes, was an important symbol in historical Celtic polytheism, apparently associated with a specific god, known as the wheel-god, identified as the sky- sun- or thunder-god, whose name is attested as Taranis by Lucan. Numerous Celtic coins also depict such a wheel. The half-wheel shown in the Gundestrup "broken wheel" panel also has eight visible spokes. Symbolic votive wheels were offered at shrines (such as in Alesia), cast in rivers (such as the Seine), buried in tombs or worn as amulets since the Middle Bronze Age. Such "wheel pendants" from the Bronze Age usually had four spokes, and are commonly identified as solar symbols or "sun cross". Artefacts parallel to the Celtic votive wheels or wheel-pendants are the so-called Zierscheiben in a Germanic context. The identification of the

Sun with a wheel, or a chariot, has parallels in Germanic, Greek and Vedic mythology (see sun chariot).

Wikipedia Mug Ruith (or Mogh Roith, "[servant] of the wheel") is a figure in Irish mythology, a powerful blind druid of Munster who lived on Valentia Island, County Kerry. He could grow to enormous size, and his breath caused storms and turned men to stone. He wore a hornless bull-hide and a bird mask, and flew in a machine called the roth rámach, the "oared wheel". He had an ox-driven chariot in which night was as bright as day, a star-speckled black shield with a silver rim, and a stone which could turn into a poisonous eel when thrown in water. Valentia Island = Oileán Dairbhre = Island of Oak Forests

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaigni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.

In these Gaelic proverbs, there is plain and consistent inculcation of the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, self-restraint, self-esteem, sense of honour, courage, caution, in word and deed, generosity, hospitality, courtesy, peaceableness, love of kindred, patience...providence. There are none to be found excusing or recommending selfishness, cunning...or any other form of vice or meanness. Alexander Nicolson, 1882

Orthodox Priest Father Jim Katinas, who understands transgenerational traumas very well, said this about my professional work,"[Ó-Kieff] is especially gifted at discerning and distilling the essence of one’s brand/product and conveying it to current and future patrons in a manner that produces positive results. Josh is a superb writer and served as the creative director for the production of many materials of outstanding quality.” Before that I helped a human resources tech startup, Airbo,develop their core messaging. The CEO cofounder Vlad Gyster said this about me, " Josh intuitively understood complex concepts and distilled them into messages that people easily understood. Whereas I struggled to explain our business to friends and investors for over a year, Josh nailed it in such an intuitive way two weeks after joining that it prompted one of our investors to incredulously ask, “Vlad, why didn’t you just say that to begin with? I worked as a content strategist learning skills from bestselling author Andrew Davis who wrote a book on Marketing where you live called Town Inc. We made a podcast about that for a while and I loved the one about Jenny Doan, the quick quilting queen of the world. He taught me so much about how storytelling and the marketplace really works and how to compile practical wisdoms into a larger knowledge, which is kind of what this book represents. Lots of people been spreading lies about the Gaels for 1225 years.

The problem with our Gaelic story is really a marketing and storytelling challenge, and I set out and did years of market research to discover what needed telling and what is our voice like in our poetic record. The critical work of economist Finbarr Bradley tells us in this next phase we live or thrive by our Gaelic culture. He also says around 90 percent of Ireland's exports are foreign-owned profits. How do we tell our story?

Bérla Féine Hérenn: Corcach. The Legal Speech of Ireland: Cork.

An t-uan ag múineadh méilí dá mháthair. The lamb teaching its mother how to bleat.

"If you're after getting the honey, hey Then you don't go killing all the bees." Joe Strummer

Rock of Cashel okeefeclan.org The Rock of Cashel has a rich and important history. Its history starts in the forth or fifth century when the Eoghanachta clan built a small defensive position on the site. Saint Patrick visited the small stronghold and converted the clan leader. Unfortunately the saint accidentally stabbed the [chief] in the foot with his crosier. The [chief], thinking it was part of the initiation rite, bore the pain. The Rock of Cashel stayed the seat of the [chiefs] of Munster until the O'Brien tribe, under leadership of Brian Boru, conquered the fortress in the tenth century. After his victory Brian Boru was crowned [chief] of Ireland, only to be killed in the Battle of Clontarf a few years later. In order to prevent the Eoghanachta clan, by now the McCarthys, retaking the fortress it was handed over to the [Roman Catholic] Church by [chief] Muircheartach O'Brien in 1101. As a sign of good will, Comac McCarthy built Comac's Chapel in [1127-1134]. A stone sarcophagus in the chapel is said to contain the remains of ...Cormac.'

If you, I repeat, must be free, you yourselves must strike the blow.”
― Marcus Ó Garvey

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 The introduction of banshés into poems of this kind, to predict the recent deaths of the heroes or good men, whose virtues were the subject of the composition, was a favourite form of composition with the Irish poets of the last two centuries....

...In the eastern counties of Ireland this fabled female sprite is called Bodhbh chaointe (Bowe keenté), but in West Munster and Connaught she is known by the name of bean side (Ban shé) [bean sí]. Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, has the following remarks on this term, in voce Sithbhrog : — "SITH-BHROG, the same as SIGH-BHROG, from SIGHE, a fairy, and BROO, a house; hence BEAN SIGHE, plur., MNA SIGHE, she fairies, or women fairies, credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death....

" At the Dangan when the mournful cry was strong, The hoarding merchants took alarm! But with respect to themselves they need not fear danger; banshées do not bewail that class of mortals." The names of several banshée are preserved in romantic tales, as well as in elegies, and other poems, of which the most celebrated are Aeibhinn (now Aoibhell), of Craigliath, near Killaloe, the banshé of the Dal-gCais of North Munster ; Cliodhna, of Tonn Cliodhna, at Glandore, the banshé of the Mac Carthys and the other families of South Munster; Aine, of Knockany,in the county of Limerick; Una, of Cnoc Sidhe-Una, the banshé of theO'Carrolls; CailleachBeirre, of Dun-Cailllighe Beirre, the banshé of some of the Leinster and Meath families; Grian, of Cnoc Greine, in Munster; Aine, of Lissan, in Tyrone, so attached to the family of O'Corra ; Eibhlinn, of Sliabh Fuaid, &c. &c. Each of these is Bainrioyhan no. bruighne, or Queen of the fairy palace, in her own district ; and it looks very strange that our author does not give the particular name of the banshé of his poem, who frequented the moat near Ballyragget, in any part of hid Elegy. The most ancient notice of a banshé in Irish history is found in Mageoghegan's translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, where it is stated that Crimthann Nianar, monarch of Ireland immediately preceding the first year of Christ, " was carried away by a fairy lady into her palace, where, after great entertainment bestowed upon him, and after they took their pleasure of each other by carnal knowledge, she bestowed a gilt coach, with a sum of money, on him as a love token ; and soon after he died."...

...O'Flaherty, in his " Ogygia," part iii. c. 22, remarks on this passage that the Irish call these beings sidhe, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside, which fictitious habitations are called by us sidhe, or siodha. " Viros sidhe vocant Hiberni aeries spiritus, aut phantasmata; ex eo quod ex amoenis collibus quasi prodire conspicantur, in quibus vulgus eos habitare credit: quee colliuin talium ficta habitacula a nostris sidhe vel siodha dicuntur." Hence this learned man infers that the divinities of the Irish were local ones, that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places... The next notice of the sidhe occurring in the Irish annals is found in connexion with the death of Muirchertach Mor Mac Earca, who, according to the Annals of Clonmacnoise, was killed, drowned, and burned together by afairie woman that burned the house of Cleytagh over his head on Hollandtide.— Sec " Annals of the Four Masters," A. U. 526, vol. i. pp. 173, 175. But, perhaps, the most valuable historical reference to be found in all our ancient literature to the belief of the ancient Irish respecting these good-natured female sprites or banshés, who, according to the oldest accounts, are of the Tuatha de Danann race, is found in the account of the battle of Clontarf preserved in the Annals of Kilronan, and in various other MSS not yet published. It is stated that Oeibhinn of Craigliath (near Killaloe), the banshé of the Dal-gCais, enveloped in a magical cloud the hero Dunlaing O'Hartagan (a chief attendant on Murchadh, the son of the monarch Brian Borumha), to prevent him from joining in the battle of Clontarf ; but that O'Hartagan nevertheless made his way to Murchadh, who, on reproaching him for his delay, was told that Oeibhinn was the cause ; upon which O'Hartagan conducted Murchadh to where the banshé was, and a conversation ensued, in which the banshé predicted the fall of the monarch Brian, as well as of the prince Murchadh himself, with O'Hartagan and many other chiefs of the Dalcassian army.

It is curious to see that at the same time the Norse or Scandinavian enemy also believed in female sprites or [Cailleachs], but of a more gloomy and diabolical nature, who had the power of foreboding the dreadful slaughter about to ensue at Clontarf...

1124 King David I of Scotland adopts Lochlannach/Norman Feudalism for Alba. His sister, Good Queen Maud, was Henry I wife and he grew up in his household, adopting Norman values and traits. “He introduced a feudal system and granted land to Anglo Norman incomers who soon anglicized the lowlands in Southern Scotland. Norman English became the dominant language of court while Gaelic was spoken in the Highlands and Norse in the far North and Isles…” https://www.britroyals.com/scots.asp?id=david1

1132 Maelmhaedhoc Ó Morgair (Malachy) becomes Roman Catholic bishop of Armagh

Robert King, A Primer of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the formation of the modern Irish branch of Rome, DUBLIN, WILLIAM CURRY, 1846 pp 463- " About the thirtieth year of his age, Malachy having been consecrated bishop, is introduced to Connor, for this was the name of the town. But as soon as he had commenced acting in his new office, then it was that this man of God knew that it was not men, but beasts, he had to deal with. No where yet had he met with the like in the most savage place ; no where had he found people so profligate in their morals, so ungodly in their faith, barbarous as to their laws, stiffnecked against discipline, filthy in their lives...according to St. Bernard's account, he found " all" his flock to be " wolves, and no sheep among them," he did not despair, but set himself to work and use every possible endeavour to turn the wolves into sheep.... ...in Bernard's way of describing matters, is thus related :— Malachy introduces Roman, customs at Connor."The barbarian [Gaelic] laws are abolished, those of [Feudal Neither Holy nor Roman] Rome are introduced; the customs of the [Roman] Church are adopted every where, and the opposite rejected ; the temples are rebuilt and the [Roman] clergy ordained in them....

1169 Abbey of Holycross, in the county Tipperary, was founded by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick...the words of the charter began thus: “Donald, by the grace of God, king of Limerick, to all kings, dukes, earls, barons, knights[Norman titles], and other Christians of whatsoever degree throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ, &c.”5 He builds a lot of these kind of things. 1172 Donald O'Brien builds a new cathedral at Cashel, founds “nunnery for Augustinian nuns of the Order of Canons Regular, in Limerick, in the English Town.” Canons regular must be in distinction to Irish Canons, I have to guess.
Rosc Catha Déanaigh le Mogh Ruith Fíoraim bríocht a neart néil cuma braen fola ar fhear. Bíodh fó an bíth. Bruiter drong, go mbá crith, ár cuain Chuinn go mbá i n-eas, gach neart níath. Bíodh flaith

fúach. Fhir do-liach, go luidh brách. Búaidnibh slógh biáidh ós gach Eoghan Mór. Mogh Corb cas cliti sealaig. Bíodh ráidh, flaith nóifer. Fíoraím bríocht.

1188 Giraldus Cambrensis publishes Topographia Hibernica and then Expugnatio Hibernica talking [malarkey] about the Irish while praising the Normans and their Roman Catholic Church,while working as clerk and chaplain to King Henry II of England. Scholars still use it as a source.

'They use their fields mostly for pasture. Little is cultivated and even less is sown. The problem here is not the quality of the soil but rather the lack of industry on the part of those who should cultivate it. This laziness means that the different types of minerals with which hidden veins of the earth are full are neither mined nor exploited in any way. They do not devote themselves to the manufacture of flax or wool, nor to the practice of any mechanical or mercantile act. Dedicated only to leisure and laziness, this is a truly barbarous people. They depend on animals for their livelihood and they live like animals.' —Gerald of Wales [1146-1223 Norman Propagandist], Giraldus Cambrensis, trans. John Joseph O'Meara.

1102-1160 Guillananaohmh Ó Dhuinn, Ollamh of Leinster

Ní cleas é go ndéantar trí huaire é. It isn't a trick until it is done three times

Gearóid Iarla was so prolific and highly regarded as a poet that he was also referred to as Gearóid Filid (Gerald the Poet). The bulk of his oeuvre was composed in Irish, but he also wrote in Norman French, in all probability his native language. That he acquired both the proficiency in the language and the interest in and respect for the native culture to compose poetry in Irish is one of the least surprising aspects of Gearóid Iarla’s story: by his time, the process of the Hiberno-Normans becoming “more Irish than the Irish themselves” was irreversibly underway. So alarming had the Gaelicisation of the Norman invaders appeared to the English crown that a series of laws called the Statutes of Kilkenny were passed in 1366, forbidding everything from Hiberno-Normans’ use of Irish laws, language and dress to engaging in the Irish pastimes of “hockie” and “coiting” (the latter may refer to either a horseshoe tossing game or one resembling curling). Most of the Hiberno-Normans studiously ignored the statutes.

Much of Gearóid Iarla’s Irish poetry is collected in a work from the fifteenth century called Duanaire Ghearóid Iarla (the Poem-Book of Earl Gerald). In modern times the Duanaire has been published by Gearóid Mac Niocaill in Studia Hibernica (3[1963]: 7-59).

...from Gearóid Iarla‘s darkest hour. During a series of battles with the O’Brien clan who ruled some of the parts of Munster that he did not (the [chiefing] of Tuamhain, Thomond in English with means “north Munster”), the earl was captured and taken to Ennis, the O’Briens’ capital, where he was imprisoned for a year. With much time on his hands while waiting for his family to stump up a ransom for him, Gearóid Iarla turned to poetry for solace. It was in Ennis, in Brian O’Brien’s Clonroad castle by the river Fergus, that the Earl composed his most celebrated poem “Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh” (“Speak not ill of womankind”):

Speak not ill of womankind,
‘Tis no wisdom if you do.
You that fault in women find,
I would not be praised of you.
Sweetly speaking, witty, clear,
Tribe most lovely to my mind,
Blame of such I hate to hear.
Speak not ill of womankind.

Bloody treason, murderous act,
Not by women were designed,
Bells o’erthrown nor churches sacked,
Speak not ill of womankind.
Bishop, King upon his throne,
Primate skilled to loose and bind,
Sprung of women every one!
Speak not ill of womankind.
For a brave young fellow long
Hearts of women oft have pined.
Who would dare their love to wrong?
Speak not ill of womankind.
Paunchy greybeards never more
Hope to please a woman’s mind.
Poor young chieftains they adore!
Speak not ill of womankind.
Gearóid Iarla and Ennis https://ucronin.wordpress.com/2017/09/17/gearoid-iarla-and-ennis/#:~:text=It%20was%20in%20Ennis%2C%20in,no%20wisdom%20if%20you%20do.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC. " THE POOR OLD WOMAN."

The want of combination under one central head, or in one place, made it easy for the English to keep their foothold in Ireland. But the English conquest of Ireland was a very slow business. It was no definite and dateable event, like the Norman Conquest of England in 1066. The establishment of English rule was left to private adventurers, whose rewards were the spoils of the vanquished. There was no wedding of a King of England with an Irish princess, like the marriage of the Conqueror's son, Henry I., with the heiress of the rights of the Saxon, Edgar Atheling. Eva MacMurrough, who married Strongbow, had no rights according to Irish law, and Strongbow had none from the King of England. Indeed, Henry II. discountenanced him, and came over himself to receive the submission of the Irish Kings, which was given only by some of them. English and Irish never amalgamated as did Saxon and Norman. Instead of amalgamating, the English who settled in Ireland became absorbed. "When the first shock of invasion had passed, the old and the new races settled down as one people." This was greatly owing to the women of Ireland. The English married Irish wives, and conformed to the Irish custom of fosterage, by which a nobleman's child was brought up at nurse in the home of peasant foster-parents. Mother Eire folded these strangers into her bosom with her own children. The great nobles, Norman and Irish, the heads of the Geraldines, the de Burghos (Burkes), the O'Briens, the O'Donnells, the O'Neills, and the rest, now occupied much the position of the petty kings. There was still no combination, and no head. Nevertheless, trade and commerce and civilization went on much as they did elsewhere.

There was indeed the English Pale, a small tract of country about Dublin, garrisoned by the English, and fortified by castles. But the Pale was only a part, and a small part, of Ireland. In an evil hour the Statute of Kilkenny was passed in 1367 came penal laws. Marriage, fosterage or submission to Irish ordinances became high treason. The use of Irish names, or the Irish language, was punished by the forfeiture of all estates. No Irishman (that is, one who had not purchased " a charter of denization ") might hold a benefice, or enter a monastery. And, finally, " It was strictly forbidden to entertain any native bard, minstrel, or story-teller, or admit an Irish horse to graze on the pasture of a liege subject " of England. The Irish were shut out by these restrictions from participating in the great revival of scholarship which, in those days of the New Learning, was then flooding Europe with light. These penal laws, and many more, followed the Statute of Kilkenny. Together with the Tudor wars, they were the true causes of the " unmaking of Ireland." The days of the Reformation followed. In them, Ireland became a pawn in a great political game. Little piece that she was, she was sacrificed. The rulers of Ireland became Protestant, and became Protestant willingly. Ireland never did. Religion and patriotism became, alike, rebellion to the only rule left in Ireland....

...So it came about. At first, the chieftains were angry at Adamnan's new law, but, in the end, the Saint prevailed. After a time, .securities and bonds were given to him " for the freeing of women," and the guarantors gave three shouts of malediction on every man who would kill a woman with his right hand, or his left, by a kick, or by his tongue, so that his heirs are the alder, the nettle, and the corncrake." This curious old story, which seems something more than a mere legend, goes on to say : " Now after the coming of Adamnan, no woman is deprived of her testimony, if it be bound in righteous deeds. For a mother is a venerable treasure, a mother is a goodly treasure, the mother of saints, and bishops, and righteous men, an increase of the Kingdom of Heaven, a propagation upon earth. Adamnan suffered much hardship for your sakes, O women, so that ever since Adamnan's time one half of the house is yours, and there is also a place for your chair in the other half, so that your contract and your safeguard are free. And the first law made in Heaven and on earth for women is Adamnan's law." The Cain Adamnan goes on to give details of the punishments to be inflicted for the killing of a woman, or even for a blow, or an insult. St. Adamnan, the northerner, the prince of the Hy-Neil, lives still in his Law. Never did man make a better, nor a law better obeyed. In no country do women receive more honour and reverence than in Ireland. At all periods of Ireland's history, even in the darkest, the women of Ireland have ever been held in the highest esteem. In the famous records, such as The Annals of the Four Masters, The Annals of Lough Ce, the Chronicon Scotorum, the names of illustrious women are chronicled side by side with those of men. And these names are not few. Some of the women who are seen through the mists of time with more distinctness, are described in this little book. It has been written for the young Irishwomen who are growing up in what is, in many 226 respects, a New Ireland, as well as for those to whom Ireland, though distant, remains dear, as their Mother Land. Irishwomen have much in Eirinn's past of which they may well be proud. But mere pride in the past is a poor, empty thing if it cannot inspire greater deeds in the present. Eirinn the Mother, renews her youth in her worthy children. It is the young, fleet of foot, and quick of brain, with the light of morning in their faces, and their hearts full of hope and courage, who must carry on the torches of faith, endeavour, and high ideals. Their way has been smoothed now by the passage of many feet. Old difficulties have been worn away, or removed. Maybe other difficulties different have arisen. But the qualities which make men and women great and good remain the same. The women whose stories are told in this little book were not all good and great. Some were saints, some sinners. Some, like ourselves, were made up of the characteristics of both. They were shaped and moulded by the lessons of life on earth long ago. Each was the product of her particular period, and upon that period, for good or for ill, each left her mark. These earthly lives of theirs have their lessons to-day. An old proverb says : " To-day is the Child of Yesterday." This is true, but to-day is ours. What are we going to make of it ? What kind of a Yesterday is this To-day of ours going to make for those who follow us ? The answer in the main lies with the daughters of this Mother-land of ours whatever their lot in life, and wherever they may be. Their traditions of Womanhood are high. Their ideals must be even higher

1] Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh!
2] bheith dá n-éagnach ní dáil chruinn,
3] a bhfuaradar do ghuth riamh
4] dom aithne ní hiad do thuill.
5] Binn a mbriathra, gasta a nglór,
6] aicme rerab mór mo bháidh;
7] a gcáineadh is mairg nár loc;
8] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
9] Ní dhéanaid fionghal ná feall,

10] ná ní ar a mbeith grainc ná gráin;
11] ní sháraighid cill ná clog;
12] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
13] Ní tháinig riamh acht ó mhnaoi
14] easbag ná rí (dearbhtha an dáil),
15] ná priomhfháidh ar nách biadh locht;
16] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
17] Agá gcroidhe bhíos a ngeall;
18] ionmhain leó duine seang slán,—
19] fada go ngeabhdaois a chol;
20] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh.
21] Duine arsaidh leathan liath
22] ní hé a mian dul 'na dháil;
23] annsa leó an buinneán óg bocht;
24] mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh!

1583 Henry Sidney said to kill the rhymers Many of these must have been oldtimers Hearts so steeped in lore Facing musket's cold bore For discussing, I'm called a whiner.

It is not the Ireland of old that we have to-day. But an Ireland of English speech, and English pride, An Ireland without strength, and in misery extreme. An Ireland without Irish, and without love for poetry Peter Galligan, 1907.

Now if you find a highly thoughtful people transmitting crystallized thought through many hundreds of generations down to our day and time, from the very dawn of human knowledge I must ask you where can you expect to find truth if it is not there...In this way they left us incomparably the finest body of Proverbs upon the face of the earth. If we had nothing but these Proverbs to our Gaelic name we are an extremely rich people... The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death. BY H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913

We are going to emancipate ourselves from mental slavery, for though others may free the body, none but ourselves can free the mind.
Marcus Ó Garvey

Tales of the Fairies AND OF THE GHOST WORLD COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION IN SOUTH-WEST MUNSTER BY JEREMIAH CURTIN PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT IN THE STRAND
On the third evening the mason was absent, but his place was filled by a young farmer of the neighbourhood, named Garvey, who knew two ghost stories. The host was anxious that I should hear them, hence he brought in the farmer. After some hesitation and protests the young man told a story,

DANIEL CROWLEY AND THE GHOSTS
There lived a man in Cork whose name was Dónal Ó Crualaoich. He was a coffin-maker by trade, and had a deal of coffins laid by, so that his apprentice might sell them when himself was not at home. A messenger came to Daniel Crowley's shop one day and told him that there was a man dead at the end of the town, and to send up a coffin for him, or to make one.Daniel Crowley took down a coffin, put it on a donkey cart, drove to the wake house, went in and told the people of the house that the coffin was there for them. The corpse was laid out on a table in a room next to the kitchen Five or six women were keeping watch around it ; many people were in the kitchen. Daniel

Crowley was asked to sit down and commence to shorten the night : that is, to tell stories, amuse himself and others. A tumbler of punch was brought, and he promised to do the best he could. He began to tell stories and shorten the night. A second glass of punch was brought to him, and he went on telling tales. There was a man at the wake who sang a song : after him another was found, and then another. Then the people asked Daniel Crowley to sing, and he did. The song that he sang was of another nation. He sang about the good people, the fairies. The song pleased the company, they desired him to sing again, and he did not refuse. Daniel Crowley pleased the company so much with his two songs that a woman who had three daughters wanted to make a match for one of them... Crowley rose up in great anger. " There isn't a woman wearing clothes that I'd marry," said he. " There isn't a woman born that could bring me to make two halves of my loaf for her." The mother was insulted now and forgot herself. She began to abuse Crowley. " Bad luck to you, you hairy little scoundrel," said she, "you might be a grandfather to my child. You are not fit to clean the shoes on her feet. You have only dead people for company day and night ; 'tis by them you make your living." " Oh, then," said Daniel Crowley, " I'd prefer the dead to the living any day if all the living were like you. Besides, I have nothing against the dead. I am getting employment by them and not by the living, for 'tis the dead that want coffins." " Bad luck to you, 'tis with the dead you ought to be and not with the living ; 'twould be fitter for you to go out of this altogether and go to your dead people." " I'd go if I knew how to go to them," said Crowley. "Why not invite them to supper?" retorted the woman. He rose up then, went out, and called : " Men, women, children, soldiers, sailors, all people that I have ever made coffins for, I invite you to-night to my house, and I'll spend what is needed in giving a feast." Daniel Crowley and the Ghosts 49 The people who were watching the dead man on the table saw him smile when he heard the invitation. They ran out of the room in a fright and out of the kitchen, and Daniel Crowley hurried away

I don't want no peace I need equal rights and justice.
Péadar mac an Taoiseach

I think that at the start of a game, you're always playing to win, and then maybe if you're ahead late in the game, you start playing not to lose. The true competitors, though, are the ones who always play to win. -Tómas Ó Brady

Ceithre báis breithe: a breith i ngó, a breith cen dílse, a breith cen ailig, a breith cen fhorus. The four deaths of judgment: to give it in falsehood, to give it without forfeiture, to give it without precedent, to give it without knowledge.

Y'Shua Ó-Kieff Ó-Duinn Ephrem Iskander DiBruno mac Cole Gallchóir, Culchie Trash
Third child of Alexis Joan Monica Brown Cole (married 23 Meitheamh 1968 to Edward Stuart Cole grandson of Eddie Dunn, an orphaned shoe-cutter, Great grandson of Willie Fulton (b)Scotland, who ran a woolen mill at Auburn Prison, Auburn, NY. Grandma said when there were prison riots no one punked Overseer Willie Fulton because he was a 'Fair Man'. [on the front cover] Wore his dress tartan as an old man.) Alexis, Dairy Princess on Haudenosaunee land, her grand-daddy Alec Brown was born An Gorta Mór, Dubh 1847, emigrated as a toddler, a refugee, a colonist, a genocide victim.

Seventh daughter of Rita Kieff Brown (b 1910s, Haudenosaunee land)
Daughter of Mary Magdalene McGill (b 31 Eanáir 1889, Seneca land) and Legouri Michael Kieff (b 23 Márta 1884, Haudenosaunee land)
Son of Mary McAulliffe Kieff (Haudenosaunee land, I think) and Michael O'Kieff (b 11 Márta 1843 Haudenosaunee land)
Son of Mary Dunne (b 1809 Gaelic land) and Donnchadh Ó Caoimh (b. circa 1806
Fir Maige Féne First Nation land left from Cork 1832, 'not long, not long at all', 'we're a scattered

people.' 'Le Roy Le Veult')

The Great Shame, Thomas Keneally, 1998
[So far] ...about thirty unfortunate individuals convicted under the Whiteboy Act, and therefore destined to spend the remainder of their lives in a clime far, far, distant from their native homes – from the land which holds all that is dear to them in the world.'
[Galway Free Press 31 Márta 1832]...
Everyone had by now discovered that Mitchel's ship
had not been wrecked on the passage from Bermuda to Africa, merely blown about the Atlantic and delayed by perverse calms. In september the year before, after The Swift had departed South Africa, Neptune at last arrived in Simon's Bay off Cape Town.
In the Atlantic's slack airs, a sargent's wife, a Mrs Nolan of Clare, chatted with Mitchel every day...She told him there were nearly 200 Irish prisoners on the prison deck, many of whom spoke not a word of English...They were the '[Potato Genocide]-struck Irish of the Special Commission'...
Montana Vigilantes, a semi-secret, law-enforcing fraternity, which had strong connections to the … gentry...were happy to use such historians as a ...[settler colonial] newspaperman... The writing of The Great Shame was an experience akin to being locked in a cupboard with a tyrannosaurus rex....

Rex. The title of Rex is retained by all authorities. The Venerable Bede actually gives 'Rex Britanniarum'. ... In the 4th century of our era many barbarian princes held important posts in the imperial service ; of these the following are known to the histo- rians of that obscure period: King Crogo the Alaman, King Fraomarius the Bucinobantian, King Macrianus and King Vadomarius the Alamans, and King Mellobaudes the Frank.

Filleann an feall ar an bhfeallaire. The treachery returns to the betrayer. The bad deed returns to the bad-deed doers.

Ní tír gan teanga. There is no nation without a language.
Beatha teanga í a labhairt. It's the life of a language to speak it
Tír gan teanga, tír gan hAnam.
Is glas na cnoic i bhfad uainn. Distant hills look green

Tell him, let him be merciful, just, impartial, conscientious, firm, generous, hospitable, honourable, stable, beneficent, capable, honest, well-spoken, steady, true-judging.
Audacht Morainn, translated by Fergus Ó Kelly

Don’t tek a six for a nine. Proverb from Barbados
Is maith an t’ancoire an t-iarta. The hearth is a good anchor.
Goreu heddychydd — gwir. Best peacemaker — truth.
Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach.
Three tribal vetos, full stop!: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.

THE LAND ACCURSED. Wherever a principle dies — Nay, principles never die ! But wherever a ruler lies, And a people share the lie , Where right is crushed by force, And manhood is stricken dead —There dwelleth the ancient curse, And the blood on the earth is red
JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

Ní féidir an dubh a chur ina gheal ach seal. You can only deny the truth for a while.

Sierra Leone, Krio:
Is féidir le craobha ginéalaigh lúbadh ach ní bhriseann siad.
The family tree may bend, but it never breaks.

My main teacher of the Historiography was Sister Benedicta Ward, Reader in Christian Spirituality at Oxford University and author of Miracles and The Medieval Mind. Sister Benedicta was the best teacher I ever had and a living Saint, I hope! Thomas Askew's seminar on American Presidents, David Wick's Ancient Military History seminar, and African History with a former member of the Hitler youth at Gordon College home of the Fighting Scots also played a large role.

Fr. Malcolm Reid and E. David Cooke's Ethics courses left me with a lot to sort out inside when considering law as for the least of these. Catholic University of America Monsignor Sokolowski's Husserlian noetic categorizations were vital in prepping this process of analyzing and comparing the phenomenology of lost cultural forms, and his course on The Nichomachean Ethics always close by my side. Virgil Nemoianu's course at Catholic University of America and Giuseppe Mazzotte's and Isaiah Berlin's books of Vico's Scienza Nuova were key to even considering this book possible. Gordon College's Dr. Ian DeWeese-Boyd's dissertation on Nazis and Self Deception, taught me it was possible to be very wrong. Special thanks to the Greek Archdiocese of America for the opportunity to write a coffee table book about Priestly formation and the preservation of faith and culture aimed at our Ladies Philoptochos grannies as well. Dr. Richard Kearney's work in Philosophy of Imagination forms the basic approach I took here
, gave me a hermeneutical diving board to leap into a sea of hostile hospitality. He also mentored me with mostly very wise advice that I kept ignoring much to my discredit.

Trí adcoillet gáis: anfis, doas, díchuimne. Three things that ruin wisdom: ignorance, inaccurate knowledge, forgetfulness.

Tréde ara carthar escara: máin, cruth, innraccus. Three things for which an enemy is loved: wealth, beauty, worth.

Trí doruis gúa: tacra fergach, fotha n-utmall n-eolais, aisnéis cen chuimni. Three doors of falsehood: an angry pleading, a shifting foundation of knowledge, giving information without memory.

Triúr fear go dteipeann orthu mná a thuiscint: fír óga, fir aosta agus fir mhéanaosta. Three kinds of men who fail to understand women: young men, old men and middle-aged men.

Intro
Beannacht Mogha Ruithe ar Mhumhan Tír mhín ainmhéin, tír fhluich thirim, tír aibhinn an-anibhinn, tír fhántach thulchach, tír bhláitheadrocht bhráthar, ní humfhaemú-sa an thírTrí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaigni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel. . Clú chathach clonghalach, clú eachtach urbadhach, clú uathmhar aicsineach, clú fhliuch lochanach, lir a conach, lir a húscaí, lir a hantaic géid a hiommaire, lir a catha, lir a haile, lir a heighmhe aidhbhre a huile eile a slada a sáruighte slighí churad clú
Seán Ó Faoláin, The Great O'Neill: "The 16th C. wars of conquest there mingled what was by nature immiscible. It is the same forced juncture of modernity and antiquity that comes with every imperial conquest, whether it is the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, or the colonization of India by the Hanoverians, or the plantation of Ireland by the Tudors. For out of it emerges a kind of ... duality of mind just as indissoluble, and just as incoherent, producing at first, on the side of the conquistadors, extremes of idealism, loyalty, persistence, stubbornness, folly, by which all first puzzlements or strings of conscience are smothered up or brushed aside; and then, on both sides, when the confusion rises, mountains of treachery, an otherwise unimaginable brutality, indescribably savageries, recantations, selfishness, contempt, every known weapon of human ingenuity and bestiality to obliterate the enemy and justify his obliteration. In such a clash there is no simple story because there is no clear mind. In the final stage of all nothing remains but the

oversimplified story of the victor and the oversimplified memories of the defeated, both of them unfaithful to the always confused and occasionally troubled split–mindedness of the time. The truth is that Englishmen were fantastically ignorant about those countries which they assailed so blithely in the flush of their passion for adventurous conquest, and that the assailed were just as ignorant as to the nature of the forces and the order of life that assailed them. For English contemporaries the entry into 16th C. Ireland was an entry into a world as strange as the Indies were to Columbus, ninetenths of it an uncharted Thibet, and the O'Neills and O'Donnells and all its chief princes as remote and unimaginable as the Great Khan."
Bíonn dhá insint ar scéal agus dhá leagan déag ar amhrán. There are two versions to a story and twelve arrangements to a song.

Captured by Charlie O'Brien while filming Saol John Riley, about thre Mexican national hero who led the batalion.
https://ildaite.blogspot.com/2019/08/in-2009-while-filming-saol-john-riley.html?m=1

(Yo Carlota Jacomé Marin, voy a cantarles este cantico en poema de mi propia inspiración,
letra y música de los irlandeses del batallón san patricio)
Les canto con sentimiento este canto que yo inicio,
de esta terrible tragedia del batallón San Patricio,
eran hombres muy valientes pero de buen corazón,
por defender sus derechos y por defender sus gentes
Se unieron al batallón.
Les quitaron sus recursos que tenían para vivir
por eso de allá de Irlanda se tuvieron que salir.
Se fueron como inmigrantes con los estadounidenses,
después se fueron de allí pa' Distrito Federal
y también por esa causa los empezaron a odiar
Tuvieron varias batallas por que eran hombres de ley,
tuvieron una batalla en ciudad de Monterrey.
Las batallas que tuvieron en todas se dieron brillo,
Tuvieron otra batalla en la ciudad de Saltillo.
De las pocas que yo sé algunas tengo en mi lista,
tuvieron otra batalla en el pueblo Buena Vista,
cuando me pongo a pensar yo lo conservo y lo otorgo.
Tuvieron otra batalla con la gente de Santa Ana,
En el pueblo Cerro Gordo
Fecha tan inolvidable siempre la traigo en mi mente
en ese diez de septiembre del año 1800 del año 47.
lucharon en Churubusco también en Chapultepec,
con algunos mexicanos también en Plaza San Ángel.
Sin sentir la cobardía pero aunque perdieron sus vidas,
lucharon con su talento con valor y valentía.
En La Plaza San Jacinto allí los sacrificaron,
esos estadounidenses sin consciencia y sin dolor
allí también los horcaron.
Me duele hasta el corazón también me duele hasta el alma,
la suerte que les toco estos cincuenta inmigrantes,
de allá de tierra de Irlanda.
Siempre los recordaremos quedaron en nuestra historia
nunca los olvidaremos que Dios los tenga en su gloría.
(Como nunca me ilustré no entiendo de geografía,
Al creador me encomendé le digo con garantía,

Carlota Jacomé fue la autora de este cantico,
que fue poema y fue poesía.)"
Carlota Jacomé, will sing this song of my own inspiration, words and music, concerning the Irish of the San Patricio Battalion.

This song that I have begun, I sing with emotion,
it concerns the terrible tragedy of the San Patricios Battalion.
They were valiant men of pure heart,
to defend their rights and their people they joined the battalion,

They took away their means of living in Ireland,
Because of that they had to leave,
They came as immigrants among the Americans
they soon came to the Federal District of Mexico
along with a cause they had come to hate,

They had many battles because they were men of morals,
one of those was in the city of Monterrey,
they excelled in all the battles they were part of,
they had another battle in the city of Saltillo,

Of the few that I know, that I have in my list,
they fought again in the battle of Buena Vista.
when I start to think I bring it to mind and rememberthey had another battle with the men of Santa Ana in the village of Cerro Gordo.

A date that will never be forgotten, I will always keep it in my mind
the tenth of September in the 19th century in the year of 47.
They fought in Churubusco also at Chapultepec
with some Mexicans also at the square of San Angél.

Without cowardice, although they lost their lives,
they fought with their skill, valor and bravery.
In San Jacinto square there they were sacrificed,
these Americans without conscience and without feeling they hung them,

The pain goes right to my heart upon my soul,
what bad luck these 50 immigrants had from the land of Ireland.
We will always remember them and keep them in our history,
we will never forget, that God may keep them with him in his glory.

"Since I am not educated I know nothing of geography,
to my creator I recommend and I tell him with a guarantee,
Carlota Jacomé was the author of this ditty,
which is both a poem and poetry.

"

THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER: A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGS BY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY, WITH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS, BY ERIONNACH, 1860 “This has been kindly communicated by Professor Connellan, who received it from the lips of a Donegal peasant, O'Gallacher, in 1825.”

Oidhreacht Chúigí.
Donegal duine, Ó Gallchóir, in 1825
Each Munster chief is a stately Flower,
The weak one's dauntless defending power;
Tis' a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir,
And shelters and succours The Poor evermore !

On Leinster's plains what voices of revelry,
What fleet-footed steeds ! what Columns of Chivalry !
How musical, mirthful and modest each maiden,
Whose soul is with honor and truthfulness laden !

'Twere easier to reckon the leaves of the lea
Than the beautiful maids and high chieftains that be,
In Ulster !—Grand home of stout steed-mounted warriors,
Thy shields and thy quick swords are Liberty's barriers !
Dear Connacht were praised, tho' hushed in the tomb I lay,
O Land without fault !—thou never look'st gloomily !
For the Children of Song gold and honors flow therein,
And 'tis Connacht's the wheat of our green pleasant Erinn !
Lakota: Mni Wiconi Beatha é uisce. Water is life.

The Legend of Cairn Thierna https://folkli.com/the-legend-of-cairn-thierna-a-local-legend-of-glanworth-ireland The Legend of Cairn Thierna From the town of Fermoy, you may plainly see the mountain of Cairn Thierna; crowned with a great heap of stones, which, as the country people remark, never came there without “a crooked thought and a cross job.” This great pile on the top of Cairn Thierna was caused by the words of an old woman, whose bed still remains — Labacally, the hag’s bed — not far from the village of Glanworth. O’Keefe, Lord of Fermoy, had only one son. It was a fine child; his face filled with innocent joy was enough to make any heart glad. Yet O’Keefe could not help but look upon his son’s smiles with sorrow, for an old hag had foretold that the boy would drown before he grew up to manhood. “Infant heir of proud Fermoy, Fear not fields of slaughter; Storm and fire fear not, my boy, But shun the fatal water.” These were the warning words which caused the chief of Fermoy so much unhappiness. His infant son was carefully kept away from the river, and anxious watch was kept over every playful movement. The child grew up in strength and in beauty, and every day became more dear to his father, who, hoping to avert his doom, prepared to build a castle far removed from the dreaded water. The top of Cairn Thierna was the place chosen, and the boy viewed with delight the laborious work of raising mighty stones from the base to the summit of the mountain, until the vast heap which now forms its rugged crest was accumulated. The workmen were about to commence the building, and the boy was allowed to rove about at will. A vessel which contained a small supply of water, brought there for the use of the workmen, attracted the attention of the child. He saw, with wonder, the glitter of the sunbeams within it; he approached and a form resembling his own arose before him. He gave a cry of joy and astonishment, and drew back; the image drew back also, and vanished. Again he approached; again the form appeared, mirroring his every expressing of delight. Eager to welcome the young stranger, the boy bent over the vessel to press his lips; and losing his balance, the fatal prophecy was accomplished. The father abandoned the building in despair, and the materials remain; proof of the folly of attempting to avert the course of Fate."

Is dóigh le fear na buile gurb é féin fear na céille. The frenzied man reckons he is the sensible one.

from The Attributes of Erinn Diarmid mac Donaill mac Fineen (The Slender) O'Sullivan sang (as Gaeilge) published 1860 with references to 1750 "O such things were never known in the days of Éibhear Mór North or South, East or West, from the centre to the shore, Men paid not half their taxes with the butter ! long ago, When the true and gallant Gael were a n-Erinn beo (alive in the land)…"

Tobar lachta na n-anbhfann tréith-lag Bó na mbocht, ’s a ndorus aonair. A well of milk for the weak and prostrate Cow of the poor, their only door.

Ag duine féin is fearr a fhios cá luíonn an bhróg air. The wearer best knows where the shoe pinches.

The Glen of the Cow, Collected by Eily Gowen from Patrick Daly 19 Dec 1938 The Glen of the Cow is situated south of Ballyhooly and Fermoy—nearer to Fermoy than Ballyhooly. There is a small stream running from the Glen into the Blackwater.

A Druid named "Mog Ruit" got Fermoy and the country around as a present from a [chief] of Mumhan because he discovered water for the [chief] and his army when they were in want of water one day when passing through. The [chief] told him to find a well. The Druid threw his spear from him and told the [chief] that he would get water under the ground under the spear. This Druid had a cow which every year went to a bull in Dromtariffe west of Mallow. On the journey the cow stayed at some house every night. She was fed by the people of that house. They milked her that night and the following morning no matter how large the milking vessel she filled it. There was great welcome for the cow. One night coming home she stayed in a place now called Knocknamadree in Ballyhooly parish. When going to milk her the man looked for the largest vessel he could find. There was a lady visitor in the house who bet with him that she would find a vessel the cow would not fill. She found a sieve and needless to say she won the bet as the cow did not fill it. It is said the cow did not give a drop of milk from that day out. It is still said in the parish that when a person is milking a cow that gives a great amount of milk —"She has as much milk as the Cow of the Glen."—Duchas.ie

From O'Heerin's Topographical Poem I take the following, in which there is mention of the Abhainn Mor :— " Fuair O' hAoda do brond ba, Muscraighe leathan Luachra ; Fine glan fhuinn an ghloir ghil, Imon Abhainn Moir Maighrigh. " "Oh Aodha, who bestowed cows, has got The wide Muscraighe Luachra; A tribe of fine land and high renown, About the salmon-full Abhainn Mor."

About a mile south of Ballyhooly is a well named from St. Brendan the Navigator..Windele says that there is a holy well, Tobar Breuka, near Ballyhooly, whose waters are good for headaches and sore eyes. ..

He makes mention of the Glenna Bo ("Valley of the Cow") woods, forming part of the demesne grounds of [Norman] Castle Hyde, and he also refers to Coolnamuckee, or "the pig's corner," in the Ballyhooly district.

Sean Phaidir Mhná Inis Bó Finne Beannacht na Maighdine Mhuire Réalt na Mara oraibh Agus ar mur mbád agus Go gcuirfidh Sí agus a Mac Slán na bhaile sibh arís.

Gach tráth a rinne Fir Mhumhan iarracht sos a thógáil *is ansin a* ghríosaigh Mogh Roith iad brú ar aghaidh gan stad gan staonadh Whenever the Men of Munster tried to stop, *it was then that* Mogh Roith became most insistent that they carry on.

. Ní saoirse go saoirse na mban. No freedom exists until all the women are free and equal.

Lúcás 10 An Bíobla Naofa 36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?” 37 Dúirt sé: “An té a rinne an trócaire air.” Dúirt Íosa leis: “Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna.”

Bíonn ciúon ciontach Silent are guilty

Legends of a sleeping army waiting for a hero to come and rouse them for some great battle are present in other parts of Ireland too (such as at The Curragh, Co. Kildare, and Lough Gur in Limerick). Gearóid Iarla (Earl Garrett, Gerald) is sometimes the one who is the chief of the [zombie apocalypse] army.

At Hacklim, some versions say it is Fionn Mac Cumhaill. The messianic theme of the legend in its various forms is overtly political, the clear premise being that a great leader from the past will return, from a supernatural subterranean domain, leading a great army to restore glory to Ireland.

In the context of a country under the sway of foreign rule and oppression, it is no wonder that such tales might have been commonplace in Ireland. The rousing of the army will happen because a prophesied hero (those who tried and failed are invariably referred to in less than favourable terms, such as "coward") will pull a sword out of a wall or a stone or a bag...

— All the dead [chiefs came to me - Francis Ledwidge and the legend of the sleeping horsemen of

Rosnaree, Anthony Murphy of Mythical Ireland Blog, Friday, 13 Eanáir 2017
Lough Gur from Voices from the Dawn Bruff, Co. Limerick In the past, no minstrel, piper, or poet would willingly spend a night within a mile of [Lough Gur's] shore, such was its fearful reputation and potency. Even to fall asleep in daytime on its banks was considered among them to be reckless folly. The sense of danger arose from the belief that the original poets of Lough Gur were either descended from, or were demi-gods, like Geároid IarIa, able to draw human poets out of their depths.— Michael Dames, Mythic Ireland, 1992
Irish folklore resounds on a mythic frequency. Traces of the primary sacred narratives permeate its apparently inconsequential scraps. This is because they represent a collective wisdom and speak with an open voice, unconstricted by the claims of excessive individualism, and so are relatively immune to disruption by personal mortality. Instead, by word of mouth, folklore opens a free passage between the generations. Through a geopolitical lens, the reputed union of Geároid Iarla's father, Maurice Fitzgerald (Second Earl of Desmond) with Áine, the [Bean Sí] of Munster sovereignty, may have done much to gain the acceptance of this Norman family into the local Irish community.7 http://www.voicesfromthedawn.com/lough-gur/
Aoghán Ó Rathaille Atá mo chóraid gan fuithin 's mo chuingir gan féar, gan fás, Atá anshógh ar mo mhuirear, Is a n-uillinn gan éadach slán; Atá an tóir ar mo mhullach, Go minic o Thighearna an stáit, Atá mo bhróga-sa briste, Is gan pinginn dá bhfiacha im láimh. My cattle are shelterless, My team, unfed, thrive ill, In misery my people dwell, Their elbows through their clothes, A price is on my head At the landlord's will; My shoes are tattered, And no wherewithal to make them good

Mogh Ruith Genealogy Rawlinson B 502, 157 Z36 Translated into english by Erik Stohellou Mug Roith, son of Fergus, of which come the men of Mag Fene. He went to learn the magic with the Druid Simon. And with him he made the rolling Wheel - which will come to Europe before the Doom - in the year before Simon had a fight with Paul and Peter. And Europe will therefore be addressed because of the pupil from each breed (?), who was with Simon in the fight against Peter. Cacht, daughter of Cathmand, [chief] of the Britons, was Mother of Mog Ruith. Roth son of Riguill educated him. Therefore, it is called Mug Roith. Two sons of Mog Ruith: Buan and Fercorb. Der-Draig, mother of two sons of Mog Ruith and the mother of Cairpre Lifechar: two sisters from the Corco Barddeine de Dun Chermna. Dron, however, the daughter of Lairine was the wife of Mog Ruith. And the daughter of Mog Ruith was Tlachtga *** and she was pregnant of the three sons of Simon before she came back from the East, and she gave birth to his three sons. And they brought the pillars of the Cnamchaill viz the only Remnants of the broken Wheel. Everyone blind, shall see it, deaf, hears it, dead, it will fall on him. © Erik Stohellou - 2011
Most of the songs in the Irish tradition are lyrical rather than narrative in form, and the 'story' of a song is more often implied than stated. There is, as Hiúdaí told me, "some kind of story" attached to each song; but the traditional singer can - or could at one time - assume that this story was familiar to most of his listeners. It is not, then, the narrative of song that the singer must convey in his performance, but, rather, its emotional content. ...This is not accomplished by a melodramatic, overtly emotional delivery of a song, however, but rather by a sensitive presentation of its poetic and musical content. In the true sean-nós, the song must be allowed to speak for itself. To achieve this, of course, requires a certain degree of technical proficiency, but this is of secondary importance. What really matters is the emotional sincerity of the performance and the singer's ability to communicate this sincerity to his listeners. This ability, one of my informants observed, is "something that's in you or isn't in you.".Singing, like story-telling, demands an audience - though this audience has all but disappeared from even such strongholds of traditional Irish culture as Rann na Feirste....Hiúdaí brought home this point with some feeling when he declared: Most of the poetry in Irish has come from hard times - crushed down! And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said. And, you know, there are people composing nowadays, and they want is rhyme and to fill in. But that wasn't so in the old days: you were driven to poetry - driven to saying something. It was like crying your eyes out over something: you put it into words and you got relief after composing

something that you were satisfied with...

All my informants in Donegal sang as they breathed: unselfconsciously and spontaneously. Describing the prevalence of singing in her daily life, Sailí Gallagher exclaimed: I always sing when I'm working - I never stop singing! I never stop - and somebody'll see us the other day, and I was makin' tea and I was singin' away, and they said, "Well, you're happy, anyway." But I never stop singing - I always keep on! 35 Aine Ní Ghallachóir, recalling her girlhood, remarked, "Oh, I sang everywhere - across the fields and jumping over the ditches - I sang everywhere, to myself!" 36 To the traditional singer, sean-nós is no mere matter of technique or style. It cannot be bounded by concepts of time and space - or even by the folkloristic concepts I have discussed here (function, performance context, repertoire, etc.). Such concepts imply that human behavior and creativity can be separated into discrete units and analyzed accordingly. But to the traditional singer, there can be no such tidy demarcations. To him, sean-nós cannot be detached from the process of living, for it is the stuff of life itself.

Sean-nós in Donegal: In search of a definition, Ulster Folklife No 37 (1991): pp 97-105, Aodh Ó Duibheannaigh

Tlachtga: "earth spear"--tlacht "earth"; gae "spear". While on the one hand, the figure of Tlachtga is one of the many tragic heroines of Irish myth (such as Deirdu or Grainne), she is also an onomastic device--that is, she is a figure used to explain the name of a geographic location. This location is the Hill of Ward, near Tara. There are two references to Tlachtga in Irish literature; the first is the banshenchas "the Lore of Women" which sought to act as a sort of condensed guide to the various women of Irish myth. The second source is the dindsenchas "the Lore of Places" which sought to explain the names of various locations in Ireland. In each poem, we are told that Tlachtga is the daughter of Mog Roith, a powerful druid of Munster, and is associated with the son or sons of Simon Magus, often tragically.

Tlachtga means "earth spear" from tlacht "earth" and gae "spear." The hill is the site of a great oenach--gathering--where the druids would light the bruane Samhna--new year bonfires on Samhain (this was not at Tara). Now called Ward Hill (or Hill of Ward), it lies 12 miles northwest of Tara. Tlachtga was then the point where the druids felt that this world and the otherworld were closest at the new year; this tradition was later blended with that of Tara, which would then be associated with the holy center of Ireland. The hill had consisted of a raised enclosure surrounded by four banks and ditches--a series of rings; these were disturbed in 1641. The odd thing about the banshenchas version is that Tlachtga's story is rather incongruously combined with that of Etain and Midir. Fuamnach is the spurned wife of Midir. Briefly, Midir has fallen for Etain, and when Fuamnach hears of this, she turns Etain into a butterfly, which then starts the story of the Wooing of Etain. It isn't clear what this has to do with Tlachtga's story. Moreover, the unnamed martyr that Tlachtga is said to have slain may be a confusion with the legend of her father, given below. Now, Tlachtga is a sun [Bean Sí]--one of several in Irish mythology (another being Grainne wife of Finn mac Cumhail). However, it is a monkish invention to identify the father of her rapists with the biblical/gnostic Simon Magus. This is derived from an odd medieval Irish tale about the beheading of John the Baptist. In this tale, the executioner is Mog Roith, who then takes up with Simon Magus, and after Simon is discredited, goes off to Ireland with his daughter. However, in the tale "The Siege of Knocklong" (ICK), Mog Roith is a powerful druid of Munster, able to defeat the forces of Cormac mac Airt. This is likely the original tradition. But as we have seen, a third tradition in the banshenchas credits Tlachtga with the killing of a martyr--again, this is likely a confusion with Mog Roith. The name Mog Roith apparently means "devote of the wheel," and it is assumed that the wheel in question--as well as the wheel that Tlachtga makes--is the sun. This could then mean that the Samhain fires held on her hill were a way of recapturing the sun's light in the new year--a way of ensuring light against the growing darkness of winter. The "pillar" is thought to represent lightning--and this would then explain the name "earth spear", for lightning was a spear thrown at the earth. She is then also not only [Bean Sí] of the sun, but of lightning and storms. The theme of a [Bean Sí] who dies in childbirth, giving her name to the land, is also seen in the story of Macha in the Ulster Cycle. In dying and entering the earth, her power then resides in the land.

http://www.maryjones.us/jce/tlachtga.html
I am Buí, the Old Woman of Beare; I used to wear a smock that was ever-renewed; today it has befallen me, by reason of my mean estate, that I could not have even a cast-off smock to wear. It is riches you love, and not people; as for us, when we lived, it was people we loved. .
http://www.maryjones.us/ctexts/beare.html SOURCE Murphy, Gerard. Early Irish Lyrics: Eight to Twelfth Century. Oxford: OUP 1956

Cathair Samháin Cahersavane, Co. Kerry Teacher: Máire E. Bean Uí Sheaghdha
Oileán Buí Oileán Buidhe:- Ar a dtaobh ó thuaidh d'abhainn na h-Íne 'seadh ata an Oileán Buidhe ina bhfuil lios. Tá seomraí faoi'n dtalamh ann agus do réir sgéaluíochta deirtear go mbíodh cómhnaidhe ar shidheoga ann. Do bhí ann indáiríribh ná áit a dtéigheadh na Gaedhail i bhfolach in aimsir an nDanar mar a thaisbeáinfidh an Dán seo leanas. Dán a chum Seán "Bruanach" Ua Súilleabháin ó'n bhFaill Mhóir agus ó Chathair-Saidhbhín maidin áirighthe le do bheith le h-ais an leasa....
Curfá
Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh
It is lovely, the druid's gift, it is a feeling of healthy family living

Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh
Everyone is released who is under the yoke

Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás
We will see the clean slate of Ó Kieffe in no time

'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag casadh
The everyman, wild-goose chief plays a dangerous game

Atbér-sa, a mac mín: limas fóit na hair-ríg: is mé ind ingen seta seng, flaithius Alban is hÉrend....In early Christian times, the
[chiefs] of Cashel were also bishops so that they possessed both a temporal and a spiritual role.

Slievenamon (Sliabh na mBan, 'mountain of the women') [67, 75] is a mountain 2,364 feet above sea level, seven miles north-east of Clonmel. Its early literary spelling was Sliab na mban finn or 'the mountain of the white women', who were presumably [Bean Sí]. Unlike Croagh Patrick, the mountain has preserved its prehistoric sanctity to the present day.
A folktale referring to Slievenamon tells of a race from the base to the summit by a number of women. . . . From amongst the numerous princesses and beautiful young women to whom Finn mac Cumhail had paid attention both in Ireland and foreign nations, he selected twenty-one women, either for their superior personal attractions or for the influence of family connexion, from which to choose his wife, and they were thus to compete for his hand: On an appointed day the twenty-one young women were to stand in a row at the foot of Sliabh na mBan, and upon a given signal to run up the mountain, the first who should arrive at Mullach- Mullach-suide-Finn [the present cairn at the top of the mountain], to become the wife of the [chief] of the Fenians. Finn stood at the summit of the mountain and having blown a loud blast upon his trumpet, the racers set off at full speed. The above is the essence of the story but the race was not entirely fair as Finn favoured Gráinne and Gráinne won the race and became Finn's wife. This relationship resulted in the birth of Oisín, the poet of the Fianna. Unfortunately, a local man named Diarmuid Uí Duibhne had a ball searc or 'love spot' on his breast, and having seen this Gráinne was smitten. This resulted in their famous elopement.
It was at Síd ar Femen that Finn acquired imbas forosnai, 'the knowledge that illuminates'. This story connects the Fenian tradition with the pre-Christian [Bean Sí], as Finn's son Oisín is

connected to the Christian tradition through his discourses at Ardfert with St Patrick. The Fenian sagas thus have a foot in both camps. At the doorway to the síd, Finn met a [Sí] woman or banshee who had in her hand a dripping vessel from which she had just distributed drink. She closed the door against Finn, and his finger was jammed between the door and the doorpost. He put his finger into his mouth and achieved fis or wisdom. An earlier version was that he achieved wisdom from drinking from the vessel that the banshee had in her hand....
Smyth, Daragh. Earthing the Myths: The Myths,Legends and Early History of Ireland. Irish Academic Press. CHAPTER ELEVEN: THE ROCK OF CASHEL
" At the Dangan when the mournful cry was strong, The hoarding merchants took alarm! But with respect to themselves they need not fear danger; banshées do not bewail that class of mortals." The names of several banshée are preserved in romantic tales, as well as in elegies, and other poems, of which the most celebrated are Aeibhinn (now Aoibhell), of Craigliath, near Killaloe, the banshé of the Dal-gCais of North Munster ; Cliodhna, of Tonn Cliodhna, at Glandore, the banshé of the Mac Carthys and the other families of South Munster; Aine, of Knockany,in the county of Limerick; Una, of Cnoc Sidhe-Una, the banshé of theO'Carrolls; CailleachBeirre, of Dun-Cailllighe Beirre, the banshé of some of the Leinster and Meath families; Grian, of Cnoc Greine, in Munster; Aine, of Lissan, in Tyrone, so attached to the family of O'Corra ; Eibhlinn, of Sliabh Fuaid, &c. &c. Each of these is Bainrioyhan no. bruighne, or Queen of the fairy palace, in her own district ; and it looks very strange that our author does not give the particular name of the banshé of his poem, who frequented the moat near Ballyragget, in any part of hid Elegy. The most ancient notice of a banshé in Irish history is found in Mageoghegan's translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, where it is stated that Crimthann Nianar, monarch of Ireland immediately preceding the first year of Christ, " was carried away by a fairy lady into her palace, where, after great entertainment bestowed upon him, and after they took their pleasure of each other by carnal knowledge, she bestowed a gilt coach, with a sum of money, on him as a love token ; and soon after he died."...

“We have to recognise that there cannot be relationships unless there is commitment, unless there is loyalty, unless there is [care], patience, persistence.” ― Cornell West, Breaking Bread: Insurgent Black Intellectual Life
Cristiona nic Cinenit Sunagarry Killorglin 15.1.38 Puck Fair I Into Killorglin, as my course did steer, Where lads and lasses so brisk and handsome, Enjoy great mirth at old Puck Fair. II The streets are lined with stock and value. Both sheep and cattle are plenty there. For to please each dealer and wealthy grocer That come to purchase to old Puck Fair. III This town is situated above the Laune Upon a very high rise of ground And the wholesome breezes they would revive you From every valley and townland round III And/On a stage erected and well protected And decked with laurel, both front and rear The [chief] of Kerry so brisk and merry The chief commander of all the fair. IV His head and horns are well adorned Of every scarlet of purple hue Besides his garments of every scarlet He stands as daring as old Domhnall Dubh. V I'll tell you plainly, my honest neighbours, The only reason that brought me here. The Puck requested stands interested Of me to sing one verse about this fair. VI His sons and daughters are most courageous But still a patent I do declare. Like loyal brothers they love each other And to find their equals it is very rare. VII You know this Puck is a true Milesian, And his generations I can't describe. And if I could trace him, he is of noble parent And that is the reason he is up so bright. VIII It is from the mountains they come in thousands For to meet each other and to have some fun. With punch and porter and songs so jovial The crowded beer house they would ring. IX They help the gambler to keep in motion The wheel of fortune and thimble-man. So now for to end my conversation I must put a end to those few lines It is in Killorglin we will reinstate him And every year till the end of time X May the boys and girls be so young and airy Yet free and tasty and free from care And that health and property Might not ever fail them For to spend their money at old Puck Fair.
https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4687717/4686842
Festival Customs “On St Martins day every mill is closed in honour of St Martin because he was

killed in a mill. On this day also the woman of the house kills some kind of a fowl and spills the blood of it at each door in the farmyard and at each door in the kitchen. This is celebrated every year by the people in the country in honour of St Martin.

...On May eve a May bush is cut by some person in the house and put some place near the kitchen door. It is covered all over with flowers and egg-shells. This is done in a great many houses in the country each year. A great many old customs are dying out now.655 — Thomas Keeffe to Lawrence Fogarty, Ballykeenan, Co. Carlow

Some words teanglann.ie lists to translate dúchas are: Hereditary right or claim; birthright, heritage; ancestral estate, patrimony, birthright, Native place or country, ancestral home; traditional connexion, Kindred affection, natural affinity. Heredity, innate quality, natural bent. Natural, wild, state; wildness, madness. Inherited, inherent, innate, native. Tá ceart dúchais agam air, I have a hereditary right to it. One of the disconcerting facts about industrial forced migration is it removes people from their dúchas and places them squarely on top of someone else's dúchas. This is true all across the English-speaking world. Those traditional family values get weaponized in such a fashion. I grew up on Nipmuc Algonquin dúchas in a place called rightly Quinshepauge. Settlers named it Mendon, Massachusetts like they named Pobal Uí Chaoimh Kingwilliamstown for 120 years before it was renamed by the Irish Baile Deasumhan, the home of Right and Pleasant and Proper Munster, though in English called the nonsensical Ballydesmond still. "Sweet Kingwilliamstown, song Michael McGonigle (James Eoghain) Irish Traditional Music Archive My bonnie barque bounds light and free across the ocean foam Which bears me far from Innisfail to seek a foreign home A lonely exile driven ‘neath misfortune's coldest frown From my loved home and cherished friends around dear Kingwilliamstown. Will I no more gaze on that shore or o’er those mountains high Or stray along Black Water banks I strayed but when a boy

Or watch to the sun o’er Knocknaboul light up the heather brown Before it flings its farewell beams o'er sweet Kingwilliamstown. No more upon the deck I stand and watch those fading shores New thoughts arise within in my heart of the friends I might ne'er see more Of childhood deeds and pleasant hours whilst fast the tears roll down Still the thinking of my own dear friends around sweet Kingwilliamstown. Well I know not yet but I fondly hope where e'er my footsteps roam New thoughts arise within in my heart of the thoughts and the love of home So fades the shore and o’er my soul as night falls slowly down May God be with you motherland farewell Ballydesmond town.

https://www.itma.ie/digital-library/sound/sweet_king_williamstown_michael_mcgonigle

’Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar do bé ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhinn do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh meirleach 's tú díolta leis na Gallaibh. Hail, oh woman, who was so afflicted, It was our ruin that you were in chains, Our fine land in the possession of thieves While you were sold to the foreigners.

Ní dhíolann dearmad fiacha. Debts are not paid by forgetting them

Messe [ocus] Pangur bán, cechtar nathar fria saindán; bíth a menma-sam fri seilgg, mu menma céin im saincheirdd Caraim-se fós, ferr cach clú, oc mu lebrán léir ingnu; ní foirmtech frimm Pangur bán, caraid cesin a maccdán. Ó ru-biam scél cén scis innar tegdias ar n-oéndis, táithiunn dichríchide clius ní fris 'tarddam ar n-áthius. Gnáth-huaraib ar greassaib gal glenaid luch ina lín-sam; os me, du-fuit im lín chéin dliged ndoraid cu n-dronchéill. Fúachaid-sem fri freaga fál a rosc a nglése comlán; fúachimm chéin fri fégi fis mu rosc réil, cesu imdis. Fáelid-sem cu n-déne dul, hi nglen luch ina gérchrub; hi-tucu cheist n-doraid n-dil, 1327 2064 os mé chene am fáelid. Cia beimini amin nach ré ní derban cách a chéle; mait le cechtar nár a dán subaigthiud a óenurán. Hé fesin as choimsid dá in muid du-n-gní cach óenláu; do thabairt doraid du glé for mumud céin am messe

http://homepages.wmich.edu/~cooneys/poems/pangur.oldirish.html

Here is a wee Sengoidelic poem, Pangur Bán, from at least the 700s that sheds some light on the topic, as translated by Paul Muldoon. Myself and Pangur Myself and Pangur, my white cat, have much the same calling, in that much as Pangur goes after mice I go hunting for the precise word. He and I are much the same in that I'm gladly "lost to fame" when on the Georgics, say, I'm bent while he seems perfectly content with his lot. Life in the cloister can't possibly lose its luster so long as there's some crucial point with which he might by leaps and bounds yet grapple, into which yet sink

our teeth. The bold Pangur will think through mouse snagging much as I muse on something naggingly abstruse, then fix his clear, unflinching eye on our lime-white cell wall, while I focus, insofar as I can, on the limits of what a man may know. Something of his rapture at his most recent mouse capture I share when I, too, get to grips with what has given me the slip. And so we while away our whiles, never cramping each other's styles but practicing the noble arts that so lift and lighten our hearts, Pangur going in for the kill with all his customary skill while I, sharp-witted, swift, and sure, shed light on what has seemed obscure.
https://www.amacad.org/news/poetry-reading-heather-mchugh-and-paul-muldoon ---
"The society depicted here...was of slow and methodical growth and development...with clearly-defined ranks, professions, trades, and industries; and in general with those various pursuits and institutions found in every well-ordered community: a society compacted and held together by an all-embracing system of laws and customs, long established and universally recognised.

From the account here given, and from the evidences adduced in this and in the larger work, we may see that the [Gaelic] Irish were as well advanced in civilisation, as orderly, and as regular, as the people of those other European countries of the same period that—like Ireland—had a proper settled government; and it will be shown farther on that they were famed throughout all Europe for Religion and Learning." — P. W. Joyce, A SMALLER SOCIAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND, 1906
"[People] starve in the midst of plenty, as literally as if dungeon bars separated them from a granary. When distress has been at its height, and our poor have been dying of starvation in our streets, our corn has been going to a foreign market. It is, to our own poor, a forbidden fruit. — Dominic Corrigan, On Famine and Fever as Causes and Effect in Ireland, Dublin, 1846.
Damien Dempsey: Oh the great Gaels of Ireland And the great Gaels of Scotland We were kept down for so long All we wanted was freedom Well we took ancient Greece on And we took ancient Rome on Yes we took all the Turks on We were powerful for so long They're the first [chiefs] of Europe And their women weren't shut up Yes their women were leaders They won battles, gave orders Oh the great Gaels of Ireland And the great Gaels of Scotland They were kept down for so long All they wanted was freedom
"They were anxious to make men of us, by which they meant making us like themselves." ― Robertson Davies
The Murder Machine by Holy Martyr St. Pádraic H. Pearse
They have planned and established an education system which more wickedly does violence to the elementary human rights of Irish children than would an edict for the general castration of Irish males.

The system has aimed at the substitution for men and women of mere Things. It has not been an entire success. There are still a great many thousand men and women in Ireland. But a great many thousand of what, by way, of courtesy, we call men and women, are simply Things.

Men and women, however depraved, have kindly human allegiances. But these Things have no allegiance. Like other Things, they are for sale. When one uses the term education system as the name of the system of schools, colleges, universities, and what not which the English have established in Ireland, one uses it as a convenient label, just as one uses the term government as a convenient label for the system of administration by police which obtains in Ireland instead of a government.

There is no education system in Ireland. The English have established the simulacrum of an education system. but its object is the precise contrary of the object of an education system. Education should foster; this education is meant to repress.'
"The 1841 census of Ireland revealed a population of 10,897,449. This figure includes the correction factor established by that year's official partial recount. When, between 1779 and 1841,

the U.S. population increased by 640 percent, and England's is estimated to have increased, despite massive emigration to its colonies, by 100 percent, it is generally accepted that Ireland's population increase was 172%

The average annual component of this 172% increase is x in the formula (1+ x)62 = 1 + 172%; thus 0.0163, or 1.63%. Accepting that this 1.63% rate of annual population increase continued until mid1846 (one human gestation after the late-1845 beginning of removal of Ireland's food), the 1846 population was 11,815,011.

Assuming that rate continued, the population in 1851, absent the starvation, would have been approximately 12,809,841. However; the 1851 census recorded a population of 6,552,385; thus there was a "disappearance" of 6,257,456.

This population-loss figure of 6,257,456 is scarcely susceptible to significant challenge, being derived directly from the British government's own censuses for Ireland.

It is reasonable to assume that the rigor established in the recount of 1841 became the standard for the 1851 census; so that any residual undercount would be systemic, affecting 1841 and 1851 proportionately (and, if known, would increase the murder total).

These 6,257,456 include roughly 1,000,000 who successfully fled into exile and another 100,000 unborn between 1846 and 1851 due to malnutrition-induced infertility.

Of the 100,000 who fled to Canada in 1847, only 60,000 were still alive one month after landing.

Among the 40,000 dead was Henry Ford's father's mother who died en route from Cork or in quarantine on Quebec's Grosse Ile. Thus; though from 1845 through 1850, 6,257,456 "disappeared," the number murdered is approximately 1.1 million fewer; i.e., 5.16 millions.

Consequently; if Britain's census figures for Ireland are correct the British government murdered approximately 5.16 million Irish men, women and children; making it the Irish Holocaust.” Chris Fogarty http://www.irishholocaust.org/tollofholocaust
And if there ever is gonna be healing There has to be remembering And then grieving So that there then can be forgiving There has to be knowledge and understanding Blessed Martyr Sinéad O'Connor
TYRANTS. Tyrants are part of the people themselves — the diseased part, and this dis- ease is not local, to be cured with a knife, but constitutional, and only to be reached by the medicine of equity, morality, and self-respect. JB O'Reilly Watchwords
Ludwig Josef Johann Wittgenstein of Trinity College, Cambridge [Philosophical Investigations?]
39. But why does it occur to one to want to make precisely this word into a name, when it evidently is not a name?—That is just the reason. For one is tempted to make an objection against what is ordinarily called a name. It can be put like this: *a name ought really to signify a simple*. And for this one might perhaps give the following reasons: The word "Excalibur", say, is a proper name in the ordinary sense. The sword Excalibur consists of parts combined in a particular way. If they are combined differently Excalibur does not exist. But it is clear that the sentence "Excalibur has a sharp blade" makes sense whether Excalibur is still whole or is broken up. But if "Excalibur" is the name of an object, this object no longer exists when Excalibur is broken in pieces; and as no object would then correspond to the name it would have no meaning. But then the sentence "Excalibur has a sharp blade" would contain a word that had no meaning, and hence the sentence would be nonsense. But it does make sense; so there must always be something corresponding to the words of which it consists. So the word "Excalibur" must disappear when the sense is analysed and its place be taken by words which name simples. It will be reasonable to call these words the real names. 40.

Let us first discuss *this* point of the argument: that a word has no meaning if nothing corresponds to it.—It is important to note that the word "meaning" is being used illicitly if it is used to signify the thing that 'corresponds' to the word. That is to confound the meaning of a name with the bearer of the name.

"Grosse Isle— May 31 [1847]— Fourteen days since I penned a line in this sorrowful record, I wished I had not lived to pen another. God's will be done but oh, it is so hard to say it. Yet I ask myself, what right have I to repine? Grevious as has been my loss, what is it compared to many of those around me, whose quiet submission rebukes my selfish sorrow...[tells how his wife Aileen fell sick]... Why recall the dreadful nights and days that followed? What profit to tell of the pain in my breast, the raging fever, the delerium, the agonizing grasping for breath- the end? The fourth day, with bursting heart and throbbing head, I knelt by the corpse of my Aileen. There was not a soul to help. Everybody was too full of their own troubles to able to heed me. The island was now filled with sick emigrants and death was on every side. I dug her grave, the priest came, I laid her there, I filled it in, I staggered to the shed that had sheltered us. I fell from sheer exhaustion and remember no more." — Gearóid Mac Aoidhagáin's Journal from aboard a coffin ship was rescued by his uncle and published in The Summer of Sorrow (Huntingdon, Quebec, 1895)Peter Berresford Ellis, Eyewitness to Irish History, Wiley, 2004, p 174. With a little extra text added from the full account http://gail25.tripod.com/journal3.htm

BBC, The Cultural Impact of the Highland Clearances, Ross Noble, Last updated 2011-02- 17 The weather has also been blamed - a succession of bad harvests and famine demanding a drastic solution. Rising population, putting pressure on land and jobs, also played a part, as did the persuasive, smooth-talking agents of ship-owners who ferried indentured servants to the rapidly expanding United States of America.

“Arthur was a mean old itis” Grandma Rita

“Psychologists have called for great focus on measures to tackle the high rates of suicide among teenagers in Ireland. The Psychological Society of Ireland (PSI), which has about 3,000 members, made the call ahead of World Suicide Prevention Day on Saturday. Ireland has the fourth highest rate of suicide among teens in the EU, with only Lithuania, Estonia and Finland experiencing higher rates. The society’s chief executive Terri Morrissey said putting a focus on preventative measures for teenagers and adolescents was important…. '

Elaine Edwards, Ireland has fourth highest rate of teen suicide in Europe, Irish Times, 9 Sep 2016, http://www.irishtimes.com/news/social-affairs/ireland-has-fourth-highest-rate-of-teen-suicide-in-europe-1.2785527

“The judgement of God sent the calamity to teach the Irish a lesson, that calamity must not be too much mitigated. …The real evil with which we have to contend is not the physical evil of the Famine, but the moral evil of the selfish, perverse and turbulent character of the people.” — Charles Trevelyan, head of administration for "famine" relief

The Names of the Dagda, Scott A.
Martin

“Aed Abaid Essa Ruaid misi .i.

dagdia druidechta Tuath De Danann 7
in Ruad Rofhessa 7 Eochaid
Ollathair mo tri hanmanna”

“I am Aed Abaid of Ess Rúaid, that is, the Good God of draíocht of the Túatha Dé Danann, and the Rúad Rofhessa, and Eochaid Ollathair are my three names.” (Bergin 1927)

This opening line from “How the Dagda Got His Magic Staff” neatly summarizes the names by which the Dagda is known in the surviving Irish manuscripts. Translations for these names begin to shed some light on the character of this deity: the “Good God,” the “Red/Mighty One of Great Knowledge,” and “Horseman Allfather.”

When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time. Maya AngelouThe Old Woman of Beare

Ancestral, written down maybe c. 800
trans. from Irish by Brendan Kenneally

The sea crawls from the shore
Leaving there
The despicable weed,
A corpse's hair.
In me,
The desolate withdrawing sea.

The Old Woman of Beare am I
Who once was beautiful.
Now all I know is how to die.
I'll do it well.

Look at my skin
Stretched tight on the bone.
Where [chiefs] have pressed their lips,
The pain, the pain.

I don't hate the men
Who swore the truth was in their lies.
One thing alone I hate–
Women's eyes.
The young sun
Gives its youth to everyone,
Touching everything with gold.
In me, the cold.

The cold. Yet still a seed
Burns there.
Women love only money now.
But when
I loved, I loved
Young men.

Young men whose horses galloped
On many an open plain
Beating lightning from the ground.
I loved such men.

And still the sea

Rears and plunges into me,
Shoving, rolling through my head
Images of the drifting dead.

A soldier cries
Pitifully about his plight;
A [chief] fades
Into the shivering night.

Does not every season prove
That the acorn hits the ground?
Have I not known enough of love
To know it's lost as soon as found?

I drank my fill of wine with [chiefs],
Their eyes fixed on my hair.
Now among the stinking hags
I chew the cud of prayer.

Time was the sea
Brought [chiefs] as [hostages] to me.
Now I hear the face of God
And the crab crawls through my blood.

I loved the wine
That thrilled me to my fingertips;
Now the mean wind
Stitches salt into my lips.

The coward sea
Slouches away from me.
Fear brings back the tide
That made me stretch at the side
Of him who'd take me briefly for his bride.

The sea grows smaller, smaller now.
Farther, farther it goes
Leaving me here where the foam dries
On the deserted land,
Dry as my shrunken thighs,
As the tongue that presses my lips,
As the veins that break through my hands.

An Bád Síde

I was spending my holidays in Berehaven last year, and I heard the following story from some fishermen who used to be out seining. When ever a disaster was to occur they would see a Phantom boat, which they called the "Bád Síde", manned by Ghostly forms of men rowing very fast. They would pass so closely that it was quiet possible to hear the men straining at the oars. It was a terrible experience for those who saw it for the first time, but the older men knew that it was a sign of a disaster, and it was always followed by some of them being lost while out fishing in boats. — Told by Dan Sullivan to Dermot O' Keeffe. Kilmallock Co. Limerick, February 10th. 1936. duchas.ie, The School's Collection

Paraphrase from 2018 Céilí dance, Maurice O'Keeffe Fiddle Festival, the two aoibhinn daughters of Maurice O'Keeffe. They said:
So you think you're Ó Keeffe do you?
I explained my mother as the seventh daughter of my grandma Rita Kieff Brown.
We had a Chief of Munster once, she says.
More than once, I replied in awe.
He'll do, she replies.

https://www.rte.ie/brainstorm/2022/0126/1275970-cliodhna-cork-goddess-banshee-carrigcleena-kilshannig/
RTE
Jenny Butler, UCC

Analysis: a rock in Co Cork in closely associated with many legends around Chlíodhna and is known as a door to the Otherworld
Special rocks and ancient sacred stones feature prominently in Early Irish literature and in legends. Some are linked to the sovereignty queen tradition where [Bean Sí] are connected with particular clans and areas. "At the regional and local level", writes Gearóid Ó Crualaoich in The Book of the Cailleach: Stories of the Wise-Woman Healer, "the divine female represents the sovereignty principle in respect of more localized dynastic identity, as for example, in the case of the O'Brien dynasty of Thomond in North Munster (Aoibheall) and the O'Keeffe dynasty of East and North Cork (Clíodna)."
Clíodhna, whose name may mean "the territorial one", is also associated with Cork's McCarthy family line, to whom she is said to have passed the secret of the Blarney Stone, which is now housed at Blarney Castle, built by Cormac MacCarthy in the 15th century.
"The [Bean Sí] Clíodna together with Aoibhell and Áine constitutes a triad of Munster [Bean Sí]", with links to the banshee", explains Daragh Smyth in Earthing the Myths: The Myths, Legends and Early History of Ireland. It's referenced in a story that "there is no morning of the year when Clíodhna isn't outside of that Carraig before sunrise, combing her hair", an activity associated with the banshee.
Indeed, Clíodhna is also regarded as the banshee that rules as queen over the [Sí] of south Munster. Patricia Lysaght explains that "the association of the death-messenger with a former land [Bean Sí] who is now a bean sí is again evident in Clíona, territorial [Bean Sí] of south-Munster, and as such intimately connected with important families and individuals in the area".
Carraig Chlíodhna (Clíodhna's Rock), anglicized as the placename Carrigcleena, is seven miles southwest of Mallow in the parish of Kilshannig and is known as a "door to the Otherworld". Another rock, Carrigcleenamore, off Inch Strand, two miles southeast of Rosscarbery
is traditionally known as the seat of this [Bean Sí] and door to the underworld....

O'Keeffe Families in Duhallow ….Among the O'Keeffe family heirlooms was a relic of the True Cross known as the Caoine or Memorial. The reliquary consisted of a small brass-bound wooden box containing the triangular relic. The Local parish priest, Father Fitzpatrick, took possession of this relic around 1856... By the time William and Mary had ascended the throne of England the ancient and noble clans of Duhallow had been driven out of their ancestral territories. The power of the chiefs was broken...and the clan lands were settled by foreigners. The old Gaelic customs and traditions which had been in use from 'time out of mind' had been pushed aside, and the persecution of the [Indigenous] population was unremitting...http://okeeffeclans.com/okeeffefamilies.html
The legend of Clíona
Eugene Daly March, 2021 https://westcorkpeople.ie/columnists/the-legend-of-cliona/
Clíona is a supernatural lady in literary and oral tradition. Her name probably meant 'the territorial

one' and represented a function of the patron [Bean Sí]. She is associated mostly with Glandore Harbour, but also Rosscarbery Bay and with Mallow.

According to legend, she was the daughter of Mannanán Mac Lir, the predominant Irish sea god. One account of her story states she eloped from 'Tír Tairngire' (the land of Promise) with a handsome young warrior named 'Ciabhán' of the Curling Locks. They landed at Trá Théite, the strand at Glandore and 'Ciabhan' left her in his boat. A mighty wave came and she drowned. This was 'Tonn Chlíona' (Cliona's Wave), the best known of the magic waves of Ireland. The deep roar of the sea as it enters the cliff caves in Glandore harbour was said to foretell the death of the [chief] of Munster. She was the 'bean sí' (banshee, [Sí] woman) of the Fitzgerald's of Desmond and later the McCarthy clan. The wave that killed her now lives on an eerie thunderous roar that bellows out from the cliffs in Glandore in stormy weather. Manchán Magan writes: 'it's as much a sound wave as a sea wave now – a loud and sudden call that for some family foretells the death of someone significant'.

In the Middle Ages, Clíona was regarded as one of the principal otherworld women of Munster. She was said to reside in a palace near 'Carraig Chlíona', a conspicuous large rock in a lonely part of the parish of Kilshannig, near Mallow. To the 'filí' (poets), she was an inspirer of their art, and she had the reputation of being a seducer, as evidenced by a poem of that era. In this text, she comes to the celebrated poet, 'Cearball Ó Dálaigh', inflicts a terrible thirst on him, and then promises to relieve him of it if he will live with her.

As a femme fatale, Clíona enticed men to the seashore, and had a series of mortal lovers. Among them were 'Caomh', the progenitor of the O'Keefe family, and Seán Mac Shemais Mac Gearailt (John Fitz James Gearailt – Fitzgerald) [chief] of Desmond...

Potatoes from Popular Songs of Ireland By Thomas Crofton Croker Routledge, London, 1886

The opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, who took considerable pains to investigate the matter, is that the root now called the potato was introduced into the British Islands in July, 1586, by the return expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh, for which the patent passed the Great Seal in 1584.

[I'm so tired, I'm feeling so upset Although I'm so tired, I'll have another cigarette And curse Sir Walter Raleigh... —Lennon/McCartney, I'm So Tired]

1929, Mount Keeffe Chalice given to the Victoria & Albert Museum, London ; inscription reads "C.O.K. Me Fieri Anno Domini 1590"

Drombeg stone circle (also known as The Druid's Altar) is a small axial stone circle located 2.4 km (1.5 mi) east of Glandore, County Cork, Ireland

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Drombeg_stone_circle#

Oxford professor claims Drombeg has solved the riddle of Stonehenge

SEPTEMBER 26TH, 2016 2:25 PM

BYJACKIE KEOGH

https://www.southernstar.ie/news/oxford-professor-claims-drombeg-has-solved-the-riddle-of-stonehenge-4127114

A West Cork stone circle has provided an 81-year old archaeologist with the answer to the riddle of Stonehenge.&nbsp;

A WEST Cork stone circle has provided an 81-year old archaeologist with the answer to the riddle of Stonehenge. 'I have solved it completely,' Prof Terence Meaden, an archaeologist and physicist from Oxford University, told The Southern Star.

He explained that the people who created the Drombeg Stone Circle near Glandore had, in Neolithic times, 'a fertility religion' and for them the landscape was the earth mother and the sky was the heavenly father.

The archaeologist said these 'intelligent people' used tally sticks in Neolithic times to measure daily the progress of the sun on the landscape before placing some stones to represent the female form

and some to represent the male.
He has discovered that at sunrise – not sunset – during the eight ancient agricultural festivals that include the solstices and quasi-equinoxes, the shadows of the male stones fall on the female stone and form 'a union.'
There are eight couplings contained within Drombeg Stone Circles, some of which are doubles, and the photographic evidence of these couplings is both explicit and stark.
The rising sun, for example, illuminates one of the female stones in such a way that looks like a bright, warm, life-affirming womb, while the adjoining male stone casts a decidedly phallic shadow right in the middle of the womb.
Another female stone – the recumbent stone – has embedded on its surface the unmistakable outline of female genitalia and when the sunrises behind the male stone at the entrance a shadow falls to 'cover' the female stone.
Terence said that these parings are 'a visible consummation,' a marriage of the earth mother and heavenly father. These meaningful shadows are cast on the recumbent stone during the summer, and shadows cast the other couplings take place during the winter.
Terence's book – which is entitled "Stonehenge, Avebury and Drombeg Stone Circles Deciphered" – is a dense work, a proper archaeological study, but to the layman the best way to describe it is that the people who created Drombeg put on one of the world's first slideshows. And to see it changes utterly one's experience and understanding of Drombeg Stone Circle.

Newmarket Community Development Association Facebook Page 7 Samhain 2013 Have you ever heard of the Mount Keeffe Chalice? "Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress. He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the holy priest was murdered"
https://www.facebook.com/NewmarketTown/posts/10151803239234385

Mount Keeffe Chalice (1590). Okeeffeclans.com O'Kief Cosh Mang Vol 6 - Casey under the Title "1590 O'Keeffe Chalice - Saga from The Newmarket Area" recorded the following "To Mrs George A. Jackson of Climax, Michigan, we are indebted for a clipping dated January 7 1961 (newspaper not named). The staff reporter of the newspaper in conversation with Sean O'Reilly, Secretary of the Mallow Field Club of History and Archaeology, describes a murder of a priest in Penal Days Ireland with the theft of ...Chalice in Irish Ecclesiastical History ...

He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the Holy priest was murdered." Later accounts by Seanchas Duthalla Journals – by Mrs E. Sheehan(1978/'79), records the story and names Sean O'Reilly of Mallow and the late Dan Casey of Newmarket and Fr. James Wilson, Chaplain of Mount Alvernia. "A Mr. Clancy of Doneraile first told Mr. O'Reilly that he had noticed the Chalice on a visit to the Victoria & Albert Museum". She named the priest that were saying the mass, when the chalice was seized, as Fr. Gallivan, and an unnamed priest from Kerry. "The Red Coats looted the chalice and the vestments and other church items". Neither Casey, the news article reporter, Sean O'Reilly, nor did Seanchas Duthalla Articles by Mrs Sheehan make reference to the other chalice (now known as the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice).
He is styled ;venerabilem et discretum Magistrum Corneliuni O'Keeife presbyterum Hibernum, capacem et idoneum utpote doctorum Theologum,' The Irish Ecclesiastical Record, Dublin 1898 IRISH EXILES IN BRITTANY

The Siege of Droim Dámhgháire Alice Dooley, knocklong.com THE BOOK OF LISMORE Lismore is a town in Co. Waterford, situated on the River Blackwater, at the foot of the Knockmealdown mountains. It is located approximately 119km from Cork and 22km from Dungarvan on the N72. Lismore dates back to 636 when St. Carthage arrived and established Lismore Abbey. The Book and a crozier were discovered hidde n in a secret recess in the walls of Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford by workmen in 1814. They were enclosed in a wooden box in a built-up doorway. The Castle of Lismore was built in 1185...

...the Duke of Devonshire, who...owns Lismore Castle. The Lismore Crozier can be viewed in the National Museum of Ireland...

The Book of Lismore also known as the Book of MacCárthaigh Riabhach (Leabhar Mac Cárthaigh 956 Riabhach) was translated in 1890 by Whitley Stokes.In 1950, Irish Manuscripts Commission published an edition of the manuscript with an introduction by R. A. S. Macalister. The Book of Lismore is a vellum manuscript consisting of 198 folios, written in medieval Irish and composed around 1480, not for a monastery but for a lay patron. The Book of Lismore was written in the fifteenth century for Finghin Mac Cárthaigh Riabhach and his wife Caitlín. It was compiled in Timoleague and came into the possession of the Earl of Cork at Lismore Castle after a siege in the 1640s. It remained there until it's discovery in 1814. It contains secular and ecclesiastical texts. The Book contains the text of The Siege of Dámgháire/Knocklong. It also contains a copy of the Travels of Marco Polo, the lives of the Saints, including Patrick, Colmcille, Brigid, Senán, Ciarán and Mochua, a copy of An Teanga Bithnua (The Ever-New Tongue) the title of a dialogue between the Hebrew sages and the apostle Philip. The Book also contains the Poems of Saint Molaise, The conquests of Charlemagne, a History of the Lombards, a copy of Lebor na Cert (The Book of Rights), on the taxes and tributes of the kingdoms of Ireland, The Triumph of Cellachán of Cashel "Caithreim Cellachain Caisil" on the wars between the Norse and the Irish, a medieval account of Antichrist, stories of Queen Maeve and The Táin and tales of Fionn mac Cumhaill from Acallamh na Senórach (Colloquy of the Ancients) The Siege of Knocklong has been translated into English by Seán Ó Duinn [Mullach abú!]. Forbhais Droma Dámhgháire, The Siege of Knocklong (Mercier Press. Cork, 1992)

The Singing the Litany of Ire1and—Lismore. KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures

THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

A paperback version of Professor John Carey's edition of the Old Irish cosmological text In Tenga Bithnúa ("The Ever-New Tongue"), has just been published by Brepols.

The Ever-New Tongue (In Tenga Bithnúa) is a medieval Irish account of the mysteries of the universe, remarkable for its exotic background and for the fiery exuberance of its style. This translation, based on the definitive edition of the text, renders this extraordinary work available to a wider readership.

Composed in Ireland in the ninth or tenth century, The Ever-New Tongue purports to reveal the mysteries of the creation, of the cosmos, and of the end of the world, as related by the soul of the apostle Philip speaking in the language of the angels. Drawing on a multitude of sources, both mainstream and heterodox, it reflects the richness of early Irish learning as well as the vitality of its author's imagination.

https://www.ucc.ie/en/smg/newsevents/the-ever-new-tongue-the-text-in-the-book-of-lismore.html

So cultural identity in Ireland has always been familial and relational. The seanfhocail are in a sense a collection of best practices developed by our family over time. The law and the mythological stories are all part of a great tapestry that demonstrates, for the Irish as for other cultures, how we adapted together over time, how we overcame great obstacles, celebrated bua (victory), and remembered defeats, hopefully never to repeat. Forms of music and dance and storytelling and the language that we used to convey it, all ours, all ancient in origin, though developed over time. So when I say culture, think about all the patterns put together, all the threads that make up what culture always was since time immemorial. Here's a rather incomplete list: 1. Beauty 2. Clothing 3. Recipes and cooking 4. Wisdom 5. Childbirth 6. Stewardship of land 7. Dancing 8. Childcare 9.

Games 10. Herblore 11. Holidays 12. Humor 13. Architecture 14. Sports 15. Philosophy 16. Law 17. Justice 18. Healing 19. Religion 20. Mourning 21. Funerals 22. Weddings Marriage customs 24. Food preservation 25. Transportation 26. Language 27. Communication 28. Martial arts 29. Protection 30. Customs 31. Agriculture 32. Conservation and care of land 33. Elder care 34. Music 35. Languages 36. Dialects 37. Cosmology 38. Mythology 39. Medicine 40. History 41. Storytelling 42. Socialising 43. Helping each other Really, the list could go on and on. But in the modern era, we often look at culture as simply what we do to enrich our lives. In the past, culture was how we made sense out of life, how we navigated and understood the entire world.

It's not enough to be nice in life. You've got to have nerve.” — Georgia O'Keeffe

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.
The Book of Fermoy might with equal propriety be called the Book of Roche. It is a loose collection of miscellaneous documents, written at different times, and in very different hands; but it contains a number of bardic poems and tracts on the general history of Ireland, and a very curious collection of legendary, mythological and Fenian tales. It begins with a copy of the " Leabhar Gabhala," or " Book of Invasions," written in the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, very much damaged and imperfect at the end. Then follows that portion of the book which contains the legendary and mythological tales, written in the fifteenth century. This is in many respects the most interesting and valuable part of the volume, which also contains some historical bardic poems on the O'Connors or O'Conors of Connaught, the O'Keeffes of Fermoy, the MacCarthy, Roche, and other families of the South of Ireland. The volume concludes with some fragments of medical treatises in the usual exquisitely neat handwriting peculiar to Irish medical manuscripts. These fragments were certainly no part of the original Book of Fermoy; they probably belonged to the family of O'Hickey, who were hereditary physicians, and whose name occurs more than once inscribed in the margins and blank places of this portion of the manuscript."

youtube video called Equinox at the Hag's Bed uploaded by Del Richardson.
“Christy Roche, a native of Cork all his life and grew up playing in and around the famous tomb of one of Ireland's most famous women, An Cailleach, the Old Woman. Christy grew up surrounded by history, unsurprisingly is now one of Cork and Ireland's most famous History Geographers.
Not content with just playing on the Old Woman's Tomb when he was a child, he eventually had to study its purpose. why it was built, the position it was built and why it happened to be there. Christy got his opportunity to do his research on the 4,000+ year old tomb after 9/11/01 in America, when all planes were banned from flying for two weeks and the sky was 'exceptionally clear', so Christy studied the Leaba Chailleach wedge tomb for those two weeks and the rising and setting of the Sun's rays on the tomb, until he found the answers he was looking for.

On the 27th of March and the 24th of September, night and day is of equal length. When the Sun shone into the tomb on these days, Christy captured the very first pictures ever taken of the Sun's Equinox, which hit the inside of the tomb directly and illuminated it.
?Query? Is that when An Bodach [Orion as Gaelainn] leaves the sky to visit his old lady's bed? Does he chase her sister the moon the rest of the year?[/query] Death of Mogh Ruith story?
?Query? Did that align with our Annunciation on our Lunar 84 year cycle calendar? Is May 3 664 – something like that-- in one of the Annals the solution to that? March- Annunciation, September- Assumption/Dormition of Mary?
Philip Roche (died 1798) was an Irish Roman Catholic priest and commander during the Irish Rebellion of 1798. He was a priest attached to the parish of Poulpearsay, County Wexford, and formerly of Gorey. He apparently joined rebels encamped at the foot of Corrigrua Hill, under the command of Father John Murphy (1753?–1798), shortly before the battle of Tubberneering, on 4 June 1798. Information given to him helped the rebels to anticipate and frustrate the attack of

Major-general Loftus and Colonel Walpole. His bravery at Tubberneering won him a reputation with the insurgents, and when Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey was three or four days later deposed from his command, Roche was elected commander of the rebels encamped at Slyeeve-Keelter, near New Ross. After unsuccessful attempts to intercept the navigation of the river, Roche moved his camp to Lacken Hill, where he remained for some time almost inactive. On 19 June he was surprised, and compelled to retreat from Lacken Hill to Three Rocks, near Wexford. On the following day he intercepted a detachment under Sir John Moore, who was moving up to join in the attack on Vinegar Hill, at a place called Goffsbridge, or Foulkes Mill, near the church of Horetown. His disposition of his forces was skilled, but after a fierce engagement, which lasted four hours, was compelled to fall back on Three Rocks, effecting a retreat in good order. After the battle of Vinegar Hill and the surrender of Wexford, Roche, seeing that further resistance was hopeless, decided to capitulate, and went alone and unarmed to Wexford. On entering the town he was seized, dragged from his horse, kicked and beaten. He was tried by court-martial, and hanged on Wexford bridge on 25 June 1798, along with Matthew Keogh and seven others, and his body thrown into the river.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philip_Roche
Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890, p223-224 BLAYNEY'S BLOODHOUNDS, subs. (military). — The Eighty-ninth Foot. They obtained this nickname during the Irish Rebellion in 1798. [BLAYNEY,from their Colonel's name + BLOODHOUNDS from their skill in tracking Irish rebels.] They also earned for themselves the sobriquet of THE ROLLICKEERS, in allusion to the 'jolly doggish' bearing of the corps
Drombeg, Glandore, 'Druid's Altar' overlooks Tonn Chlíodhna in harbor.
21 Feabhra 2012, thejournal.ie Native Irish mammals in danger of extinction – study "The Irish hare, red squirrel and red deer are all in danger of being wiped out by invasive foreign species...
...Frithfolad Muman (The Counter-Obligation of Munster). This law treatise of mid-eight century tell us about obligations which are owed by the [chief] of Munster to his client-kingdoms in return for the obligation they have to him. So, Frithfolad Muman presupposes a contractual conception of early Irish [Chiefery]. It also contains the evidence about different status of Munster tribes and about their privileges.

Another important legal text of Munster origin is Uraicecht Becc (“Small Primer”) – an Old Irish tract of status, which has an interesting evidence about the status of the [chief] in Medieval Ireland, as well as the description of different types of [chiefing]. And the last one is well-known Crith Gablach (“Branched Purchase”) which tells us about the details on the grades of nobility and commons. It includes client ship information for even the highest nobility and presents a certain amount of interesting evidence about the duties of the [chief]...
...In Munster historical tradition he described as a [chief] of the great wisdom as well as a saint bishop. The Fragmentary annals have a following note about him: “A scholar in Irish and in Latin, the wholly pious and pure chief bishop, miraculous in chastity and in prayer, a sage in government, in all wisdom, knowledge and science, a sage of poetry and learning, chief of charity and every virtue; a wise man in teaching, high [chief] of the two provinces of all Munster in his time. --1 Fragmentary annals of Ireland/Ed. and tr. Radner J.N. Dublin, 1978. FA 423 cited in Munster and Irish [chiefing] in 10th-12th centuries, Shingurova_DynamicMA.pdf

‘I have this feeling that I missed the day in school where they explained how to live your life.” 657 —Maeve Higgins, Irish Times
BRIAN FRIEL'S "language of theater" has been said to address "deepening ironies and contradictions of our age". Clearly, ironies of language are evident in his play Translations-first performed twenty years ago by Friel and Stephen Rea's newly formed Field Day Theatre Company-which is itself a riddle of translation. On stage, the Irish members of a local hedge school regularly deliver phrases in Latin and Greek, the translations of which are roughly given in succeeding

responses through context or paraphrase. Moreover, the audience is meant to understand that a major portion of the dialogue, while spoken and enacted in English, actually occurs in a fourth, unspoken language: Gaelic[partial sic]. This effective absence of the very language often considered central to questions of Irish culture (voiced only in the speaking of place names that the English have come to "standardize" out of the Irish tongue) denotes the near disappearance of Gaelic as a result of English domination. The British had long sought to prevent the Gaelicization of English settlers and to facilitate colonial rule of the "primitive" Irish by requiring use of English. In 1367 the Statutes of Kilkenney barred Gaelic speech from "the Pale" and courts of law. When in 1800 the empire officially subsumed Ireland into its "United Kingdom," as Dean identifies, the "long disputed colony" became "integral to the imperial power.
and yet remained a problematic element within it. The inauguration of an Irish national school system in 1833, the year in which Translations is set, can therefore be seen to perpetuate a long-standing tradition of cultural suppression in Ireland. One cannot help but note the irony in Lord Stanley's institution of compulsory, state-funded education to be conducted completely in English, thirty-seven years before the British government established such a comprehensive program in England proper. Furthermore, it was here-not England-that the British began their Ordnance survey of the empire which required the Anglicization of Irish place names. . Discourse on Irish nationalism has considered the impact of and possible responses to this intentional suppression. Movements seeking the "production and recovery of a national literature and [... J revival of the national language" have conflicted with positions such as "Liberator" Daniel O' Connell's that "the old language" was "a barrier to modern progress" . The strands of discourse represented in. Translations echo issues raised by such language debates. Sarah E. Wheaton Colby Quarterly, Volume 37, no.3, September 2001, p.236-246

O'CONNELL. He roused the farms, —he made the serf a yeoman ; He drilled his millions and he faced the foe ; But not with lead or steel he struck the foeman : Reason the sword — and human right the blow.
My days – the blossom of my youth and the flower of my manhood – have been darkened by the dreariness of servitude. In this my native land – in the land of my sires – I am degraded without fault as an alien and an outcast.
— Daniel O'Connell, July 1812, aged 37

AN ISLAND OF FAME.

A translation of Aoghán Ó Rathaille version of St. Donatus' description of Ireland in the ninth century.

An Island of fame there is far away in the West,
Which the learned call the Land of Eire, hospitable its fame ;
Rich in jewels of cloth, and in fine minerals,
In yellow gold, in warriors, sky, sun, and flocks.

Sweet dropping honey, pasturage and never-failing milk ;
White fleeces, cloths neat and ornamented ;
Noble and fruitful plains, and corn-land there ;
Princes who would be mighty in arms against an enemy.

There are no serpents in Ireland, the sod is sacred ;
They have no wild, ravening monsters nor lions ;
But gentle peace, civility, and poets of much dexterity ;
Many holy clerics teaching the people.

It is the Island of pious, generous chieftains ;
It is the Island of orderly, excellent hospitallers ;
The Island which supported hosts and wanderers ;
The Island of divines and of nobles, the bulwark of sovereignty.

THOMAS MOORE. 1 We take Tom Moore as God sent liim —not only the sweetest song-writer of Ireland, but . . . the first songwriter in the English language, not even excepting Burns. . . . He preserved the music of his nation and made it imperishable. It can never be lost again till English ceases to be spoken. He struck it out like a golden coin, with Erin's stamp on it, and it has become current and unquestioned in all civilized nations. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

Grandma Kay laughed when I showed her this. Like she knew something I didn't.
A LULLABY Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin trans. James Clarence Mangan The last, not least, of thy weapons, my son, Shall be the glittering glaive of O'Dunn, The gift from Aenghus' powerful hands, The hewer-downer of the Fenian bands With edge so fine ! O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine !
After mass in Zephyrhills, we went out to breakfast with a Bean Feasa from the Daughters of Erin.
"One experiences oneself as another and the other as oneself. One begins to apprehend otherwise un-apprehendable suffering." — Richard Kearney
Dr. Bessel A. van der Kolk is one of the top researchers and clinicians in the field of trauma, and here is what he says about what trauma feels like [or doesn't feel like, which is also a feeling] in his book, The Body Keeps the Score: "Traumatized people chronically feel unsafe inside their bodies: The past is alive in the form of gnawing interior discomfort. Their bodies are constantly bombarded by visceral warning signs, and, in an attempt to control these processes, they often become expert at ignoring their gut feelings and in numbing awareness of what is played out inside. They learn to hide from their selves."
"I was naive and thought we could express our feelings to each other- not suppress them and keep holding them back. Well, it was what I felt, and why should I be untrue to myself? I came to believe the importance that if you feel something strong enough then you should say it." ― George Harrison, I, Me, Mine
Hugh the schoolmaster in Brian Friel's Translations: "But remember that words are signals, counters. They are not immortal. And it can happen— to use an image you'll understand — it can happen that a civilisation can be imprisoned in a linguistic contour which no longer matches the landscape of... fact."
Levine explains: "In response to threat and injury, animals, including humans, execute biologically based, non-conscious action patterns that prepare them to meet the threat and defend themselves. The very structure of trauma, including activation, dissociation and freezing are based on the evolution of survival behaviors. When threatened or injured, all animals draw from a 'library' of possible responses. We orient, dodge, duck, stiffen, brace, retract, fight, flee, freeze, collapse, etc. All of these coordinated responses are somatically based—they are things that the body does to protect and defend itself. It is when these orienting and defending responses are overwhelmed that we see trauma. The bodies of traumatized people portray "snapshots" of their unsuccessful attempts to defend themselves in the face of threat and injury.

Trauma is a highly activated incomplete biological response to threat, frozen in time. For example, when we prepare to fight or to flee, muscles throughout our entire body are tensed in specific patterns of high energy readiness. When we are unable to complete the appropriate actions, we fail to discharge the tremendous energy generated by our survival preparations.

This energy becomes fixed in specific patterns of neuromuscular readiness. The person then stays in a state of acute and then chronic arousal and dysfunction in the central nervous system. Traumatized people are not suffering from a disease in the normal sense of the word- they have become stuck in an aroused state. It is difficult if not impossible to function normally under these circumstances. Peter Levine, Waking the Tiger, North Atlantic Books, 1997 Or 'Crabbit' in Donegal.

“Trauma is not what happens to us, but what we hold inside in the absence of an empathetic witness.”

748 Peter Levine, In an Unspoken Voice: How the Body Releases Trauma and Restores Goodness, North Atlantic Books, 2012, foreward xii. 749 Peter Levine, Waking the Tiger, North Atlantic Books, 1997

The Siege of Droim Dámhgháire Alice Dooley, knocklong.com THE DECISION TO INVADE MUNSTER It had been prophetised by Aonghus that a disastrous cattle disease would occur during the reign of Cormac Mac Airt [the Crabbit].
The year of the Cattle disease Cormac the Crabbit collected all his taxes and tributes due from the five [Cúige] of Ireland. This amounted to almost 900 cows. He distributed the tribute generously. When his own herds died from the disease, he had no provisions for his own people. Cormac [the Crabbit] would have no revenue until the following year. It would be an unfit [chief] who could not provide hospitality for his people. Cormac [the Crabbit] decided to ask the men of Munster for more tribute and taxes. [Cormac the Crabbit]'s reasoning was that there were [six] [cúige] in Ireland and two of those were in Munster, but taxes were collected from only one [cúige].

Also, a [Muimneach], Fiachra’s brother, had killed Cormac [the Crabbit]’s father in the Battle of Ma[gh] Mucraimhe and Cormac [the Crabbit]would seek compensation for his death from Fiachra, [Chief] of Munster.

Fiacha's father was killed on the same day in the same battle. Cormac [the Crabbit] sent messengers to [Fiacha] at Cnoc Rafann, close to Cahir to ask for tribute.

The [Fir] of [Momonia] assembled and decided they would not pay the tribute, but that they would assist Cormac [the Crabbit], the High [Chief] of Ireland, in his hour of need, by giving cattle.

Again Cormac [the Crabbit] demanded the tribute and compensation for the death of his father. Again the [Fir Muimnech] refused to pay tribute but offered assistance. They knew that Cormac [the Crabbit] would not accept this final offer and they prepared for Cormac [the Crabbit]’s army to invade Munster. Fiachra called on the fighting men of Munster to gather together at Ceann Chláire/ Ceann Abhrat / Sliabh Riabhach /Glenbrohane mountain, for the defence of Mór Mumhan [An Mheatheil Fhírinne A Thiarna Íosa Críost, mac De, Déan Trócaire ar Mumhan, I Ainm áithair, agus an mhic agus Naomh-Anam, Awyn.].

Cormac [the Crabbit] mac Airt collected an army from three [cúige] and prepared to invade Munster. Cormac realised that this would be the time of disaster that Aonghus had prophetised. Cormac mac Airt [the Crabbit] called his druids to examine the omens for the expedition.

He had five chief [sorcerors], Ceathach, Cith Mór, Céacht, Crotha, Cith Rua. They examined the omens and told Cormac [the Crabbit] that the invasion of [Mór Mumhan] would be a disaster for him. Cormac [the Crabbit] was warned by the [sorcerors] that his claims were unjust and that the army would be slaughtered. Cormac [the Crabbit] ignored all advice.
Legal analysis of Irish CONSTITUTION ARTICLE 41 and the guaranteed sureties and responsibilities of the State. Provided by the Ancestral Chief of Munster, atá cróga agus dílis. Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh. Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther. 1 1° The State recognises the Family as the

natural primary and fundamental unit group of Society, and as a moral institution possessing inalienable and imprescriptible rights, antecedent and superior to all positive law. 1. Inalienable: can't be removed nor transferred to another 2. Imprescriptible: Were not given by the state but by 'Act of Nature' or 'God' 3. Must also be true in 6 Counties if it is prior to all positive law. 4. Positive law refers, at least, to the laws of the Irish State and the NI Statelet. Positive law refers, at least, and in practice, to the laws written or enforced since the Norman Invasion of Ireland. 5. In Ireland, Family or Fine has its own history of understanding these rights, not being limited to Cáin Adamnáin [The Irish 'Geneva Convention'], Banshencas, and tradition. 6. [A]Is rí gach slán. [B]Ní saoirse go saoirse na mban. [C]Is fearr an tsláinte ná na táinte. [E]Dligid othar a íarfaigid. [F]Ar scáth a chéile a mhaireann na daoine. A-F: These are all examples of what the Indigenous Gaelic Irish and British believe about Family Rights, by the state's own promise and guarantee. 'A-F' thereby are Before and More Important than all the other law or laws, including the Constitution itself, the Belfast Agreement, and the Magna Carta. Some might understand this in the phrase Common Law or Natural Law or God's Law. 7. Summation: The state(s) governing Éire cannot overwrite, take away, nor amend the rights of the families of Ireland as understood by the Indigenous Gaelic Irish. 2° The State, therefore, guarantees to protect the Family in its constitution and authority, as the necessary basis of social order and as indispensable to the welfare of the Nation and the State. 1. Guarantee: A written contract promising and assuring that protecting the family will happen, A binding agreement. 2. The family retains authority that supercedes the written law. 3. The state agrees that without this family authority, the state could not even exist. 4. Summation: The state guarantees to protect all the rights and authority of the Family stated or implied by 41.1 above. 2 1° In particular, the State recognises that by her life within the home, woman gives to the State a support without which the common good cannot be achieved. 1. Note: Some may try to apply this differently as in a sexist or patriarchal 'a woman's place is in the home, etc.' In the Fine or Indigenous Gaelic understanding, see Cáin Admnáin, it would be read as recognition of the unique physical and emotional exertions of woman in the life of the world by way of the family. 2. Summation:Without women and mothers, the the promises of the Constitution can never be delivered. 3. Note that it doesn't specify 'mothers' or 'wives' but 'woman'. The implication as written, though it be prior to such written, positive law, woman has a right to special protections, though it would be also quite easy to show this extends to anyone engaged in supporting or maintaining Family concerns or well-being. On the other hand, it states 'woman' and does reflect a higher standard of protection for woman, a standard which has never been met since the founding of the modern state. 2° The State shall, therefore, endeavour to ensure that mothers shall not be obliged by economic necessity to engage in labour to the neglect of their duties in the home. 1. Economic necessity means 'poverty' or the 'demands of a market-based economy' 2. Basically, in Ireland, women and, by reasonable inference--people contributing to raising children, caring for elders, caring for disabled, etc.--, cannot be forced out to work.

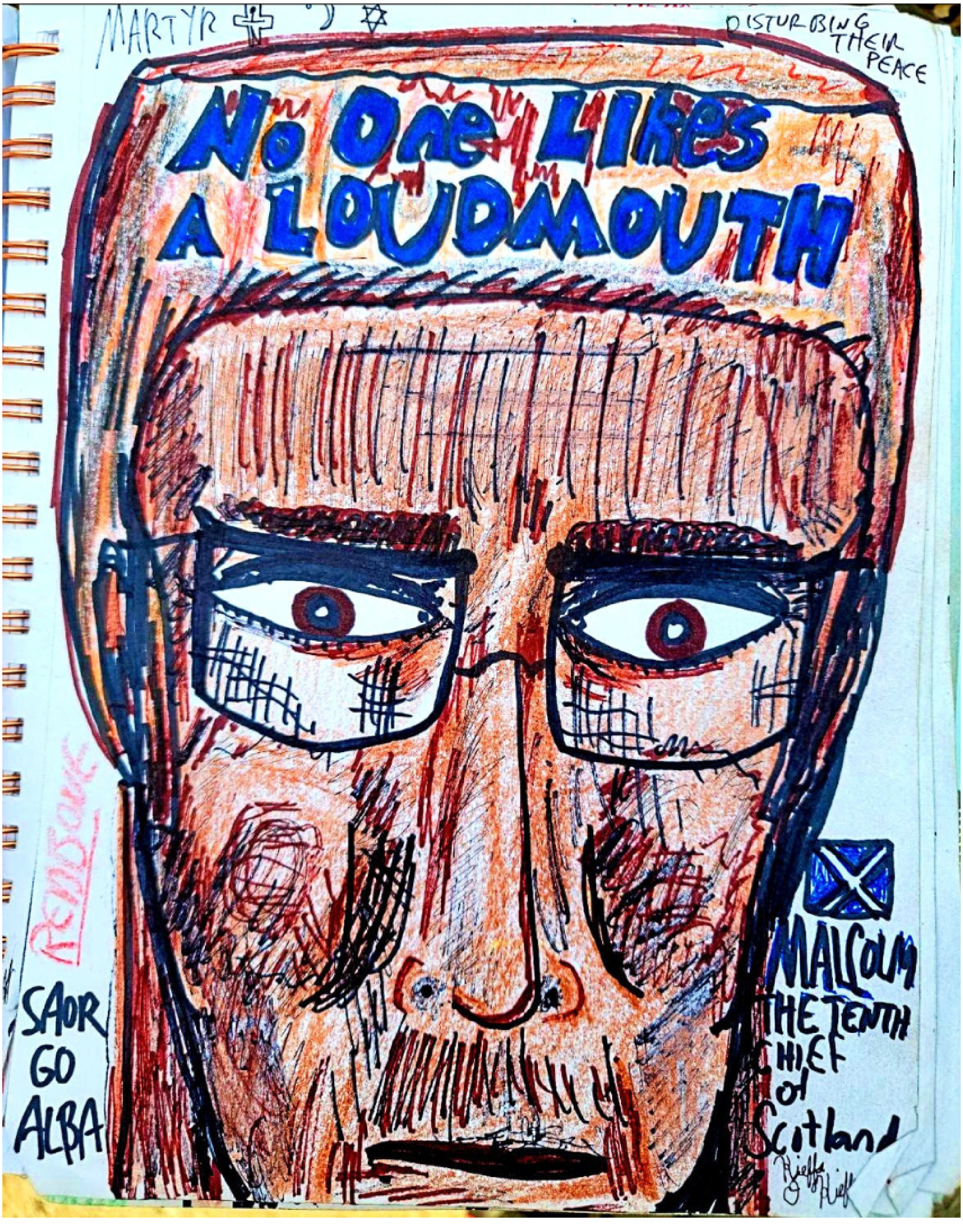
from The Spirit of Hindu Law by Donald R. Davis, Jr (2010, Cambridge University Press) Ācāra (Sanskrit: U8j) Dharmaśāstra There are two related senses of ācāra in Dharmaśāstra. The first...refers to customary law as a source of law. To be more precise about the problematic category of custom and customary law, ācāra always possesses a normative and obligatory quality that is not necessarily implied by custom alone. For this reason, I usually gloss ācāra as "local law" or "community standards" in an attempt to indicate it's normative [community shoulding] character, but also its restricted applicability. It is difficult to follow the usual characterizations of ācāra's authority as resting on the "*observed* conduct of 'good people'."

In Catalunya they have a word for their collective cultural wisdom which is seny. Here's what Wikipedia says about seny: Seny is a form of ancestral Catalan wisdom or sensibleness. It involves well-pondered perception of situations, level headedness, awareness, integrity, and right action. More specifically, a National Geographic anthropologist defined seny as "a kind of refined good sense and self-realization."

The opposite of seny is known as rauxa "sudden determination or action"

Rauxa: f. [LC] Determinació sobtada, pensada capriciosa. Li va venir la rauxa d’enviar correus electrònics. Ja em cansen les rauxes que li agafen al teu fill. Institut d'Estudis Catalans.http://dlc.iec.cat/results.asp? txtEntrada=rauxa&operEntrada=0

...Many Catalans consider seny something unique to their culture, a true Catalan symbol. Seny as a particular characteristic of Catalan society is based on a set of ancestral local customs stemming from the scale of values and social norms of traditional Catalan rural society. The values of seny were transmitted from generation to generation without much change by the exemplary behaviour of the elder members of the family, as well as in the shape of aphorisms and moral stories. 4 https :// en . wikipedia . org / wiki /Seny, Kostyal, K.M. (2001). National Geographic People of the World. National Geographic. p. 181. ISBN 0-7922-6401-0.
Iona
Who dwells in dreams of diamonds and strays on ways of stone who milks the might of many and always goes alone who sees the sparks flying from the fire carve teardrops in the skies who lingers in the house of love in solitary guise who trembles on the threshold and follows fleeting flags who strides by burning beacons and crawls on crooked crags who glories in his granite to make his magic mud who wants to walk on water but bear s the boots of blood whose injury is innocence and calls his profit pain who asks the arms of Adam, to make the mark of Cain who charts a stormy seaway beneath a broken sky to the island of Iona to hear the white dove cry. Pat Carton, from a handwritten source in my journal, from memory looking at his published version.


MARTYR
DISTURBING THEIR PEACE
No One Likes A LOUDMOUTH
SAOR GO ALBA
MALCOLM THE TENTH CHIEF of Scotland

“Technique has penetrated the deepest recesses of the human being. The machine tends not only to create a new human environment, but also to modify man's very essence. The milieu in which he lives is no longer his. He must adapt himself, as though the world were new, to a universe for which he was not created. He was made to go six kilometers an hour, and he goes a thousand. He was made to eat when he was hungry and to sleep when he was sleepy; instead, he obeys a clock. He was made to have contact with living things, and he lives in a world of stone. He was created with a certain essential unity, and he is fragmented by all the forces of the modern world.” ― Jacques Ellul, The Technological Society
“They tried to forget about us. Geographically isolated from each other and even further from wider society which let us know with every encounter just how uncomfortable our presence made the dominant culture.' — Dara Quigley, They Tried to Bury Us
“Young people can do incredible things but we're not often given the opportunities to. And so for me, I was like, I'm going to take the opportunity. No one can tell me what I can't do. We all have a story and our stories have the power to change someone else's or, if we give them a chance to, change the world. So often people come and they talk to young people, but they don't talk with young people. It means a whole lot more when someone your age, someone just like you, is showing you I get what you're going through, but you can get through it. Look, I am getting through it right now. Growing up I was the fat, gay, poor kid—or pretty much the bullying trifecta.” — Benjamin O'Keefe, African Bantu Diaspora, Fir Maige Féne First Nation Diaspora

Mill Conditions taken from “The Case of the Cabot Mill” By David Vermette from primary source: Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, July 30, 1886
The houses are built in close contact; there are no yards; the sheds and privies are near by; the drainage – the sink spouts are running only a few feet or so outside of the houses where all dirty water is poured out – falling on the surface of the ground, some of which drains into the cellar and leaves one of the most prolific sources of disease. The houses have from two to three stories, some of which are divided into eight tenements; the average number of people is about twelve in each tenement (96 to a house); the number of rooms in each is from five to seven; bedrooms are small, many of which have only one window where there are two beds. This will give you an idea of the amount of dirty water and slops that are poured out on the surface, close by the block – leaving the most offensive odor that can exist. These large blocks are accommodated with only four privies – giving about twenty five people for each privy – and those privies are cleaned only once a year, and this is done during this present hot weather of July. These places have overflowed since the month of May. Swine, cows, and hens are kept in the sheds, pig-pens in close connection with wood sheds &c. – giving additional offensive odor. The wells are in the midst of this filth, some of which are not more than twenty feet distant from the sink spout and privies. Sandy soil as it is in this place there is no doubt that some of these wells receive the slops in a few days after their pouring out of doors. The collection of refuse matter in or around the dwelling houses, such as swill, waste of meat, fish and decaying vegetables, dead carcasses are all present, giving or generating disease germs, affecting the purity of the air; – they should be considered the worst kind of nuisances. Such nuisances one should be compelled to remove or dispose of either by burial, burning or otherwise. Now then, summing up in a few words the above mention will show the favorable condition for any contagious disease to spring up.

Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, August 13, 1886 We only wish that the Boston Cabot gentlemen could listen to the biting denunciations of them as notorious (at least in the case under discussion) for their filthy greed, by gentlemen, we can tell them who, as manufacturers, are their equals in experience, perhaps in wealth, but infinitely their superiors in all that goes to make up the true man, regardful of the lives and health of the men and women whom they employ. Some of these manufacturers…are downright wrathy over the reflection cast upon all other manufacturers by the abominable neglect of Cabot company Directors, to remedy a state of things which no man

here dares to deny exists.
http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com/2012/08/the-case-of-cabot-mill-part-1.html
The somatic responses to hurt that we feel are not merely personal, they're transgenerational. They get passed on from one hurt human to the next in our families, destroying our culture from within. As Damien Dempsey says in his song It's All Good, I am an angry man yeah, I vent it when I can, yeah On the bag [boxing], not the skag [heroine] The negativity, yeah, pushed onto young paddy, yeah Is a shame, who's to blame? And when the baby cries, yeah, she has been criticised, yeah Been put down, it's passed down
source Unknown:
The Right Honorable Denis Browne was High Sheriff of County Mayo in 1798 known variously as 'soap the rope' and 'Donncha an rópa'. He dealt savagely with those who had participated in the White Boys (Na Buachaillí Bána) Uprising It was estimated that Denis Browne had 200 men hanged, 200 transported and 100 more pressed into service in the British Army overseas or salt mines on the Continent. It was his assertion that he could hang whom he pleased in the county and in the aftermath of the rebellion he proved that this was no idle boast.

A reign of terror was instituted during which summary execution was possible for trivial offences or none. It was said that for months afterwards, he had a man hanged in Castlebar every day. Sometimes he presided personally at the executions.

le Antaine Ó Raifteirí (1784-1835)

1. A Dhonncha Brúin 's deas do chraithfinn lámh leat
Agus ní le grá duit ach le fonn do ghabháil
Cheanglóinn suas thú le rópa cnáibe
Agus chuirfinn mo "Spír"i do bholg mór.

2. Mar is iomaí buachaill maith chuir tú thar sáile
Thiocfas anall fís is cúnamh leo
Faoi chultaibh dearga agus hataí lása
'S beidh an droma Francach a'seinm leo!

3. A chrann duilleach, má chríondo do bhláthsa,
mo chreach níor dhaingnigh do fhréamhacha
mar tháinig an donas orm le linn na bhFrancach
is an t-arm Gallda ar gach uile thaobh.

4. Cén bhrí an cluiche seo go dtaga an Spáinneach
is imeoidh an pharlaímint ó chumhacht an rí,
seo é an imirt a bhfaighidh muid sásamh
beidh an talamh bán againn ar bheagán cíos'.

5. Ag teacht an tséasúir déanfaidh muid sléachtadh,
maróidh muid céad agus dhá mhíle bó,
beidh buailí Shasana le beagán géimní
ag teacht an tséasúir má bhíonn muid beo.

6. Beidh leathar fairsing ag na gréasaithe Gaelach
is ní iarrfaidh muid péire orthu níos lú ná coróin,
beidh bróga againne gan Dia dá méadú
is ní íosfaidh muid béile níos mó gan feoil.

7. A Johnny Gibbons mo chúig chéad slán leat,
is fada uaim thú in sa nGearmáin
is é do chroí gan chealgadh a bhí riamh le suairceas
ar an cnoc seo thuas tá ár gcúnamh fann.

8. Tá sé dá aithris dúinn ó bhéal an údair
go loiscfidh an slúp linn nár baisteadh a dhream,
mura dtaga tú de relief orainn ins'aimsir chruatain
is mór an truaí muid faoi bharra gleann.
.

9. Tá Johnny Gibbons is ár nAthair Maol're
agus iad á gcaomhúint amach faoin móin,
faoi thart is faoi easonóir is fhuacht na hoíche
is níl fiú an bhraoin dí acu ná dram lena ól,

10 Ní mar sin a chleacht siad ach fuíoll na bhfuíoll
agus shoraidh díofa nach dtug aire dó,
is rímhór m'fhaitíos mura bhfuil ag íosa
go mbeidh siad síos leis, agus tuilleadh leo.

11. Tá a fhios ag an saol nár mharaíos caora
in san oíche is nár speir mé bó,
Má tá i ndán is go n-éireoidh an lá linn
go bhfaighidh muid sásamh in san gcúis seo fós.

12. Bronnann muid Camas ar an Athair Maol're
is Baile an Mhaoil le haghaidh a bhó
is ní bheidh muid choíche arís ár ndíbirt
gan bhia gan dídean amach faoin móin.

13. Tá bullán bacach faoi bharr an tsléibhe
is deir gach aon neach nach mbeidh i bhfad beo,
Coirnéal Máirtín 'tá ina cheann ar an taobh sin
agus measaim féin gur aige is cóir.

14. Tá céad fear acu a chuir an t-airgead le chéile
nár ghearr féith is nár ith an fheoil,
ach, a chlann Mhig Eochagáin, má tá tú in Éirinn
ná lig an léirscrios go hIorras Mór.

Proinsias Osborne
O, Dennis Browne I'd happily shake your hand
And not for love of you, but a desire to capture you
I would tie you up with a hempen rope
And I'd put my spear in your big belly.
For 'tis many a good lad you sent abroad
Whose return is envisioned along with help
Wearing red uniforms and lace (trimmed) hats
And the French drums playing for them!
O budding tree, if your flowers wither,

My despair that your roots did not set
Because I despaired in the time of the French
And the foreign armies on all sides
What purpose this game till the Spaniard comes
And the parliament taken from the kings control,
Here's the play that would bring us satisfaction
The land will be clear to us at low rents.
When comes the season we will slaughter,
We will kill two thousand one hundred cattle.
The English bulls will have little to roar about
When comes the season if we are alive.
There will be leather aplenty for Irish shoemakers
And we will not ask for a pair less than a crown,
We will have shoes without God's measure
And we'll not eat a meal again without meat.
Johnny Gibbons I give you my best wishes
You are far away from me in Germany
It was your pure heart which was always joyful
On this hill above there is faint help.
It is being recited to us from the author's mouth
That the sloop will be destroyed whose crew was not baptised,
If you do not come to our relief in this time of hardship
Great will be our misery at the head of the glenn.
Johnny Gibbons and our Father Mallory
They are being protected out in the bog,
Thirst and dishonour and cold of the night
They have not even a drop or a dram to drink.
This is not how they lived but in abundance
And curses to them who didn't care for him,
Great is my fear if Jesus does not have
Them in his displeasure, and more with them.
The world knows that I didn't kill a sheep
In the night nor hamstring a cow,
If from my poem we win the day
May we be satisfied in this cause yet.
We present Camas to Father Mallory
And a place of plenty for his cow
And we never again shall be banished
Without food or shelter out on the bog.
There is a crippled bullock on the mountain
And everyone says he will not live very long,
Coronel Martin is in charge on that side
And I believe that he deserves it.
There are a hundred men who put the money together
Who did not cut muscle nor eat the meat,
But, clann Mac Eochagan, if you are in Ireland
Don't let the destruction come to Erris Mor.

June 2 [1799]. Communication with Dublin re-established —General Court Martial assembled at the Council Chamber. A man named Grant, charged with taking an oath to be true to the French, and accused of holding the rank of serjeant in the rebel army, was sentenced to receive 600 lashes, 250 of which were inflicted immediately after, opposite the Main Guard, and the remainder postponed until the ensuing Monday, to be then carried into effect, unless he, in the interval, consented to give information, and disclose the names of his confederates.

Mr. Peter O'Keeffe, George Murphy, John Quin, William Crowe, Anthony Hogan, John O'Hogane, William Hanabury, B. Connors, and P. Clancie, all citizens, were arrested. The first named, Mr. Peter O'Keeffe, charged with administering the United Irishmen's oath, was subsequently tried by Court Martial, and acquitted.
The State recognises the Family [what is the family in our ancestral law? Are the mná na hÉireann not the very sovereignty?] as the natural primary and fundamental unit group of Society, and as a moral institution possessing inalienable and imprescriptible rights, antecedent and superior to all positive law. — IRISH CONSTITUTION ARTICLE 41
Tomás Ó Cathasaigh of Harvard University explains why that is highly likely: Thomas Charles Edwards (1994) has shown that the Irish law tract Críth Gablach describes a contract between [chief] and people: the [chief] has obligations (folad) to his people, and they have obligations to him. He observed that the contractual approach to [chiefing] in Críth Gablach is unlikely to have its roots in canon law, ‘nor is it to be explained by any influence from Greek or Roman political thought for it stems from native ideas of lordship and contract’ (Charles Edwards 1994, 119). We may add here that those very same ‘native ideas of lordship and contract’ find narrative expression in the account of Bres’s reign in Cath Maige Tuired
My forebears dropped the O-apostrophe/O-fáda from Ó Kieffe
So they could find work on New York City Orange Riot 1871 57 dead Immigrants, 3 dead cops, then they Orange all join the freemasons streets, wink wink nudge nudge
And so we sold out
Ó Caoimh ancestors, no doubt
While dark-skinned O'Keeffes Like Benjamin and Métis Red River First Nation O'Keeffes like Derrick and La Gente like Georgia O'Keeffe Hasta la vitoria siempre si se puede get no such relief ? Query ? I wonder how Specs O'Keeffe fits all that on the Brinks job if they Brinks was the California money bag stage coach men helped murda the 165 Tribes of the Nahua Confederacy. Reason.
1832 Donnchadh Ó Caoimh → Dennis Kiff at Immigración de Nueva York. DNA matches Fir Maige Féne First Nation. Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis.
Cousin Perry, 26 April 2019: On 26 April 1993, my grandmother, Rita (Kieff) Brown, died. Her great-grandfather, Dennis Hamilton, also died on 26 April, back in 1899. Dennis was the son of Patrick and Mary (Laverty) Hamilton of Cushendun, Culfeightrin?, Country Antrim, Contae Antroim. Jennie, grampa's mahm from the NI Statelet, she superstitiously avoided being photographed. When [Cousin Perry, Uncle was Commander, US Coast Guard, RIP, Aunt Anna Marie] began researching Alexander’s origins years ago, it was assumed that his recent ancestors were Catholics, like him. It has become evident that his maternal grandmother, Mary (Boyd) (Thompson) (McHatton)(McIlHatton) Mullen (1840-1885), was a Presbyterian. It is also likely that Alexander’s mother—a Stewart—and his grandmother—probably a Hamilton—had Protestant ancestors.

My maternal grandfather, who told me “Remember Your Irish” was Alex Joseph Brown married to Rita Kieff Brown, grandpa, son of Jennie Thompson and Alexander Brown of Antrim son of Sarah Stewart and Daniel Brown of Antrim son of Mr. Brown and Miss Hamilton, Daughter of Patrick Hamilton, born around 1771 according to my genealogist cousin, and of Mary Laverty of Culfeightrin County Antrim. Family line Fhlaithbheartaigh/ Laverty marrying a Hamilton around 1796, Catholics. One of Johnny Docherty's cousins in Philadelphia said they been exporting mixed families all along from NI Statelet, Electricians?

?Hereditary chief was marshall of the O'Neill's forces? Ó Flaithbheartaigh O'Flaherty Laverty

Lafferty Meaning: Bright prince Progenitor: Flaithbheartach mac Murchadh Territory: Aileach, Donegal and later Ardstraw, Tyrone Extra: Formerly Lords of Ailech and later rotated the [Chiefing] of Tyrone Tír Eógan with the O'Neills and MacLaughlins

Is ar Cheathrú an Chaisleáin – ar thalamh mhuintir Chooke – (Seoighe an Chaisleáin anois), atá Teampall Chaomháin, Leaba Chaomháin agus Reilig Inis Oirr. Bhí clú agus cáil chomh mór sin ar Naomh Caomhán lena linn agus ar feadh na gcéadta bliain ina dhiaidh sin gur ra Chaomháin a tugadh ar an oileán agus Caomhán irne ar an naomh féin. // Nuair a thug Ruaidhrí Flaithbeartaigh – a scríobh Stair Iar -Chonnacht i 1684, cuairt ar Inis Oírr timpeall lár na seachtú aoise déag, Inis Oirthir a bhí mar ainm ar an oileán ach deir sé go dtugtaí ra Chaomháin ar an oileán freisin. Sa Leabhar Breac agus i gcuid d'fhéilirí naomh na hÉireann tá tagairt do Chaomháin irne Airthir a raibh a lá fhéile ar an dara lá déag de Mheitheamh. Tugann an Flaithbheartach cuntas dúinn ar Leaba Chaomháin:- " Ar fhaiche in amharc na farraige tá balla cearnach timpeall a thuama ar a bhfuil cloch mharmair, mar a luíonn na heasláin ar feadh na hoíche agus mar a bhfaigheann siad sláinte arís ó Dhia as a ucht. Chonaic mé duine ar tarraingíodh go míorúilteach, gan aon mhothú, óna shiúil, tré luí mar sin in áit adhlactha Chaomháin, dealg a dingeadh isteach inti agus trínar céasadh go doghrainneach é: maireann a rian i gcúinne a shúile fós" – Tearmann Chaomháin, Pub Mílaois na Gaeltachta: Gaeltacht i gCéin, Leitir Móir, Ireland. © April 1998 -from Christine O'Keefe's Monster/Faery Page

Perry reports that our great great great great grandparents John and Brigid/Bridget (Hassett) Dunn migrated to Ballyviniter, Mallow from the adjacent parish of Ballyclough [Cloch Chlíodhna] after 9 October 1814 and before 6 January 1821. I will take the liberty of calling them Eógan Ó Duinn and Bríd Ní aiseadha Uí Dhuinn. Dalcassians? LOL. Right near Carraig Chlíodhna when the militias and rugby show up, apparently?

Turas: Pilgrimage Cill Ghobnait: Gobnet's Oak Church prayer: Go mbeannaí Dia dhuit, a Ghobnait Naofa, Go mbeannaí Muire faoi mar a bheannaím féin dhuit. Is chughatsa a thána ag gearán mo scéal leat, Go dtabharfá leigheas i gcuntais Dé dom.- from Christine O'Keefe's Monster/Faery Page Glas Gaibleann, Glasgavien (Blue Cow) Glas Gabhnach (The Green Stripper) Gormlaith ingen Flaind, Gormla, Gormley (Blue Princess Daughter of Lake Maiden) Gobnait, Gobnet (Smith) Iníon Buí (Bloom of Youth) Bandéithe Buí (Yellow Goddesses) (pron. Glos Gov-nan, GOORM-la, GOHB-nit, EEN-awn BOO-ee) Triple Goddess of Fertility and Healing with magical wish-granting powers and an endless supply of milk. She is the sacred cow from India that Balor stole for his crystal tower. Green alderwood is used for milk pails and dairy vessels. As a moon cow she is called the green stripper, because though she yielded milk in rivers, she never had a calf. She was stolen out of Spain by Gavida the flying dwarf-smith; made the circuit of all Ireland in 1 day and was guarded by his 7 sons. Port na Glaise: Harbor of the Blue Cow by Toraigh Island, Ireland is named after her. She is the wife of Brian Boru with waist length thick, curly ringleted auburn hair with highlights of saffron gold, ruby red lips, swan-white skin, blue eyes, dark eyebrows, who wears a brown cloak and a sparkling diadem. She was turned into a saint and abbess of Munster, Ireland. One of her miracles was to overcome an army by unleashing her bees on them. Her beehive, a holy relic, was kept for many years by the O'Herlihy family ... - from Christine O'Keefe's Monster/Faery Page

DUHALLOW CAVALRY, FORMED MARCH 23RD, 1822. (Counterpart of the original Form to which Members signed their Names.) We, the undersigned gentlemen, residing in or near the Barony of Duhallow, propose and agree to form a cavalry association for the purpose of preserving the peace of the country, and more particularly putting the Insurrection Act in force. DUHALLOW CALVARY, COUNTY CORK. Cork Historical and Archaeological Journal, screenshot, year of publish lost.

At a meeting held at Ballyclogh, March 23rd, 1822, W. W. Becher, Esq., in the chair, Resolved—That we form ourselves into a cavalry corps, for the purpose of preserving the peace, and more particularly putting the Insurrection Act in force. Resolved—That William W. Becher, Esq., M.P., be appointed captain commandant of this corps, and that John Longfield and John Deane Freeman, Esqrs., be appointed lieutenants (John Longfield, Esq., first lieutenant, and John D. Freeman, Esq., second lieutenant). Resolved—That W. W, Becher, Esq., be requested to apply to Government for arms and accoutrements for this corps. Resolved—That each member receiving arms give an accountable receipt for them to the captain. Resolved—That Stephen H. Atkins, Esq., be requested to accept the office of sergeant, to which he consents. Resolved—That this corps do meet at Ballyclough, on Thursday next, and every succeeding Thursday, at twelve of the clock. W. W. Becher, Chairman. S. H. Atkins, Secy...Resolved—That no member be admitted hereafter but by ballot, one black ball in seven to exclude..Copy of circular written to J. P. Flynn, Esq., E. Lombard, Esq., and Mr. John F. Newman, July 22, 1822: — Dear Sir—I am desired to forward you the accompanying articles ordered by the Committee for your use, on signifying your wishes to become a member of our corps. Enclosed is the bill and items, and you will have the goodness to remit the amount either to Lt. Freeman, Mr. Hyde, saddler, Cork, or myself. Stephen H. Atkins, Lt. Major, D. Cavalry.
Ballyclough Microfilm 05009/05 my ggg grandma was baptized On 27 May 1810 as you see below, “Mary [Dunn was baptized] for John Dunn and Bridgid Hassett [with sponsors] [Tom] Ryan and Cat [Catherine] Dunn”

Jarmbi Githabul “In order to have sustainable community you have to make sure the people are sustainable. This means healing trauma.”
Faghaimse díreach brí chun buaite Is feidhm id chaíntse a bhrídeach bhuartha. Feicím, is is dóigh gur dóite an radharc liom, Síolrach Órfhlaith Mhóire is Mheidhbhe, An seifteoir caol is an créatúr cladhartha, An ceisteoir claon is an déirceoir daigheartha Sú na táire is tál na coimse Ag súil le sárfhuil sámh na saoithe.
Frantz Fanon, The Wretched of the Earth (Les Damnés de la Terre), 1961
“The claim to a national culture in the past does not only rehabilitate that nation and serve as a justification for the hope of a future national culture. In the sphere of psycho-affective equilibrium it is responsible for an important change in the native. Perhaps we haven’t sufficiently demonstrated that colonialism is not satisfied merely with holding a people in its grip and emptying the native’s brain of all form and content. By a kind of perverted logic, it turns to the past of the oppressed people, and distorts, disfigures, and destroys it.
Grandma Kay Cole, Kathryn Don't Call me Cathern Ní Dhuinn. Chief Nurse Auburn Memorial Hospital for decades. 'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter.' Settled in Zephyrhills, FL. Tom the retired cop drove her to bingo once a week . Thai Cowboy yodeling music. 'For you, for good luck, for eating spicy food.' GRMA, Gram. J_a was her favorite, she told ___ she was 'ugly like her' on the morning of her wedding. Once kept 46 polio patients going with just two other nurses. 6 cases of minor paralysis? Her answer when I asked, 'Grandma, what do you do when something is necessary but impossible. Kept Dunn crest, Mullach Abú, up Laois, Up Lough Rí, on her wall next to her bedroom facing the entry door. Drove her car until 98yo. She liked that PT Cruiser.

You know about the 1840s, A Great Hunger to examine
40-70 ships per day of food exporting, and they still call it "famine"
5 Million gone those years and never to return And so we lost our memory, but it's not hard to learn
Richard Kearney "Stories become cathartic to the extent that they combine empathic imagination with a certain acknowledgment of the cause and context of the suffering, thereby offering a wider lens to review one’s own insufferable pain. The degree of detachment afforded by the narrative representation may be small indeed, but without it one would be smothered by trauma to the point of numbness.'

Three impossible demands: go! though you cannot go, bring what you have not got, do what you cannot do.
Wittgenstein wrote in a series of narrative and discursive units of thought, aphorisms, in his Philosophical investigations. I do the same thing here, in a sense, except I use a Cloud of Witnesses and their thoughts to provide the aphorisms. Delivered in a Wittgensteinian aphorismic container with a bit of Joycean encoding as a mode of generating a minimum viable mythopoesis for healing ourselves and our whole human family and world. What isn't culture? Commercialism What is culture? Group adaptions for healing and protection Dancing heals trauma Ceílí dancing'got it in you' 'great legs' : eye contact[cited by Peter Levine], trust, spinning, mutuality, safe space, processing of trauma.
What is individualism? Why share culture?
James Joyce “Thought and plot are not so important as some would make them out to be. The object of any work of art is the transference of emotion; talent is the gift of conveying that emotion.”
Gearóid Ó Crualaoich The Book of the Cailleach
“A starting point is the acknowledgment that the Irish wisewoman is a healer — by predominanantly symbolic means — of crisis trauma. Where the roles of midwife and keener focus on the life traumas of birthing and dying, that of the bean feasa focuses on the affliction traumas that arise from apparently inexplicable loss of health or property.”
Chinua Achebe, Things Fall Apart [a book whose name references WB Yeats?] “Among the Igbo the art of conversation is regarded very highly, and proverbs are the palmoil with which words are eaten.”
Eachtra Bhodaigh an Chóta Lachtna. Ironbones thinks he is so invinceable until the reveal shows the Fosterer. Does that story show an ancient debt still owed for earlier blarney, malarkey, shennanigans?
CATH MAIGE TUIRED The Second Battle of Mag Tuired Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray ...after Bres had assumed the sovereignty, three Fomorian [chiefs] (Indech mac De Domnann, Elatha mac Delbaith, and Tethra) imposed their tribute upon Ireland-and there was not a smoke from a house in Ireland which was not under their tribute. In addition, the warriors of Ireland were reduced to serving him: Ogma beneath a bundle of firewood and the Dagda as a rampartbuilder, and he constructed the earthwork around Bres's fort. 26. Now the Dagda was unhappy at the work, and in the house he used to meet an idle [disabled] man named Cridenbel, whose mouth grew out of his chest.
Cridenbel considered his own meal small and the Dagda's large, so he said, "Dagda, for the sake of your honor let the three best bits of your serving be given to me!" and the Dagda used to give them to him every night. But the satirist's bits were large: each bit was the size of a good pig. Furthermore those three bits were a third of the Dagda's serving. The Dagda's appearance was the worse for that. 27. Then one day the Dagda was in the trench and he saw the Mac Oc corning toward him. "Greetings to you, Dagda!" said the Mac Oc. "And to you," said the Dagda. "What makes you look so bad?" he asked. "I have good cause," he said. "Every night Cridenbel the [greedy] satirist demands from me the three best bits of my serving." 28. "I have advice for you," said the Mac Oc. He puts his hand into his purse, and takes from it three coins of gold, and gives them to him. 29. "Put," he said, "these three gold coins into the three bits for Cridenbel [the greedy satirist] in the evening. Then these will be the best on your dish, and the gold will stick in his belly so that he will die of it; and Bres's judgement afterwards will not be right. Men will say to the [chief], 'The Dagda has killed Cridenbel [the greedy satirist] with a deadly herb which he gave him.' Then the [chief] will order you to be killed, and you will say to him, 'What you say, [chief] of the warriors of the Feni, is not a prince's truth. For he kept [gittin in my way] me since I began my work, saying to me, "Give me the three best bits of your serving, Dagda. My housekeeping is bad tonight." Indeed, I would have died from that, had not the three gold coins which I found today helped me. I put them into my serving. Then I gave it to Cridenbel [the greedy satirist], because the gold was the best thing that was before me. So the gold is now in Cridenbel [the greedy satirist],

and he died of it.'" "It is clear," said the [chief]. "Let the [greedy] satirist's stomach be cut out to see whether the gold will be found in it. If it is not found, you will die. If it is found, however, you will live." 30. Then they cut out the [greedy] satirist's stomach to find the three gold coins in his belly, and the Dagda was saved.'
Marie Heaney, Defender of Éire, Over Nine Waves "Who is this upstart," Balor roared...?" His wife Ceithlinn of the Crooked Teeth, answered him. "I know well who he [do be] from the description these men give of him, and it is bad news of us. He is our own grandson, the son of our daughter, Eithlinn, and he is known as Lugh of the Long Arm. It has been foretold that he will banish the Fomorians from Ireland for all time, and it will be at his hand that you, Balor, will meet your end!" Meanwhile Lugh and Nuada had begun to make plans for battle, too, for they knew what Balor would try. Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves: A Book of Irish Legends, Faber and Faber, London Governments, if they endure, always tend increasingly toward aristocratic forms. No government in history has been known to evade this pattern. And as the aristocracy develops, government tends more and more to act exclusively in the interests of the ruling class -- whether that class be hereditary royalty, oligarchs of financial empires, or entrenched bureaucracy. Frank Herbert Ní fáidh fear ina dhúchas, ar a thairseach féin.
His experience with Household Finance had disabused him of any hope that the government would intercede to prevent rich corporations from doing bad things to poor people." — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine
Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves Balor of the Evil Eye: You were [chief] in Ireland and had great power. What happened to bring you down?
Bres the Beautiful: It was my own fault. My injustice, arrogance, and greed brought about my downfall! I put taxes on the people they had never paid before, and I reduced them to poverty and hunger. I have only myself to blame for what has happened.
Balor of the Evil Eye: This is bad. The prosperity of your people should have been more important to you than your own position. Their blessing would have been better than their curses...What you lost through injustice you shouldn't regain through injustice!" Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves: A Book of Irish Legends, Faber and Faber, London
Impalement of Aengus "Nor is the story of Aengus, another royal convert, less interesting. About the year 445, the saint, after passing through Ossory, and converting a great number of people, entered the [Cúige] of Mumhan. His destination was Cashel, from whence [Rí] Aengus, the son of Natfraech, came forth to meet him with the utmost reverence. This [óglach] had already obtained some knowledge of Christianity, and demanded the grace of holy baptism.

The saint willingly complied with his request. His courtiers assembled with royal state to assist at the ceremony. St. Patrick carried in his hand, as usual, the Bachall Isu; at the end of this crozier there was a sharp iron spike, by which he could plant it firmly in the ground beside him while preaching, or exercising his episcopal functions.

On this occasion, however, he stuck it down into [MóMó]'s foot, and did not perceive his mistake until—
"The royal foot transfixed,
the gushing blood Enrich'd
the pavement with a noble flood."

The ceremony had concluded, and the [Ard Rí MóMó] had neither moved nor complained of the severe suffering he had endured. When the saint expressed his deep regret for such an occurrence, St. Aengus [of Munster, Defender of the Faith, Bishop-Chief] merely replied that he believed it to be a part of the ceremony, and did not appear to consider any suffering of consequence at such a moment."
From An Illustrated History of Ireland by Margaret Anne Cusack
http://www.libraryireland.com/HistoryIreland/Baptism-Aengus.php

Keating’s History of Ireland:
Tré bhonn Aonghuis anba an bhroid, Do chuaidh rinn bhaichle bPádroig; Gur líon an t-urlár da fhuil, An gníomh ní cómhrádh coguir.
Through the foot of Aengus, great the discomfort, Went the point of Patrick’s crozier; So that the floor was covered with his blood, The deed is no whispered gossip. [Translated by P.S. Dinneen]

according to two certificates, one of " Lord Carlisle, Secretary of State to the late " King of Great Britain, James II., the " others of the superior officers of the Regi- " ment of Clare, and other indisputable " proofs, he was of an ancient and noble " family in the [chiefdom] of Ireland, allied to " illustrious families of the country, and in " possession of nobility for many centuries " without interruption.

That it was certain " that this family had sufferred much by the "losses the Catholics had sustained during " the different revolutions that happened in " Great Britain [1738, in which Lord Castleconnell de Brillas, peer of the [still existant peerage of colonial lords] of Ireland, and the Chevalier Nugent, baronet of the same [colony], previously colonel of cavalry in the service of His Majesty, attest "that he is of the real " and very ancient family of the O'Keeffes " of the county of Cork, in Ireland, a family " recognized as noble by consent of all the " historians and genealogists of this [Nation]."

The Sieur Constantine O'Keeffe married, in the town of Avênes, in Hainault, on the 1 8th of March, 17 18, Miss Margaret O'Keeffe- Plunkett, his relative, who died at Besançon on the 19th January, 1735.

[T]wo daughters—(1) Marie Helene Jaqueline O'Keeffe, born at Cambrai on the 10th of July, 1730; and (2) Marguerite Marie O'Keeffe, born at Besançon on the 9th of December, 1734.

Arthur O'Keeffe, his brother, having become a naturalized French [citizen], discharged the office of counsellor of [Le Roy] in the Admiralty of France at the general session of the Table de Marble, and, according to the testimony of the lieutenant-general and the counsellors of the session, " he has exercised " it during more than twenty years with much " honour and great ability." ...Les Armes de cette Famille, telles qu'elles sont blazonnèes dans les certificats de Milord de Castelconnell,âfdu _ Chevalier de Nu gent, sont ci-devant expliquées. Vûàr vérifié par Nous Conseiller du Roi en ses Conseils, Juge d'Armes de France. …Seen and verified by us, cousellor of [Le Roy] in council, judge of arms of France. D'Hozier.
...Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol II 1893 O'Keeffe of Ireland and the Isle of France (Mauritius)
from The Negroes in Mauritius. A. F. Fokeer. The Journal of Negro History, Vol. 7, No. 2 (Apr., 1922), pp. 197-205. The University of Chicago Press on behalf of the Association for the Study of African American Life and History Mauritius was discovered by the Portuguese in 1505 and remained in their possession until 1598, when it was ceded to the [Nederlandach], who gave it. the name by which it is now known. Aside from erecting a fort at Grand Port, however, the [Nederlandach] did no more for the development of the colony than the Portuguese. The [Nederlandach] finally abandoned it in 1710 when the island was taken over by the French.

Under the French the island was considerably developed, especially during the second half of the eighteenth century, and this new step, as the majority saw it, necessitated the introduction of slavery. During the Napoleonic Wars Mauritius was captured by England and was formally ceded by France in 1814. The significant history of the Negroes in Mauritius, however, dates from the year 1723 when the East India Company of France, in order to promote agriculture in the Island, sanctioned the introduction of slaves, whom they sold to the inhabitants at a certain fixed price. This price was seldom paid at the moment of purchase, and, as many evaded payment altogether. Mahé

de Labourdounais, the then Governor of the Colony, received instructions on this point, the execution of which made him unpopular among the inhabitants...Mahé de Labourdounais was not the founder of slavery. The institution preceded his arrival. Slavery existed in Mauritius even under the Dutch regime. Of every eighteen slaves in the colony one died annually, so that if the traffic had ceased for eighteen years, at the end of that time the whole black population would have died out. From first to last Mauritius has been the tomb of more than a million of Africans. Their lamentable history is like the roll of the prophet, written within and without, and the writing thereof is mourning and lamentation...1
Vive le France. Le Roy le veult.
Hidden Ireland of the Gaels Daniel Corkery from Hidden Ireland: A Study of Gaelic Munster in the Eighteenth Century
To that Hidden Ireland of the Gaels, then, we turn our faces...To reach it one must, leaving the cities and towns behind, venture among the bogs and hills, far into the mountains even where the native Irish, as the pamphleteers and politicians love to call them, still lurked. " The savage old Irish," Swift named them ; and Berkeley wrote of them as growing up "in a cynical content in dirt and beggary to a degree beyond any other people in Christendom."

So far down in the depths were they that to the law of the land, though three times more numerous than all the others, they had no existence at all!

In times of peace even, they were referred to as "Domestic Enemies." "The phrase 'common enemy' was, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the habitual term by which the Irish Parliament described the great majority of the Irish people."

And elsewhere Swift wrote (1720) : " Whoever travels through this country and observes the face of nature, or the faces and habits and dwellings of the natives, would hardly think himself in a land where either law, religion, or common humanity was professed."...Madden spoke of all Ireland as a " paralytic body where one half of it is dead or just dragged about by the other," which perhaps is the unforgettable phrase. The Hidden Ireland, then, the land that lies before us, is the dead half of that stricken body...The Hidden Ireland was in a sense conteminous with Ireland itself, bounded only by the same four seas. Even the children of the Cromwellians who themselves, hardly fifty years before, had come to live in it, could not now speak English....
... Irish Ireland had, by the eighteenth century, become purely a peasant nation. Indeed not only did it lie beyond the walls of cities and towns, but its strongholds lay far away beyond all the fat lands, beyond the mountain ranges that hemmed them in.
History had seen to that: the rich lands had been grabbed from the Gaels centuries before by successive swarms of land pirates who, in a phrase written by one of themselves (An Elizabethan Brown of Kerry) "measured law by lust, and conscience by commodity."

In the softer valleys those land pirates had built their houses, and Irish Ireland withered in the alien spirit that breathed from them. ..the remains of this Gaelic Ireland only in places where there have been no such alien houses for hundreds of years....
...It is only weakness to sentimentalise away the filth, the degredation, the recklessness that go with hardship, starvation, and tyranny, when these are continued from generation to generation. If we would realise both the staunchness of the martyr and the blossom-white beauty of his faith, we must understand the rigour of the trial that tested him...
...[O]ne cannot but think that Dr. Sigerson is justified in writing: "For a time, Anti-Christ ruled in Ireland. Cromwellian cruelty looks mild...when compared with the Penal Code."
2005 Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society by John Carey
Mug Ruith, rígfhili cen goí, ba breithem, ba suí Ro ngabsat Goídil ar [...] Níba rí, ba druí. Servant of the Many, a royal poet without falsehood, was a judge and a sage whom the Gaels [encouraged in their own way]... He was not a (rí) [here meaning 'King' English Dutch Viking Sense??], he was a

(draoi) druid. A note says Mogh Ruith is said to be a descendant of Fergus mac Róich.

“In short, Irish cultural nationalism, whether it was predicated upon religious, linguistic or economic grounds, has proved extremely variegated, displaying an unusual capacity, pace the stereotypes, to change its mind about itself. Whence the old quip: whenever the English thought they’d found the answer, the Irish changed the question.” —Richard Kearney, Postnationalist Ireland

Cave of Slaughter Edward Walsh? story of Dónall na Cásca a Rasca I At the dance in the village Thy white foot was fleetest, Thy voice 'mid the concert Of maidens was sweetest; The swell of thy white breast Made rich lovers follow; And thy raven hair bound them, Young Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh. II No more shall mine ear drink Thy melody swelling Nor thy beaming eye brighten The outlaw's dark dwelling Or thy soft heaving bosom My destiny hallow When thine arms twine round me Young Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh. III The moss couch I brought thee To day from the mountain Has drunk the last drop Of thy young heart's red fountain For this good skein beside me Struck deep & rung hollow In thy bosom of treason Young Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh. IV With strings of rich pearls Thy white neck was laden And thy fingers with spoils Of the Sassenach maiden Such rich silks enrobed not The dames of Magh Ealla Such dear gold they wore not As Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh. V Alas that my loved one Her outlaw would injure Alas that he should prove Her treason's avenger. That this right hand should make thee A bed cold and hollow When in death's sleep it laid thee Young Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh. VI And while in this lone cave My deep grief I'm venting The Saxon's keen bandog My footsteps is scenting But true men await me. Afar in Duhallow Farewell Cave of Slaughter And Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh

Dónall na Cásca The story of Daniel O'Keefe, surnamed the outlaw, is involved in much obscurity. He was, it seems a follower of that O'Keefe, who, when driven by the Roches from Fermoy, obtained large possessions in these western districts, and that having accidentally slain McDonough, the chieftain of Duhallow, he was forced to betake himself to these mountain fastnesses to shun the vengeance of McDonough's powerful clan. At length having associated with him a band of daring spirits, he gave proof of his Milesian hatred of the Saxon invader, in bold and desperate outrages on the possessions of the intruders on the native right of the Gael. His daring enterprises and extraordinary escapes from the frequent parties of soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and the protection he afforded the weak and defenceless, are yet the theme of many an Irish song. The outlaw himself was a polished scholar and poet; and fragments of his verses yet survive among the more aged dwellers of the glens....

This celebrated freebooter was endued with great swiftness. In one of his southern excursions, being detached from his band and alone, he fell in with a party of horse troops and was pursued for many miles. He ran towards Gortmore cave, and the troopers pressing close upon him as he reached the fearful cliffs that overhang the broad Blackwater. He bounded at a spring from a rock to the opposite bank; his pursuers' durst not follow him. A woman who witnessed this extraordinary feat, exclaimed, in the Irish tongue- “How great is thy *leap*, O! Man of wonder,” and he quaintly replied- “It is trifling, compared with the length of the run”. Being seized with a violent fever in a wild district to the west of Millstreet, betrayed by his nurse-tender. O'Keefe was yet unable to quit his bed, which he was confined and surrounded by armed men; he was wrapped in his blanket, laid upon a cart, to which he was fastened down by strong ropes. The soldiers concluded he was dying, and were less watchful of their prisoner. Upon reaching Mallow he cut the cords that held him down with the sword which lay close at his side during his illness which the soldiers had not perceived as they bore him from the bed. His sudden rush from the cart and the bright flashing of his steel, filled them with astonishment, and moment of their irresolution and dismay he effected his escape. At length the hour that was to terminate the career of this extraordinary man approached. A person in whom he reposed great trust, unable to resist the rewards offered for his apprehension, invited O'Keeffe to partake of his hospitality, that he might betray his guest. This man communicated his intention to his wife, who used every means of persuasion to induce him to forego his base design, but in vain – and upon leaving home for the purpose of bringing a strong party to seize O'Keeffe. He bound her on oath to conceal the treachery from the confiding outlaw. In the course of some time, O'Keefe finding himself thirsty, desired to drink and his hostess brought a draught of new-milk. Upon his expressing a wish to have the draught warmed, she pointedly said –"Ma's maith leat a bheith buan caith fuar agus TEITH". The ambiguity of these words which equally mean " to drink hot and cold" or "to drink and flee," excited his attention: he flung the bowl to the earth – drew his well-tried sword and rushed from the house – but the red coats had that moment arrived, and a well aimed bullet cut short his speed and his life...

8 http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~irlker/penallaws.html
Penal Laws "In 1695 harsh penal laws were enforced, known as the 'popery code': [Irish] were prohibited from buying land, bringing their children up as [Gael], and from entering the forces or the law. [Irish] could no longer run for elected office, purchase land, or own property (such as horses) valued at more than 5 pounds. In the early years of the 18th century the ruling Protestants in Ireland [Conquistadors] passed these laws designed to strip the "backwards" [culturally Irish] population of remaining land, positions of influence and civil rights. By 1778 Irish would own a meager 5% of Irish land [[though ownership of land is a foreign notion]. Furthermore, the [Irish] educational system was outlawed and priests who did not conform to the laws could be branded on the face or castrated. As a result, much of Catholic church services and education and record keeping was forced underground, to operate only under extreme secrecy. The religion and culture were kept alive by secret open-air masses and illegal outdoor schools, known as 'hedge' schools. All Irish culture, music and education was banned. By the time of the census of 1841 the Irish were impoverished, landless and leaderless by the eve of the [Greater Potato Genocide An Gorta Mór]...Adapted from The Story of the Irish Race: A Popular History of Ireland Seumas MacManus, 1867-1960 [We were forbidden from keeping familial and cultural records.] The Irish [were] forbidden the exercise of [our] religion[s]. [We were] forbidden to receive education. [We were] forbidden to enter a profession. [We were] forbidden to hold public office. [We were] forbidden to engage in trade or commerce. [We were] forbidden to live in a corporate town or within five miles thereof. [We were] forbidden to own a horse of greater value than five pounds. [We were] forbidden to own land. [We were] forbidden to lease land. [We were] forbidden to accept a mortgage on land in security for a loan. [We were] forbidden to vote. [We were] forbidden to keep any arms for [our] protection. [We were] forbidden to hold a life annuity. [We were] forbidden to buy land from a [colonist]. [We were] forbidden to receive a gift of land from a [colonist]. [We were] forbidden to inherit land from a [colonist]. [We were] forbidden to inherit anything from a [colonist]. [We were] forbidden to rent any land that was worth more than 30 shillings a year. [We were] forbidden to reap from his land any profit exceeding a third of the rent. [We] could not be guardian to a child. [We] could not, when dying, leave his infant children under [Irish] guardianship. [We] could not attend {Irish] worship. [We] were compelled by law to attend Protestant worship. [We] could not [ourselves educate our children]. [We] could not send his child to a [Irish] teacher. [We] could not employ a [Irish] teacher to come to his child. [We] could not send [our children] abroad to receive education

[Catholic church in Boston's North End that says Gaelic women were killed as witches if they didn't denounce Catholicism in 1688, a year before Virginia's Protestant Revolution rebranded Coode's Rebellion, and 3 years before the Treaty of Limerick with King Billy the Bully.]

Stair na hÉireann
1691 – TREATY OF LIMERICK IS SIGNED, ENDING THE WILLIAMITE WAR IN IRELAND; THE TREATY ALLOWS EVACUATION [Deportation and sale as Brigadiers?] OF THE IRISH ARMY TO FRANCE AND PROMISES TOLERANCE OF IRISH CATHOLICS.

Treaty of Limerick is signed ending the Williamite war between the Jacobites and the supporters of William of Orange. The Treaty, was signed on a stone in the sight of both armies at the Clare end of

Thomond Bridge on the 3rd of October 1691...

...The Treaty stone of Limerick has rested on a plinth since 1865, at the Clare end of Thomond Bridge. The pedestal was erected in May 1865 by John Rickard Tinslay, mayor of the city.
This treaty had twenty-nine articles, which were agreed upon between Lieutenant-General Ginkle, Commander-in-Chief of the English army, and the Lieutenant-Generals D'Usson and de Tessé, Commanders-in-Chief of the Irish army. The articles were signed by D'Usson, Le Chevalier de Tesse, Latour Montfort, Patrick Sarsfield (Earl of Lucan), Colonel Nicholas Purcell of Loughmoe, Mark Talbot, and Piers, Viscount Galmoy.

It has been said that "the ink was not dry on the Treaty" before the English broke it

https://stairnaheireann.net/2022/10/03/otd-in-1691-treaty-of-limerick-is-signed-ending-the-williamite-war-in-ireland-the-treaty-allows-evacuation-of-the-irish-army-to-france-and-promises-tolerance-of-irish-catholics-5/

https://www.law.umn.edu/library/irishlaw/subjectlist/land

+++ 7.001 English Statute 1 Ann c.26 (1702): An Act for the Relief of the Protestant Purchasers of the forfeited Estates in Ireland Sec. 7: To the end that none of the aforesaid purchased forfeited estates may ever descend to any Papist but shall remain to be held and enjoyed by Protestants for the strengthening of the English interest and Protestant religion, if any person educated in the popish religion, or professing the same, and being under the age of 18, shall not, within 6 months of attaining the age of 18, take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the declaration against transubstantiation in the courts of Chancery or Kings-bench in England or Ireland, or in the quarter-sessions where such person shall reside, and continue to be a protestants, such person in respect of himself only, and not his heirs or posterity, shall be disabled to take by decent, ,devise, or limitation, any of the forfeited estates purchased in Ireland, and during the life of such person, or until he shall take the oaths etc., the protestant next of kin shall enjoy the premises.

2Ann c.6 (1703): An Act to prevent the further Growth of Popery Sec. 15. No person shall benefit from this act as a protestant unless he shall conform to the Church of Ireland as by law established, and subscribe to the declaration against transubstantiation and the oath of abjuration.

+++ 6 Geo I c.6 (1719): An Act to prevent Delays in Writs of Error, and for the further Amendments of the Law Sec. 16. Whereas some doubt hath arisen whether the children of popish parents who by the permission of their parents have been bred protestants are to be reckoned as protestants, or converts, all children of popish parents who have been brought up in the protestant religion from the age of 12 and have received the Lord's Supper in the Church of Ireland by Law established, shall be deemed protestants and enjoy all the rights and privileges of protestants..

+++ 1 Geo II c.20 (1727): An Act for Regulating the Admissions of Barristers at Law, … Sec. 5. If any protestant permit his children under the age of 14 years to be educated in the popish religion, such protestant shall be subject to all the disabilities of papists.

James Connolly: "During the closing years of the seventeenth century, all the eighteenth, and the greater part of the nineteenth, the Irish people were the lowest helots in Europe, socially and politically. The Irish peasant, reduced from the position of a free clansman owning his tribeland and controlling its administration in common with his fellows, was a mere tenant-at-will subject to eviction, dishonour and outrage at the hands of an irresponsible private proprietor. Politically he was non-existent, legally [s]he held no rights, intellectually he sank under the weight of his social

abasement, and surrendered to the downward drag of his poverty. He had been conquered, and he suffered all the terrible consequences of defeat at the hands of a ruling class and nation who have always acted upon the old Roman maxim of ‘Woe to the vanquished’. James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter 6, First published 1915, checked against the edition published by New Books, Dublin 1972. Transcribed and marked up by Einde O’Callaghan for the Marxists’ Internet Archive.
But St. James Connolly also says 'woman is the slave of the slave'
Where oh where is our James Connolly
Where oh where is that gallant man
He's gone to organize the [family]
so living people might yet be free
who shall raise the burning flag?
Who but our James Connolly?
Almost as sung by Mary Black.

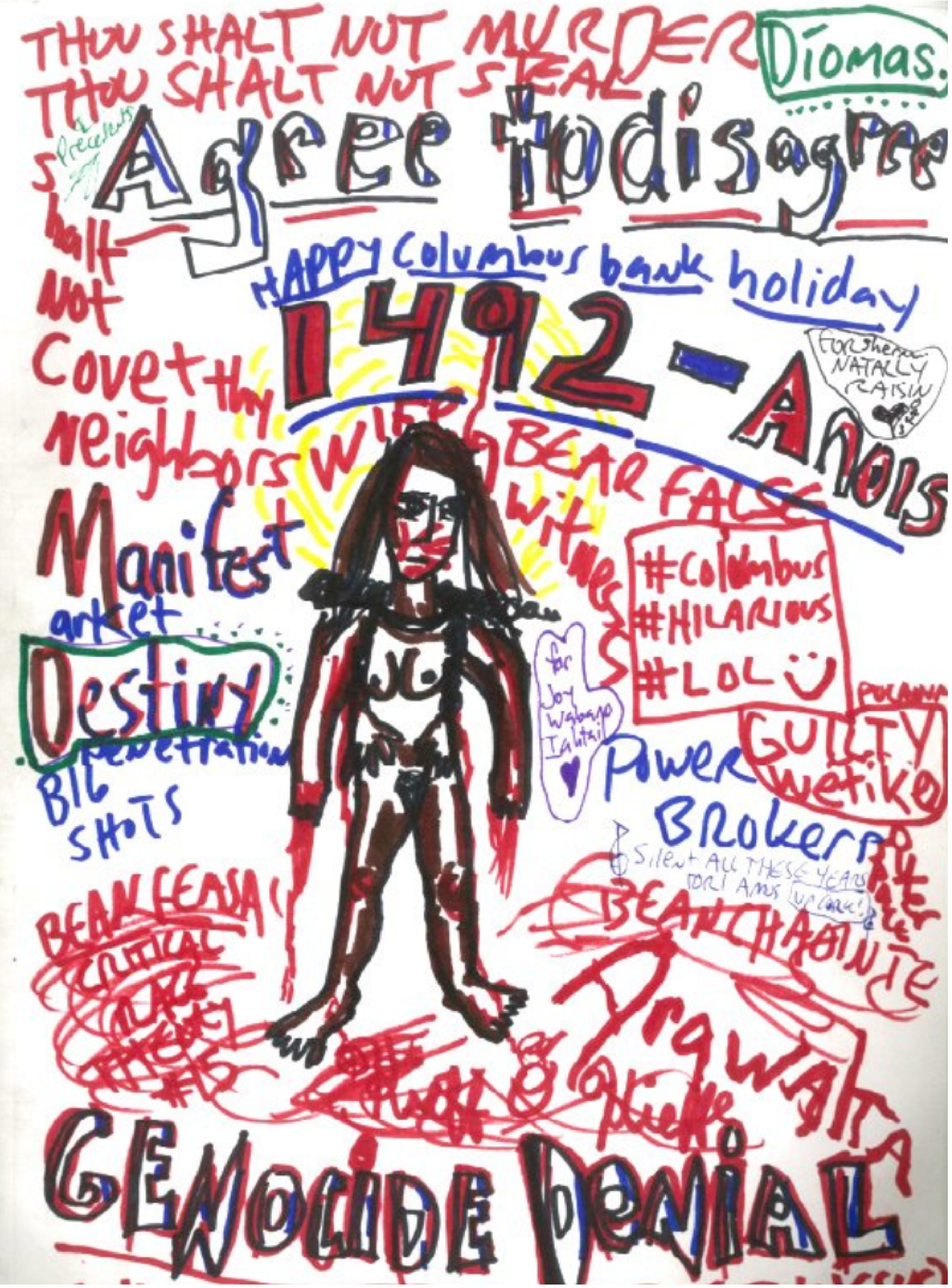
“Beating The English Language Into The Irish, Quite Literally An Sionnach Fionn ..Up to the late 1970s corporal punishment was part of the disciplinary procedures for many schools across the country. So yes, some people over the age of forty may have had Irish “beaten” into them. But they also had English, maths, geography and history “beaten” into them too. Those subjects and others were taught through the same methods as Irish.

So one can equally say in Ireland: “The English language was beaten into us!” Except that in this case the claim is literally true. Put aside the determining historical factors of foreign invasion and occupation, colonisation and annexation. Gloss over, for one moment, the effects of externally-imposed ethnocide and linguicide. Let us focus instead on the school system alone, as introduced into Ireland by the British authorities in the early 19th century. The primary – and avowed – purpose of the National Education Act of 1831 was to make good English children of bad Irish children, and one of the primary mechanisms of that forced conversion was the removal of their native language. By stripping the younger generation of their identity Britain’s colonial rule on this island nation could be made more effective – and enduring – than anything achieved through fire and sword, plantation and displacement. Consequently the sole and only language of education in the National Schools was English. The infamous bata scóir or “tally stick” However, the British did not act alone in this grand scheme of linguistic homicide. The Roman Catholic Church, and in truth, some parents, willingly cooperated with the foreign authorities in Dublin and London, each for their own reasons. The church hierarchy in the 1800s (and much, much later) saw Ireland as a backdoor to the United Kingdom and its empire; a Catholic salient in the Protestant bastion which could be used to bring England back into harmony with Rome. The indigenous language and culture of the Irish was an impediment to that great task which needed to be overcome.

The [People] on the other hand saw English as the language of government, of law and order, of food on the table and a roof over one’s head. To speak English was to become English. It was to gain acceptance as a master not as a figurative slave. For the same reasons that Roman Catholics converted to the Protestant faiths in the [Greater Potato Genocide] of 1845-52, to simply survive, so too did the native Irish slowly and forcibly abandon their nationality as it had been known for millennia. That is when the beatings took place in the schools in Ireland. Throughout the 19th century and into the early 20th, school children were forbidden to speak in their mother tongue. If caught speaking Irish, reported by the teachers or informed on by fellow pupils, they would have a stick hung around their neck, the feared bata scóir or “tally stick”, into which notches were carved every time they were discovered to be speaking the forbidden language. At the end of the day or the week they were beaten in accordance with the number of notches on the tally stick, by the staff or by their parents. In some cases the local priest or Protestant minister would be informed so that the family could be privately or publicly chastised. And the beatings were horrific. Whip-like canes or knotted ropes were used as the child was held down by one or more adults depending on their age or willingness to fight back. In the case of the schools these punishments were often carried out in front of their classmates as an example to others.

So don't talk to me of the Irish language being beaten into the people of Ireland when the English language was tortured into us by an alien church and state!" Here as proof of duration, I offer the Statutes of Kilkenny 1367, where most of the shapes of what become global white supremacy are formed as a buffer against the power of the Gaelic Irish principles of community, intermarriage, cofosterage, and wonderful scéal, or stories. 1366-1367 Statutes of Kilkenny It was against the law for the English in Ireland to: • Marry an Irish person • Adopt an Irish child • Use an Irish name • Wear Irish clothes • Speak the Irish language • Play Irish music • Listen to Irish story-tellers • Play Irish games • Let an Irish person join an English religious house • Appoint any Irish clergyman to any church in the English settlement • Ride a horse in Irish style, that is, without a saddle. "... now many English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of the Irish enemies; and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemies aforesaid; whereby the said land, and the liege people thereof, the English language, the allegiance due to our lord the king, and the English laws there, are put in subjection and decayed…" —introduction to statutes

The Murder Machine by Pádraic H. Pearse
I have spent the greater part of my life in immediate contemplation of the most grotesque and horrible of the English inventions for the debasement of Ireland. I mean their education system...When one uses the term education system as the name of the system of schools, colleges, universities, and what not which the English have established in Ireland, one uses it as a convenient label, just as one uses the term government as a convenient label for the system of administration by police which obtains in Ireland instead of [law]....


THOU SHALT NUT MURDER
THOU SHALT NUT STEAL
Diomas.
Precedents
Agree to disagree
Shall not Covet thy neighbors wife
HAPPY Columbus bank holiday
1492 - Anois
For the one NATALLY RAISIN
BEAR FALSE witness
Manifest
arket
Destiny
penetration
BIG SHOTS
#Columbus
#HILARIOUS
#LOL
for Joy Wabanjo Tahtail
GUILTY wetiko
Power Brokerr
Silent ALL THESE YEARS TORI AMOS
BEAN FEASA
BEAN CHAOINTE
Critical
Arawaka
GENOCIDE DENIAL

COLLECTOR Brighid Ní Caoimh Gender female Address Carrigaline, Co. Cork INFORMANT Mrs Bridget O' Keeffe Gender female Age 72 Address Lyredaowen, Co. Cork LANGUAGE English Modereen I OKeefe set out at morning's dawn, To chase the hare and roe, But ere he passed his castle's bawn, He met the cause of woe. II An aged crone him there did meet, Oh, grant a widow's prayers, Give to my son his freedom sweet, And then go chase the hares. III For my son is my chiefest hope and pride, And to labour and toil is strong, And cheerful his voice on the steep hillside, As he drives his team along. IV Had thy son stayed at home old modereen, And driven the labourereen steer, He'd not have been hanged on yestereen, For chasing my fallow deer, V And was my boy, who did thee no wrong, Hanged by thee cruel knight, Thyself and thy huntsman before 'tis long, Shall be in a wretched plight, VI The chief then cried "Flog Modereen, As she dares to threaten me, She should have been hanged on yestereen, With her son on yonder tree". VII The huntsman flogged old Modereen, Till she was steeped in gore, And then he followed across the green, The chief who had ridden before VIII A maiden then met him all bathed in tears, To supplicate the knight, For love for her brother overcame her fears, A damsel of beauty bright. IX "Oh hear a wretched orphan's prayer, Thou gallant warrior knight, For mercy's sake my brother spare, Thou foremost in the fight". X Her brother that maiden can never see, Her mother is poor and old, Take her to the castle mine to be And deck her with perals an gold XI Just then ran past a wounded hare, And the hounds rushed madly by, OKeeffe could not rein his steed so fair, Though his utmost he did try. XII And when they had ridden a little space, The field was left in behind, None, save the two could live the pace, Far swifter than the wind. XIII Nine times the hare did screaming run, Around the fatal tree, As mother who bewailed her son, In hopeless miserie. XIV And the peasant saw the wicked pair, Borne on their fiery steeds, Gallop through fens like fiends of air, Nor hake the slender reeds. XV The hounds all day as swift as light, That hare did still pursue, That huntsman base and cruel knight, That chase did sorely rue. XVI At eve they saw a cottage door, Passed by the wounded hare, With joy they rushed upon the floor, But game they found not there. XVII But seated beside the old fire-place, Astonished they saw I ween, Not the wounded hare but the scowling face, Of the old witch Modereen. XVIII And that wretched pair were then aware, They had chased across the green, No mortal game nor wounded hare, But the old [bean feasa] Maidirín. XIX Such a sight said the knight I never have seen, I am delighted the hunt is done, Come along come along cried Modereen, The chase is scarse begun XX And that cruel knight and huntsman base, Ne'er again on earth were seen, But with weary pace on the winds they chase, The enchanted Modereen. XXI And those hounds have ne'er since been seen, But are often heard in air, Chasing the spiteful Modereen

from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence. The O’Keeffes were hereditary marshals of the forces of Desmond, and by O’Heerin they are styled chiefs of Glen Amhan, which was, according to Dr. O’Brien, the country around Glanworth, in the barony of Fermoy, and county of Cork, and hence they are sometimes styled chiefs of Feara-Muighe, also of Irluachra, in the barony of Duhallow, and county aforesaid, the chiefs of which are designated as follows by O’Heerin :— “ O’Keeffe of the handsome brown brows, Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands.”

Straightening Out There was a man once upon a time who lost his arm, and it was buried He always complained of it being sore, and the people went to the place where it was buried, and they dug it up. They found it, and all the fingers were crooked. So it was said that the fingers were straightened out, and it was buried again. The man never felt his arm sore again, and he never thought it was on him.72 — Collected by Edward Connolly, duchas.ie, the schools collection

Bobby Sands “I am a political prisoner. I am a political prisoner because I am a casualty of a perennial war that is being fought between the oppressed Irish people and an alien, oppressive, unwanted regime that refuses to withdraw from our land. “I believe and stand by the God-given right of the Irish nation to sovereign independence, and the right of any Irishman or woman to assert this right.... That is why I am incarcerated, naked and tortured. “Foremost in my tortured mind is the thought that there can never be peace in Ireland until the foreign, oppressive … presence is removed, leaving all the Irish people as a unit to control their own affairs and determine their own destinies as a sovereign people, free in mind and body, separate and distinct physically, culturally and economically.

Sliabh Luachra By Bertha McCullagh

Sliabh Luachra is, you know, such a vast area, but in a way undefined also. And it has produced some of Ireland’s greatest poets, especially Aoghán Ó Rathaille and Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin. It has also been the birthplace of An tAthair Ó Dinneen, Patrick Dinneen, who is responsible for our great Dictionary …Con Houlihan, whom Pat mentioned, the great journalist and writer and critic, when he was asked about Sliabh Luachra, he said, “I think it’s a state of mind.” And in a way, isn’t that a wonderful description of an area which has given birth to so much, and that the state of mind which must have permeated the area here over the centuries is obviously hugely significant. Sliabh Luachra was first noted in the Annals of Inishfallen in 534, and that stated the [Chief] of Luachar won a battle against Tuathail Mac Garbh. And it comes to that again in 741 with the death of Cuaine, the Abbot of Ferna, son of Cormac, [Chief] of Luachra....

...they were being pushed out of any land they had, or might previously have had under the rule of the Irish chieftains, taoisigh, and so you find that people, like the O’Sullivans of Kenmare, then moved into the edges of Sliabh Luachra and began to settle there. Then as landlordism grew, more and more people, the Irish people, who were poor, who were struggling, who were deprived, moved into the area, and of course it was a very lucky thing in later times. I thought I’d mention two other things to do with the history of Sliabh Luachra...There was a report called the James Weale Report, and this came about because the British were so worried about all of the dealings, and underhand things, and threat that was emanating to the British system, from the heart of Sliabh Luachra over the years. And so he made a survey, and actually reported on it in the House of Commons in London. What’s important about it is that it was the first time, as a result of his recommendations, and indeed as the result of the recommendations of Nemo, the man who was responsible for so many piers and roads throughout the country, in Galway for example, but that for the first time roads were built. And up to then horses carried the butter, as we all know, on the Butter Road from Sliabh Luachra to Cork, and in 1830, I read, that Cork city was the largest butter market in the world in that year. Anyhow, to come closer to where we are now, arising out of that Report and the development of the area, the Weale Report also recommended the erection of a town in Sliabh Luachra, and the town that was created, or the village, was the village of Kingwilliamstown, which today we know as Ballydesmond....
”

“More African American adults are under correctional control today—in prison or jail, on probation or parole—than were enslaved in 1850, a decade before the Civil War began....Thousands of black men have disappeared into prisons and jails, locked away for drug crimes that are largely ignored when committed by whites.” ― Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow

Trí caindle forosnat cach ndorcha: fír, aicned, ecna. Three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge.

The legend of Pádraig O'Keeffe a half century after his death. By Matt Cranitch, okeeffeclans.com

Excerpts In the history of human endeavor and achievement, many of the most significant contributions, across a wide range of activities and disciplines, were made by individuals. In many cases, the enduring spirits of these people triumphed in the face of great adversity, and now shine like beacons, as we look back over the centuries, one such individual was Padraig O Keeffe (1887-1963), the great iconic figure whose name is indelibly linked to the music of Sliabh Luachra. He has become a major name in the wider world of Irish traditional music, particularly in the realm of fiddle playing. His influence is audible today through the rich tradition of music he left, directly through his own playing, and by means of his manuscripts written in his special notation system, as well as indirectly through his teaching of so many of the great Sliabh Luachra players. Perhaps his most abiding legacy is the way in which he passed on the unique repertoire of music as well as the style of playing of his own locality Music formed a very important part of Padraig's childhood and developmental years, with his mother's family, particularly his uncle, Cal O Callaghan, being a major influence....The Padraig O Keeffe Festival is held in Castleisland every year over the October bank holiday, there is a 'Padraig O Keeffe award' presented each year for outstanding service and commitment to the music and culture of Sliabh Luachra. (Journal of Cumann Luachra, Vol. 1 No 16. Nov. 2014.)

At the launch of the 1916 Commemorations, Taoiseach Enda Kenny proclaimed that the programme of events would be 'measured and reflective' and would be 'informed by a full acknowledgement of the complexity of historical events and their legacy, of the multiple readings of history, and of the multiple identities and traditions which are part of the Irish historical experience'. — Claire McGettrick, co-founder of Justice for Magdalene Research, and the co-founder of the Adoption Rights Alliance, Spare a thought for those who suffered most for the sake of an idyllic image of Ireland, National Women's Council of Ireland blog, 5 Meitheamh 2016

S.I. No. 138 of 1951. LOCAL GOVERNMENT (CHANGE OF NAME OF TOWNLAND) ORDER, 1951. The Government, in exercise of the powers conferred on them by section 77 of the Local Government Act, 1946 (No. 24 of 1946), hereby order as follows :— 1. This Order may be cited as the Local Government (Change of Name of Townland) Order, 1951. 2. The name of the townland specified in the Schedule to this Order is hereby changed to Ballydesmond. SCHEDULE. The townland named Kingwilliamstown in the district electoral division of Williamstown in the administrative county of Cork. GIVEN under the Official Seal of the Government, this 11th day of May, 1951. Baile deasumhan.

"Anyone with gumption and a sharp mind will take the measure of two things: what's said and what's done." ― Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

A note from the Poems of JJ Callanan: ** And by the Assassin's steel the grey-hair'd Desmond died** Gerald, Earl of Desmond,— The vast estate of this nobleman, in Desmond, (South Munster) was the cause of his ruin; it held out to his enemies too strong a temptation to be resisted, and the chief governors of Ireland determined to seize upon it by any means. Without having committed any overt act of high treason, or done any thing inconsistent with the duty and peaceful demeanour of a subject (unless some private quarrels with the rival house of Ormond could be construed into such) he was declared a traitor, and driven, in his own defence, into a rebellion, which, by letters' expressive of his unshaken loyalty to her Majesty, and by every possible means, he endeavoured to avoid. After having undergone incredible hardships and privations, he was surprised by night in a cabin near Tralee, by one Kelly of Morierta, and twenty five of his kerns, employed for the purpose by Ormond. Kelly struck off his head, which was sent to the Queen, by whose order it was impaled on London bridge. For this barbarous murder of a helpless and persecuted old man received a pension of forty pounds a year, but was afterwards hanged at Tyburn. https://archive.org/details/poemsofjjcallana00callrich

Clíodhna, the Queen of the [Sí] of South Munster. 1897, Cork Historical and Archeological Society. [The following legend is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – "To Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following [Sí] legend is most respectfully by the Mathew Horgan, 1839.

A History of the Clan Eoghan or Eoghanachts, descendants of Eoghan More or Eugene the Great Compiled from all the accessible sources of Irish Family History BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence (by post two-pence extra) 102. Ceallachan Chaisil, born A. D. 886. In the second quarter of the 10th century this distinguished prince defeated the Danes in the sanguinary battle fought at 'Knock-Saingal, now Singland, in the county of Limerick, where with a single stroke of his battle-axe he cleft the skull of Aulaf, the Danish general, through his heavy brass helmet. He was taken prisoner soon afterwards near Dublin, with Dunchuan, son of Kennedy, by

Sitric, king of the Danes of that city, who had him conveyed under a strong escort to Armagh, where he was kept in close confinement. When the news of the capture and detention of Callaghan reached Munster, Kennedy, son of Lorcan, and father of Brian BorU, raised a powerful army of the Eugenians for the purpose of rescuing the distinguished prisoners, and thisdivision of the Munster forces he committed to the conduct of Donogh [another version says he was unanimously chosen, but this is the dividing line of Native sovereignty vs. Feudalism], son of Caomh, or Keeffe, prince of Fermoy, whom he thus addresses :— “ Fight well your battles with Munster’s warlike forces Who shall banish the sons of Loghlin beyond the wave, Level their stone fortresses, bring back the son of Buadhachan, .Humble the sons of Lochlain, and despise their threats,” …

The ... forces now marched to Armagh, and the fleet consisting of one hundred and twenty ships, which had been equipped and placed under the command of Falvey Fionn, steered towards the Bay of Dundalk where the Danish shipping lay, and whither Sitric ordered his prisoners to be conveyed to prevent them being rescued, having learned that the Regent of Munster was on his march at the head of a powerful army to attack Armagh.

The combined forces now marched to Armagh, and the fleet consisting of one hundred and twenty ships, which had been equipped and placed under the command of Falvey Fionn, steered towards the Bay of Dundalk where the Danish shipping lay, and whither Sitric ordered his prisoners to be conveyed to prevent them being rescued, having learned that the Regent of Munster was on his march at the head of a powerful army to attack Armagh. Donogh on his arrival before the northern capital disposed his forces in the following manner : the Conalians, and the men of Carbery, with those of Imokilly, Fermoy, and Hy-Lehan, he placed at the north side of the city; the Eugenians and Deasii at the “ centre of the fortress” to the south; and the forces of Muskerry, Owny, and Coonagh he posted at the principal entrance to the fort. The Danish general advanced from the city at the head of the garrison to give battle to Donogh, and formed on the plain of Armagh, where these rapacious plunderers were attacked by two divisions of the Momonian army and cut to pieces. Donogh entered the city in triumph and commenced a diligent search for Ceallaghan and Dunchuan, and it was then he was informed that both these princes had been removed to Dundalk under a strong escort on the previous evening, and given up to Sitric the Dane, by whom they were put on shipboard. “Donogh,”says M’Geoghagan, “ having spent the night after the battle at Armagh, marched the next day for Dundalk, where he expected to overtake the enemy; but his hopes vanished on discovering this manoeuvre of the [Lochlannachs], who feared nothing from a land army, unprovided with a fleet. However, the aspect of affairs soon changed. The arrival of the Irish fleet, under the command of Failbhe Fionn, disconcerted the Danes, by whom they were wholly unexpected, and their dismay was increased by the most bloody and obstinate battle that had ever been fought on these coasts. As they were determined on boarding the ships and coming to a close engagement, Failbhe Fionn, desirous of setting his troops the example, leaped, sword in hand, into the Danish admiral’s ship, on board of which was Sitric, his brothers, Tor and Magnus, and Keallachan, [chief] of Munster, who was tied to the mast. Followed by a small detachment, this brave man made a dreadful slaughter among the [Lochlannachs], cleared a passage to the spot where the kingng was, and set him at liberty ; but his strength being exhausted by the heat of the action, and loss of blood, he was unfortunately slain. The combat did not end with the loss of this hero, but was renewed by the courage of Fiongall. Encouraging his men by his own example, they caused dreadful slaughter. Seeing, however, that the superior force of the enemy, animated by the valour of Sitric, their chief, rendered his efforts useless, this skilful captain bethought of an expedient as heroic as it was bold. Meeting with Sitric in the thick of the fight, he darted on him, and seizing him in his arms, threw him self into the sea, where both perished together. The courage of Seagda and Conal was roused to such a degree by this example of intrepidity, that they seized on like manner on Tor and Magnus, brothers of Sitric, and shared with them a watery grave. The Danes having lost their commanders, and terrified by those horrid and cruel actions, began to give way, and part of their fleet having abandoned the conflict, victory declared in favour of the Irish. The consternation of Donnogh’s army during this engagement, may be easily conceived, beholding their countrymen engaged with a formidable enemy whilst they were unable to give any assistance.”-

History of Ireland. Toruigheact Ceallachan Caiseal, or the search for Callaghan of Cashel, forms the subject of an unpublished prose tract which contains much historical and interesting information on the affairs of Ireland in the tenth century. Ceallachan died after a reign of ten years, leaving a son...

What the modern world wants more than anything else, what Ireland wants beyond all other modern countries, is a new birth of the heroic spirit.” — Pádraic H. Pearse

Remembering and forgetting in wise balance is a way of salving the scars of the past. Forgetting what's been too remembered — the triumphal myths — and remembering what's too forgotten — the promissory notes. History is in between. Ireland needs a healing of history through a catharsis of story.—Richard Kearney, Twinsome Minds: Recovering 2016, Lacunae, Na Cásca 2016

“The most sublime labour of poetry is to give sense and passion to insensate things...This philological-philosophical axiom proves to us that in the world's childhood people were by nature sublime poets...” ― Giambattista Vico, 1668-1744, Scienza Nuova, xxxvii,

“Art and morality are, with certain provisos…one. Their essence is the same. The essence of both of them is love. [Grá] is the perception of individuals. [Grá] is the extremely difficult realization that something other than oneself is real. [Grá], and so art and morals, is the discovery of reality. ” ― Iris Murdoch E

eNGLAND AND IRELAND. The strength of England is, and always has been, material force ; organization ; concentration ; weight of stroke ; selfishness of purpose. Her power has marched through the centuries and the nations like a mail-clad battalion, plowing its way, repellent, unsympathetic, defying criticism, bound on the seizure of its prey, disregarding the opinions of mankind. The power that Ireland has exerted through her banished millions, is immaterial, diffused, intellectual, spiritual ; the very opposite to that of England. But it is the power of the steam, as compared to the power of the water. So far the nations represent opposites : One concussion ; the other conversion. One a threat ; the other an argument. One repels ; the other attracts. One makes enemies ; the other makes friends. One wastes its own strength in every effort ; the other increases its power with every exertion. Ireland appeals through her scattered children and their descendants to the consciences of men. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

It was Aed Ruad, son of Badurn, chief of Ireland, that was drowned there while gazing at his image and swimming the rapid. From him E55 Ruaid ‹‹ Ruad’s Rapid ›› is named. His gravemound, Sid Aeda, is on the rapid’s brink. Aliter: It was Ruad, daughter of Maine Milscoth son of Donn Desa, who chose Aed [Rón] son of Labraid Lesbrecc, son of Roga Rodam. Where she came from Was out of the ilat/m(?) of Mag Maen. In Abcan the poet’s boat of bronze she came, with Ireland on the larboard side. When she went with Gaeth, son of Gaes Glan, to the assembly of the Men ot Fidga the girl hoists her sail of tin on his boat, and en tered the inver alone. Whereupon Aed saw her from the seat he occupied, but he knew not who the girl might be, and she knew not what land she was in. In the inver then she heard the rnermaid’s melody which none had ever heard, and she said: ‹‹ This inver is the noblest in Erin! 5) And she fell asleep (at the music), tumbled over the bow of her boat, and was drowned.

KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures
THE TRIADS OF IRELAND
The three waterfalls of Ireland: [Ess Ruaid], Assaroe, Eas Danainne, Eas Maige.

Revue Celtique, THE PROSE TALES IN THE RENNES DINDSENCHAS‘ 81. Ess RÙAID. (Lec. p. 498).

Eas Ruaid, canas rohainmniged? Ní ansa.

Hence is said Ess Ruaid.
It was Aed Ruad, son of Badurn, chief of Ireland, that was drowned there while gazing at his image

and swimming the rapid. From him E55 Ruaid ‹‹ Ruad’s Rapid ›› is named. His gravemound, Sid Aeda, is on the rapid’s brink. Aliter: It was Ruad, daughter of Maine Milscoth son of Donn Desa, who chose Aed [Rón] son of Labraid Lesbrecc, son of Roga Rodam. Where she came from Was out of the ilatha of Mag Maen.

In Abcan the poet’s boat of bronze she came, with Ireland on the larboard side. When she went with Gaeth, son of Gaes Glan, to the assembly of the Men ot Fidga the girl hoists her sail of tin on his boat, and en tered the inver alone. Whereupon Aed saw her from the seat he occupied, but he knew not who the girl might be, and she knew not what land she was in. In the inver then she heard the rnermaid’s melody which none had ever heard, and she said: ‹‹ This inver is the noblest in Erin! 5) And she fell asleep (at the music), tumbled over the bow of her boat, and was drowned. Hence is said Ess Ruaid.

Or it may have been named from Aed Ruad son of Badurn, chief of Ireland, when he defrauded his champion con cerning his stipend, and broke upon him the stars, visible and invisiblesš. Thereupon the champion incited against the chief the sureties, to wit, sea and wind, sun, ether and firmament, and called Aed, by means of (the sunls) sultriness, to enter the ‘rapid and bathe. Ess Duinn ‹‹ the Rapid of Donn, son of Dubán, son of Bilé ›› had been its name before that, till Aed was drowned (therein) by a miracle of sea and mighty wind. Hence Ess Ruaid « (Aed) Ruad’s Rapid » is said.

“The other me, who did not mean to drown herself, went under the sea and remained there for a long time. Eventually she surfaced near Japan and people gave her gifts but she had been so long under the sea she did not recognize what they were. She is a sly one. Mostly at night we commune.

Night. Harbinger of dream and nightmare and bearer of omens which defy the music of words. In the morning the fear of her going is very real and very alarming. It can make one tremble. Not that she cares.

She is the muse. I am the messenger.” — Edna O'Brien

“It is significant that whereas in the West Mary is primarily the Virgin, a being almost totally different from us in her absolute and celestial purity and freedom from all carnal pollution, in the East she is always referred to and glorified as Theotokos, the Mother of God, and virtually all icons depict her with the Child in her arms.” [also Orans...]
― Alexander Schmemann, For the Life of the World

Our men in Mauritius: Lowry Cole and Pope Hennessy Hiram Morgan from University College Cork for history Ireland [RIP paternal Grampa Clayton Stuart Cole, tool and die maker, Xerox, General Electric. Grandma says you became Catholic because you liked the pageantry. Raised by Grampa Perrigo and Arline Cole Perrigo, sister Laura. Sobered up as an old man before the pancreatic cancer got him.]

Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole The first Irishman to make a major political impact on Mauritius was Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole (1772–1842). This upper-class Orangeman—the second son of the earl of Enniskillen—helped to suppress the United Irishmen and then fought alongside Wellington in the Peninsular War.

Cole’s ability as a commander and the fact that he was not in line to inherit the family title made him a natural candidate for colonial government, and appropriately enough the ex-enemy territories of Mauritius (1823–8) and South Africa (1828–33) beckoned.

Cole was the first British governor of Mauritius to combine civil and military powers. Finding themselves 'playing King and Queen', as his wife, Lady Frances, remarked on their arrival, the Coles sought to project themselves and their children as a model family for the benighted islanders to emulate.... [old king cole was a merry old soul..]

...Cole felt that the Mauritian slaves were as yet unfit for liberty... Where earlier British governors had failed to establish a complete registry of slaves, he and his officials achieved the registration of the slave population of Mauritius by the end of 1826, and of its dependencies by the end of 1827. As a result, he reported that there were 69,004 slaves in Mauritius, 6,522 in the Seychelles and 782 on the smaller islands, as against 8,000 whites and 14,000 free coloureds....

1. Conquer with violence 2. Create divisions by inverting the social order 3. Reward compliance and assimilation 4. Punish resistance (or rather punish traditionally moral people) 5. Install commercial/monetary systems 6. Socialise loss, privatise gain 7. Industrialise 8. Extract resources rewarding those who do the dirty work and those who are in charge 9. Install systems of taxation 10. Replace social order with imposed legal order 11. Displace humans and human institutions 12. Use displaced humans to displace other humans elsewhere and drive labor costs down 13. Render people helpless 14. Coopt and monetize cultural roles 15. Destroy competition, including competing narratives 16. Homogenize society 17. Build dependence 18. Replace norms 19. Become "irreplaceable" 20. Increase demand through fear and pressure 21. Suppress memory and history 22. Replace historical narratives 23. Make everything possible into a commodity a bit at a time 24. Install binary politics to cover the immense loss and control discussion 25. Install educational system tied to industrial wealth 26. Install charitable organisations to cover all the sordid gain

JB O'REILLY, WATCHWORDS
EDMUND BURKE. Races or sects were to him a profanity : Hindoo and [Bantu Diaspora] and Kelt were as one ; Large as mankind was his splendid humanity, Large in its record the work he has done.

David O'Keefe: The [Chief] of Hard Currency by Mike Dash from Smithsonian.com 28 Iúil 2011
'O'Keefe ingratiated himself on Yap by securing a monopoly on the supply of the island's unique currency: giant stone coins, each as much as 12 feet in diameter and weighing up to four and a half tons... The Yapese ... supplied the … labor, both to quarry the stones and to harvest coconuts on Yap...[H]e reaped the benefits of thousands of man-hours of labor, building a trading company worth—estimates differ—anywhere from $500,000 to $9.5 million...
Wealthy now, and no man's servant, the Irishman felt free to indulge himself. He took two more wives—the first, who stayed on Mapia, was Charlotte Terry, the daughter of an island woman and the ex-convict employed to manage O'Keefe's affairs there; the next, even more scandalously, was Charlotte's aunt. This third wife, whose name was Dolibu, was a Pacific islander from Nauru. Widely believed to be a sorceress who had ensnared O'Keefe with magic, Dolibu set up home with him on Yap, had several children...'

we love our law
"In addition to their judicial role, [chiefs] could issue ordinances (rechtgae) in the event of an emergency—for instance, when their [chiefing] was threated by plague or war...[Chiefs] not only had the power to call on [na daoine] on behalf of the túath...but, as Críth Gablach suggests, were also obliged to do so under the threat of losing their honor price." AITCHISON, N. B. "[chiefing], SOCIETY, AND SACRALITY: RANK, POWER, AND IDEOLOGY IN EARLY MEDIEVAL IRELAND." Traditio, vol. 49, 1994, pp. 45–75. JSTOR, JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/27831893
Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach. Three tribal vetos: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.
It must be understood that to our forebearers, knowledge was a sacred thing. Knowledge was a trust

given by the Gods, a trust which must be passed from generation to generation. There are Triads which speak of the importance of knowledge, and for imparting knowledge. The Triads even go so far as to say that if one does not share their knowledge, that is, teach what they know, then they are accursed by divinity, however divinity might be described. —Stair na hÉireann blog https://stairnaheireann.net/2017/07/07/brehon-law-celtic-triads-2
FÉNECHAS: The traditional customs and regulations of the Féni taken as a whole, including the body of the ancient law and somet. the ` bérla Féne ' ; `native customary law ', traditional justice, fair dealing. Edil
Firféchain scrutinizing: aca firechain cona dligthech, etc. looking to see that it is lawfully ...
bretha firaicnid `judgements of true nature',
Familism not Mercantilism nor Communism nor Dominionism
Filial Piety, Healthy Family affection [article 41 'basis' etc.] Is dáimh, etc.
Is implies ought
Poetic Justice not juridical sensibilities
James Connolly, The Reconquest of Ireland, marxist.org "[E]ach generation should pay to its successors the debt it owes to its forerunners; that thus, by spending itself for the benefit of its children, the human race ensures the progressive development of all."
Juris prudence as described by Giambattista Vico plus those who don't know history bound to repeat it
Was their entire rules based system [historically] simply to counter their work?
If it isnt harmful it is permissible

Cormac McCarthy, who built the famous Blarney Castle, appealed to Clíodhna, Chief of the Banshees of South Munster, for some legal assistance. She said kiss the first stone he found on his way to court and he would have the dán of 'deceit without offense'. He even won his case somehow.
Druids as
Giants,
Dragons
Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir
https://celt.ucc.ie//published/T301044.html

Fiacha Muilleathan gives Fermoy to Mogh Ruith and descendants ***forever***: "The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh. figh um magh. magh cu srothaihh sainemlaibh. fo midhabunn. fo sruthabunn. fo nemhleith. rasuighthe sealg. sernfaid slechtaibh. sluaghuibh sochaidibh solmhaibh. airdíbh echtghonaighaigsig anairmrinnid. iarann fou, iarunn forro. fir mhu mna fir mu maic. fir mu cliom. fir muichit. fir dianaibh togairter do neimib nathrach do chaidib dracon. co lutha lonnaidi co lainnibh langhaile. mar luisin lanadhbhuil. fo lasair lainerdha. letras fraech for cocnus figh silas sliabh". Sliab.'
That is how I wish my family to be – to act together in harmony – and while such is the case the area around them will not resist their growth ... It is not by guarantees that I give my support but only by means of their own affection, being ready to abide by the contract and living in friendly terms with the descendants of Fiacha. When it happens, however, that they are at variance with each other, this will be the opportunity for the very people that I am helping today to come and oppress my family and deprive them of their land, so that they will disappear from destitution and the man from the mountains surrounding them will say: 'Wasn't this the territory that the famous Fir Maighe once occupied?' It is for this reason that I call them the renowned Fir Maighe for I recommend them to the skilled in every craft, to have a noble bearing and to be men who will always defend Mumhan."

Agus déarfaidh fear an tsléibhe máguaird: 'Nach í seo an chríoch a bhí ag Fir Mhaighe séaghainn tráth dá raibh?' trans. Seán Ó Duinn, Mullach Abú!

The ancient territory of Fermoy
The exact boundary of the Caoille,
is there anyone of you who would describe it?
It was given to the son of Sonasc
for assisting at the Forbais. Et cetera.
and dragon slayers.
Jesus as Druid rather than 'King'
In 1692 the first Parliament after the revolution was convened in Dublin by Henry, Lord Viscount Sidney, Its first act was " the recognition of their Majesties' undoubted right to the crown of Ireland-" its next, "An act for the encouragement of Protestant strangers to settle in the Kingdom[sic] of Ireland." The Ulster Journal of Archaeology, 1856.

Lord Krsna's wisdom as pointing in the right direction, variegated symbols from different perspectives pointing to same substratum of Truth nature and knowledge,
a tapestry not a melting pot aka healthy multiculturalism,
common virtues vs. common vices
Muslim Clerics, word for that?, the weight of Religious authority
'While we cannot know definitively when the Brehon law system actually began, it is clear from references within the texts and the language used in them that the texts reflect a system that was in place in Celtic times, long before its principles were written down during the Christian era and Kelly states that 'it is clear from linguistic evidence that many of the essentials of the early Irish legal system go back at least as far as the Common Celtic period (c. 1000 BCE)...'
Dr. Noelle Higgins. The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law, Gerner-Beuerle and Frenkel (eds.), Legal Theory Practice and Education, (Athens: ATINER, 2011), pp. 193 – 205.

Sages More than SorcerorsUraicecht na Ríar (§24) stipulates that the seven requirements which compose any satire (cach n-aír) are: i scáth aide caislechtai scoth, is treairiut i cuairt éscai- aidbsiu in sin; aidech n-aicetail, congain comail, corrguinecht 'in the shade of a smooth flowery ad, in the three periods in the circuit of the moon - that is how it is announced; harmonious reciting, magical wounding, sorcery' (Breatnach, 1987, 114-5). Breatnach here follows TCD Ms 3.3 and notes that other manuscripts substitute the words glám dícenn for aír in this passage (1987, 115). We thus observe how satire is associated with magic in both its composition and its effect. The power of the glám dícenn and the fear it could evoke is exemplified in the Fer Diad episode of Táin Bó Cuailnge, when Cú Chulainn's own foster-brother reluctantly agrees to fight him in single combat rather than suffer the shame of satire: dobretha Medb filid ocus áes dána ocus áes glámtha grúaidi ara chend co nderntais a áerad ocus a aithised ocus a ainfíalad…Tánic Fer Diad leisna techtaib hísin ar úaman a imderctha dóib 'then Medb sent to fetch him poets and artists and satirists who might satirise him and put him to shame…So for fear that he should be put to shame by them Fer Diad came 9 with those messengers' (O'Rahilly, 1976, 78-9, ll.2578-2582, trans. 196), the satirists being referred to as the people who bite cheeks áes glámtha grúaidi.
-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

'The rightful royal line that now frames rules for us,
Unlike the wonted practice in their fathers' time,
Passed an Act that banished westward to the Siuir
The laws our ancient sages had so well devised.'

O Síle, cold and stately By David Ó Bruadair

'...In his book, Green and Gold: The Wrenboys of Dingle, local author Steve MacDonogh says, "The Wren is an explosion of light, color, and boisterous exhuberance in the midst of winter's gloom, and has continued as an unbroken tradition—changing, but never dying out." The great tradition in Dingle is quite competitive , with Wren Boys vying for bragging rights for "best turn-out", "best music," and "best rigs." ...'— Margaret Johnson, Irish Puddings, Tarts, Crumbles, and Fools: 80 Glorious Desserts

Wrymes for the Wren

The wren, the wren, [chief] of all birds
On the Martyr's day he was caught in the furze
Although he is little his family was great
Rise up landlady and give us a trate

And if this trate be very small
It won't agree with the boys at all
And if this treat be of the best
I hope in Heaven your soul will rest

I followed my wren through frost and snow.
I followed my wren three miles or so.
I followed my wren through Carraig anOis.
And brought him here on a holly bush.

Here is the wren which ye can see
Dressed upon a holly tree.
Dreoilín, Dreoilín, where is your nest
It's in the woods where I love best.

It's between a holly and an ivy tree
Where all the birds can whistle to me
I brought the wren to visit you here.
A happy Wren Day and a merry New Year

Wren Day comes but once a year
And when it comes it brings good cheer.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan.
A penny or two to bury the wren.

— Adapted from Jeremiah Gleeson, Tooreennamult, Co. Kerry, duchas.ie

“In a society where there is no longer a shared conception of the community’s good as specified by the good for [people], there can no longer either be any very substantial concept of what it is to contribute more or less to the achievement of that good. Hence notions of desert and of honor become detached from the context in which they were originally at home. Honor becomes nothing more than a badge of aristocratic status, and status itself, tied as it is now so securely to property, has very little to do with desert.” ― Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue

Truth as magic

Fir Flathemon

“If it is true that we cannot possess knowledge of what is good in any absolute sense, it is equally true that we have an ethical duty to decide between what is better and what is worse.” ― Richard Kearney, Poetics of Imagining: Modern and Post-Modern

Avoiding catastrophes including environmental

Dispelling lies that divide
Richard Kearney in an Interview with Victor E. Taylor, 2004.
'There are many stories of *us* versus *them*, the pure versus the impure, the elect versus the damned. This “strategic lie,” as philosophers from Machievellis to Karl Schmidt have called it, is practiced by...so many imperial administrations...to propagate an ideology of sacrificial purgation and power. To simply appeal to “facts” in the face of such narrative fantasies of the Enemy is to miss the point... The role of narrative imagination—or the “social imaginary” as Taylor and Ricoeur refer to it—cannot be underestimated in the construction and administration of power politics. But the battle here is not just between narratives and facts, but between unjust narratives and just ones, disabling imaginaries and enabling [or empowering] ones. To come back to Ricoeur: if it is indeed true that narratives of self-enclosed identity (idem) are what bolster up ideologies of the imperial nation, the best antidote is not some appeal to neutral facts or to some disinterested transcendental spectator—that is the naivety of enlightenment rationalism and positivism. The claim to dispense with all myth, as Gadamer rightly reminds us, is itself a myth. No, the best response to destructive stories (which reduce otherness to sameness) is to counteract them with deconstructive stories—ones which undermine the illusory lure of fixated identity and open us to a process of narrative alternation and mutation (the self-as-another or ipse). The hair of the dog that bit you, if you like...

"Children who are subjected to severe and prolonged abuse by parents or other authorities tend to internalise the abuse in the form of a behavioural syndrome characterised by pathological dependency, low self-esteem and suppressed feelings which I have called 'malignant shame'. As adults, shame-based children are likely to abuse their children in much the same way as they themselves were abused by their parents, thus transmitting the syndrome of malignant shame to the next generation. And so on down the line. Could a similar process exist at the cultural level whereby prolonged political or governmental abuse of an entire population might be internalised as malignant shame by the institutions of society, and transmitted unwittingly to subsequent generations in the policies and conduct of government, church, school and family? There is reason to believe that such a cultural process has been endemic in Ireland for many centuries, and that its destructive consequence of malignant shame (low self-esteem, pathological dependency, selfmisperceptions of cultural inferiority and suppression of feelings) is a fundamental cause of contemporary psychological, social, political and economic distress in the country at this time...."Clinical experience with families suggests that a combination of psychological and spiritual recovery is an effective treatment for malignant shame, and also perhaps the only way to prevent it from being transmitted to the next generation. If malignant shame should prove to be a significant problem for Ireland at a national [or I add— international] level, then a similar prescription will undoubtedly be required, but on a much larger scale." Recognising and Healing Malignant Shame. O'Connor
The late Dr. Garrett O’Connor’s wife, actress Fionnula Flanagan: "Irish poets, playwrights, and songwriters have been putting this on the stage and on the screen and into books for generations. The heartbreak and the despair that comes about in families such as this... It's all there, the cruelty, despair, the abandonment, the longing, the terrible loneliness and isolation of this particular dilemma ... in families....It's been there and it's been scintillating, glimmering, but the way to intervene on it and stop it in the generations, stop from destroying not only a family here, in Ireland, but a whole Nation, that has not been attempted yet..."
https://youtu.be/mBQJ69h5t5Y
Originally fili seems to have meant ‘seer’ (e.g. McCone, 2005, 56), suggesting one who sees into the future, and thus carries with it an aura of power and magic, and this power of prophecy has been seen as similar to that of the druids (Kelly, 1988, 44). An important function of the fili was to satirize and to praise and he was thus largely responsible for the decrease or increase of early Irish society’s most coveted attribute, honour (Kelly, 1988, 43). An example of potential loss of honour can be manifested in the following: Ro fóebra fúamann/ fó thuinn technatar/ ro dúisced fuil/ for a grúaide gnúis/ conid fodirc inna rus/ ro mbríatharaib bíth ‘Verbal blades have cut beneath his skin,

blood has been aroused onto his cheeks [and] aspect so that it is evident in his countenance that he has been wounded by words' (Bretha Nemed Toísech, CIH 2218.10- 12). Enech means both face and honour: 'from the original meaning 'face, countenance' the technical legal meaning 'honour, dignity' is a natural transition' (Binchy, 1941, 85). This association is illustrated in Aislinge Óenguso in the phrase meth n-enech 'loss of face/honour', and diandom fhoíme ar th'inchaib 'if you receive me on your honour' (Shaw, 1976, 62-3)."
-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

Vandana Shiva, Yes! magazine, Dec 31, 2002
I do not allow myself to be overcome by hopelessness, no matter how tough the situation. I believe that if you just do your little bit without thinking of the bigness of what you stand against, if you turn to the enlargement of your own capacities, just that in itself creates new potential. And I've learned from the Bhagavad Gita and other teachings of our culture to detach myself from the results of what I do, because those are not in my hands. The context is not in your control, but your commitment is yours to make, and you can make the deepest commitment with a total detachment about where it will take you. You want it to lead to a better world, and you shape your actions and take full responsibility for them, but then you have detachment. And that combination of deep passion and deep detachment allows me always to take on the next challenge because I don't cripple myself, I don't tie myself in knots. I function like a free being. I think getting that freedom is a social duty because I think we owe it to each other not to burden each other with prescription and demands.
Processing truths and translating truths, rosetta stone, by Notre Dame
FIR: True, veracious, I deem it true, I believe, prove true, come to pass, happened, may it come to pass, if it is true = `according to statement', `it is said', so be it, righteous, genuine, what is true; truth, right, according to truth, really, actually, a pledge, guaran- tee, an attestation; a proof, test, ordeal, a religious ordeal or attestation, compurgator (a sworn witness to the innocence or good character of an accused person), right, due, `truth of battle,' a just cause in fight, fair play (in combat), single combat ...eDil
peace as magic
Common wisdom that unites the clans
Cormac besieged the Momonians at Druim Damhaire (Knocklong); this chief wielded great power, both by the vastness of his army and the power of his druids. Cormac had British druids weaving their spells against the Munstermen, so that by necromancy they had dried up all the wells and rivers of Munster, so that the people and their lands were in danger of death from the want of water. Then Fiacha Muilleathan sent for Mogh Ruith son of Fergus, the best druid to be found in Ireland. Mogh Ruith then lived in Oile Dairbhre (Valentia Island) in his old age, blind and
Common threads rather than lowest common denominator morally
Peacebrokers, not warmongers
'JFK BLOWN AWAY, WHAT ELSE DO I HAVE TO SAY'
-We Didn't Start the Fire, Billy Joel
Establishing trust so as to make and hold agreement rather than swindles
Robert FitzGerald Kennedy
"Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events. It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is shaped. Each time a [duine] stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, [the duine] sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."
Chancing the Arm Richard Kearney, The Guestbook Project In 1492, a great [Norman Hiberno-English] civil war was raging in Ireland and the Earl of Kildare, Gearóid Mór FitzGerald, hounded

and eventually besieged James Butler, nephew of the Earl of Ormond, in St Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. At one point FitzGerald said to himself, ‘This must end.This endless cycle of blood-letting and vengeance can't go on. He asked Butler to carve a hole in the door and said:"I'm going to take off my armour and stretch my bare arm through, and you can either cut it off or you can shake my hand. If you cut it off the war continues. If you shake my hand, the war ends. FitzGerald 'chanced his arm', Butler shook his hand, and the war [between the
two occupying Norman English lords] ended

'barbarous as to their law'-- St. Malachy's testimony about Irish Law. Robert King, A Primer of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the formation of the modern Irish branch of Rome, DUBLIN, WILLIAM CURRY, 1846 pp 463-

Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding; Burn all your studies down, and Throw away your reading. Small pow'r the word has, And can afford us Not half so much privilege as The sword does. It fosters your masters, It plaisters disasters, It makes the servants quickly greater Than their masters. ... It talks of small things, But it sets up all things; This masters money, though money Masters all things. It is not season To talk of reason, Nor call it loyalty, when the sword Will have it treason

The roots of this violent victory of ignorance over good sense can be seen in a poem written by an anonymous English pamphleteer during Cromwell's war called The Dominion of the Sword

THE DEMON OF MODERN PROGRESS. Out of Feudalism has come a new monster, even more terrible, more self- ish, more insatiable, and more powerful. Its eyes are science, its limbs and claws are brass and steel, and its life is steam and electricity. Its name is Progress. Its right arm is the organization of capital. It has seized on the common people as its prey, and they are powerless in its grip. It makes laws, and declares that they are just and eternal. It is trying to make a new morality, in which itself shall take the place of God. From this the people can only be saved by great hearts that feel for all the weak ones, and******cultured brains that think for them. The millions are no longer still, like a swamp, disorganized and divided by its weeds and mud-banks . Time and knowledge have broken down many divisions; the waters are beginning to unite like a sea, forceful, fraternal; and like a sea they are moving to the influences that pass over them. May the future send wise voices rising to guide from unselfish hearts. The struggle will end, as all natural contests must end, in the triumph of mercy, morality and freedom, for these are the law of God. But its end may be in- definitely delayed for the want of wise and good men to lead the masses. JB O'REILLY

WATCHWORDS

'...[A] word often used for "loyal" is 'dílis' (Old Irish 'díles'), which comes from Old Celtic 'dílestos' and also appears as Welsh 'dilys'. This is the secondary meaning of a term widely used in Brehon Law to mean "inalienable property"... In modern Welsh usage 'dilys' often means "authentic". - — Alexei Kondratiev

Aiding the uneducated as magic
Mnemonic devices for remembering virtue and vice
treasure chest of counsel and advice
Innovating systems
strengthening the people with cultural repository and innovations

in Bernard's way of describing matters, is thus related :— Malachy introduces Roman, customs at Connor."The barbarian [Irish] laws are abolished, those of [Feudal Holy] Rome are introduced; the customs of the [Roman] Church are adopted every where, and the opposite rejected ; the temples are rebuilt and the clergy ordained in them. Robert King, A Primer of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the formation of the modern Irish branch of Rome, DUBLIN, WILLIAM CURRY, 1846 pp 463-

THE IRISH TIMES Thursday, June 10, 1993.

'My name is Sinéad O'Connor.
I am learning to love myself.
I am deserving.
I deserve to be treated with respect.

I deserve not to be treated like dirt.
I deserve to be listened to.
I am a member of the human [family].
I deserve not to be hurt.
... '[Good Buddhist Chant there]
Sustainable systems as magic
understanding what doesn't work and why
understanding what does work and why
Meitheal, Liam O'Gogan
Producing 'the good ole days' properly construed
Lenár gceol ársa féin, ealaín, deasghnátha, dlíthe.
With our own ancient customs, laws, music, art.
Slí mhaireachtála is cultúr Treibheach i struchtúr: Way of life and culture, tribal in structure:
Bhí ardshibhialtacht in Éirinn ann We had a civilisation
Nuair a bhí siad féin fós gan chóras gan bhonn. When they were still neanderthal nations. -Damien Dempsey, trans. Caoitrion at tuigim X Fear Uasal Buachaillín

Now War is looming He foresees wars over our nation, soon it will be known to Franks and Frisians, far and wide, that the king is gone. Hostility has been great among the Franks since Hygelac sailed forth at the head of a war-fleet into Friesland: there the Hetware harried and attacked and overwhelmed him with great odds. The leader in his war-gear was laid low, fell amongst followers; that lord did not favour his company with spoils. The Merovingian king has been an enemy to us ever since.
"Nor do I expect peace or pact-keeping The Swedes too win of any sort from the Swedes.
Remember: at Ravenswood, Ongentheow Ongentheow slaughtered Haethcyn, Hrethel's son...
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

A Sage plus a Multitude
Wisdom as prized not dispensed with
Taoism and Confucianism
Jesus → disciples → all nations
Guru
Dearg Doom lyrics
The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894
'It cannot be doubted that in Ireland, as in Gaul, the most learned, the most sage, and the most virtuous [daoine] of the nation were druids or priests of that religion. Their superior learning enabled them to become more than priests; magicians if you will, but certainly philosophers, astronomers, judges, bards, literary [daoine], musicians, physicians, seers or diviners of future events, and many other things, and may have given them a choice, almost a monopoly, of all the offices which required learning.

Their magic consisted mainly in their superior knowledge in times of general simplicity...'
'The Knowledge of Human nature
JG O'Keeffe poem translation for the german fellow
The Harp, empathetic understanding like a Good performer
Dara Ó Briain 'There are three states of legality in Irish law. There is all this stuff here under "That's grand"; then it moves into "Ah, now, don't push it"; and finally to "Right! You're taking the piss."
Katherine Simms
Verses composed by a poetic brehon about the year 1300 advise the young law student: The

[Gaelic] literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud —for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks.

Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil "They arose next morning, and went to the battlefield,and collected the bodies of their people into one place, and the heads of the Lochlannachs, and they placed the heads upon spikes. Donnchadh son of Caem then asked if there was any Gael in the townfrom whom he might get news of Cellachan ([Chief] of Munster). A man in the town answered him, and said that his origin was from the clans of the Gael. Donnchadh asked who he was. (He answered): ; It is I who was chief prophet of Armagh, before the Lochlannachs arrived; but now I am doorkeeper here." get citation from archive.org

Ní bhrisfidh siad mé mar tá an fonn saoirse agus saoirse mhuintir na hEireann i mo chroí. Tiocfaidh lá éigin nuair a bheidh an fonn saoirse seo le taispeáint ag daoine go léir na hEireann ansin tchífidh muid eirí na gealaí. If they aren’t able to destroy the desire for freedom, they won’t break you. They won’t break me because the desire for freedom, and the freedom of the Irish people is in my heart. The day will dawn when all the people of Ireland will have the desire for freedom to show. It is then we’ll see the rising of the moon. —Bobby Sands, 5 Bealtaine 1981

Here is the polyglot Celtic scholar, Alexei Kondratiev discussing a linguistic shift in the sense of justice that came with the Norman Catholic English Invasion in 1169: 'The oldest word for "just" and "justice" in Irish is probably 'cóir' (oldest form 'coair'), which comes from Old Celtic 'ko-uéro-' "in accordance with the truth"...The later Irish word for "justice" is 'cert' (modern 'ceart'), which appears to be a borrowing from Latin 'certus' "certain, sure".'

'We will first take examples of imbas forosnai. One of the most interesting and important occurs in Tain Bo Cuailnge, in connection with Fedelm the banfaid of Connact. According to LU and YBL Fedelm(32) tells Medb that she has been in Alba learning filidecht. Medh asks her if she has learnt imbas forosnai, and on hearing that she has, asks her to 'look' (deca) how her own (Medb's) undertaking will prosper. Fedelm 'looks,' and then proceeds to chant in strophic form and at considerable length the result of her vision.(33) In the account of Scathach's prophecies to CuChulainn,(34) which is found in LU.fo. 125b9, and which almost certainly comes from the Book of Druim Snechta and was written down as early as the eighth century,(35) we read: 'Asbert iarom Scathach friss iar sin ani arid bói diaforciund ocus arcáchain dó tria imbas forosnai,' (36) which Thurneysen translates 'um ihn zu Vollenden.'(37) According to the earliest texts of the Wooing of Emer, Scathach dwelt among the 'Alps' (Alpi), which appears in the latest version as Albu (Albion, Scotland, or perhaps Britain).(38) From this story, therefore, and from the passage in the Tain already cited, it would seem that according to Irish tradition the imbas forosnai was introduced into Ireland from outside, doubtless from Britain(39), and that in the milieu represented in the CuChulainn Cycle it was the special métier of women. The early period to which the origin and the personnel of the CuChulainn Cycle are generally ascribed invests these references with considerable interest.' Nora K. Chadwick 1935 Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)

I will give Stokes rendering of our passage from the Bodleian fragment in full. Imbas forosna, 'Manifestation that enlightens': (it) discovers what thing soever the poet likes and which he desires to reveal.(2) Thus then is that done. The poet chews a piece of the red flesh of a pig, or a dog, or a cat, and puts it then on a flagstone behind the doorvalve, and chants an incantation over it, and offers it to idol gods, and calls them to him, and leaves them not on the morrow, and then chants over his two palms, and calls again idol gods to him, that his sleep may not be disturbed. Then he puts his two palms on his two cheeks and sleeps. And men are watching him that he may not turn over and that no one may disturb him. And then it is revealed to him that for which he was (engaged) till the end of a nómad (three days and nights), or two or three for the long or the short (time?) that he may judge himself (to be) at the offering. And therefore it is called Imm-bas, to wit, a palm (bas) on this side and a palm on that around his head. Patrick banished that and the Tenm láida 'illumination of song,' and declared that no one who shall do that shall belong to heaven or earth, for it is a denial of baptism. Dichetal do chennaib, extempore incantation, however, that was left, in right of art, for it is science that causes it, and no offering to devils is necessary, but a

declaration from the ends of his bones at once.
A translation of the first part of the entry was also made by K. Meyer, and published in the Archaeological Review, Vol. I, 1888, p. 303, footnote.(3) As this translation differs in some details from Stokes's, and as it is also somewhat inaccessible, I quote it below for purposes of comparison. The Imbas Forosnai sets forth whatever seems good to the seer (file) and what he desires to make known. It is done thus. The seer chews a piece of the red flesh of a pig, or a dog, or a cat, and then places it on a flagstone behind the door. He sings an incantation over it, offers it to the false gods, and then calls them to him. And he leaves them not on the next day, and chants then on his two hands, and again calls his false gods to him, lest they should disturb his sleep. And he puts his two hands over his two cheeks till he falls asleep. And they watch by him lest no one overturn him and disturb him till everything he wants to know is revealed to him, to the end of nine days, or of twice or thrice that time, or, however long he was judged at the offering. Stokes's rendering of the latter part of our passage is not altogether happy, and, indeed, Stokes himself remarked (p. 156) in a note on the entry, 'my translation of this difficult article is merely tentative.' Meyer does not venture to translate this latter portion.'
Nora K. Chadwick 1935 Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)
Imbas: Poetry, Knowledge and Inspiration Isolde Ó Brolcháin Carmody from Story Archaelogy ' The filid, “poets”, of early Irish society were not poorly paid struggling artists: they were held in the highest esteem and a crucial part of culture. Indeed, the word fili, “poet”, more literally means “seer“, and the ollamh, “great poet, chief poet”, had comparable status with the [chief] of the túath, “petty [chiefing]”, and the bishop in Christian times.

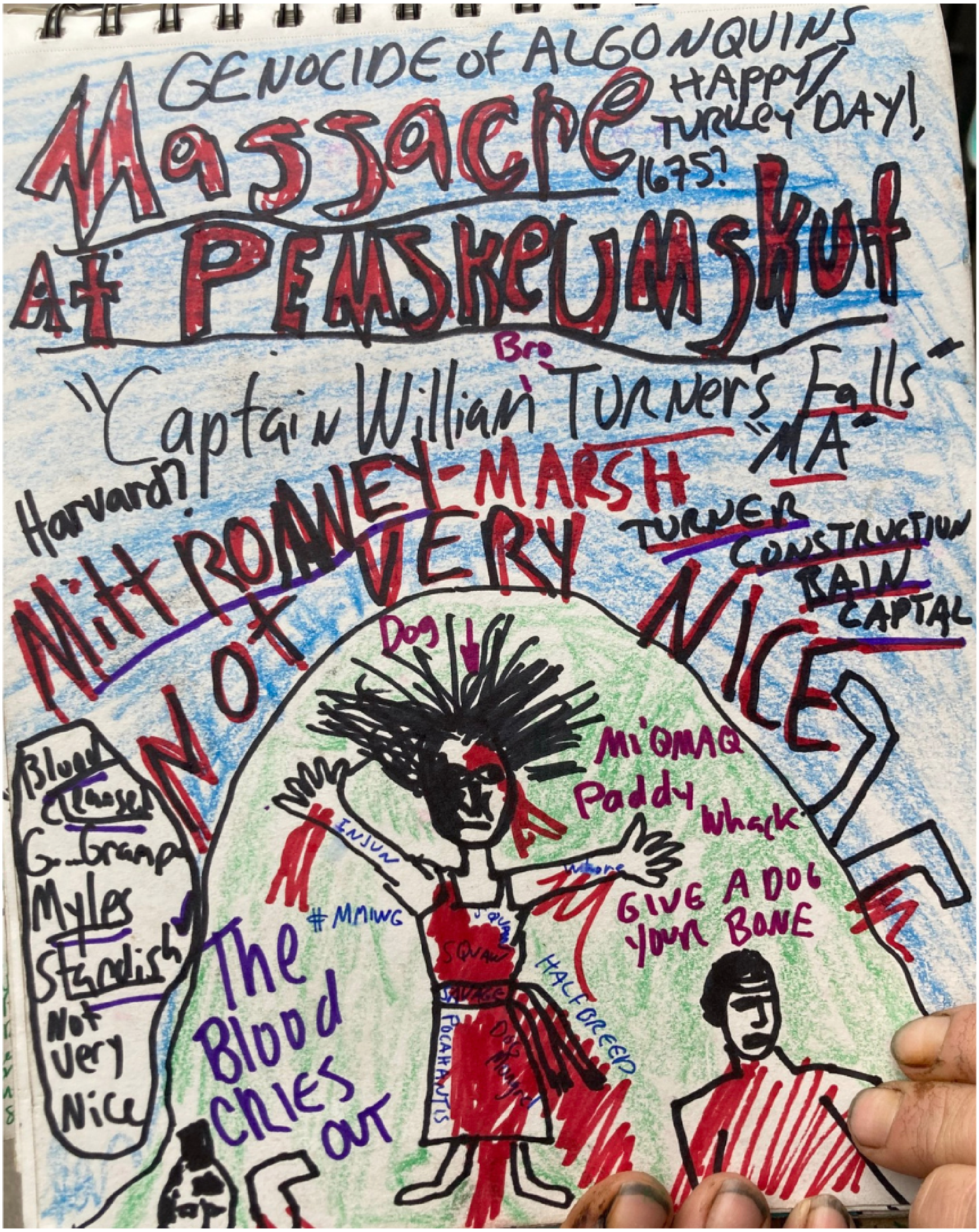
Synchronising and Harmonising Mutual Wisdom
the essential quality of a Poet? Comprehensive, systemic understanding
Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868)
'To listen to Irish [rhymes] or give alms to an Irish [rhymer lawyer] exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the [English] laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated. "All carroughes, bards, rhymers, " and common idle men and women, within this [cúige] (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels, and to be put in the next stocks, there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation."* As if, forsooth, they could ! '
Big picture and Blas of the details
Straightening Out There was a man once upon a time who lost his arm, and it was buried He always complained of it being sore, and the people went to the place where it was buried, and they dug it up. They found it, and all the fingers were crooked. So it was said that the fingers were straightened out, and it was buried again. The man never felt his arm sore again, and he never thought it was on him. —Collected by Edward Connolly,Castlefinn, Co. Donegal
tuning into the times
Knowing the true precedents in all the different forms of life
youtube playlist
Samuel Butler [in his poem The Reformation written in 1652 and published after his death
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.
Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they're crimes,
But cause they're low and little:
Mean men for mean faults in these times
...[It] was not until 1563 that a comprehensive settlement of [Laois and Offaly] took place. Aside

from the obvious strategic purpose, the colony was now to serve a reforming or exemplary function whereby the native population were to be introduced to the benefits of English 'civility.' The hope was to draw Gaelic Irish to 'civility' by allowing them to participate in a 'model' English colony. To guarantee this societal transformation, all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system or to maintain Gaelic military men…
John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578 The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.

Wikipedia
On 7 July 1540, Sir Anthony St. Leger was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland and tasked with the repression of disorder. He moved against the MacMorrough Kavanagh clan, who had long claimed the title of [chief] of Leinster, permitting them to retain their lands only by accepting feudal tenure on the English model. By a similar policy, he exacted obedience from the O'Mores, O'Tooles and O'Conors in Leix and Offaly. Having conciliated the O'Briens in the west and the Earl of Desmond in the south, he obtained the passage of an act in the Irish Parliament in Dublin, which conferred the title of King of Ireland on King Henry VIII and his heirs [which means exactly nothing in Gaelic law]

Justice as In Accordance with the Truth
Truthtellers and bullshit spotters in high demand/respect
1366-1367 Statutes of Kilkenny
It was against the law for the English in Ireland to marry an Irish person, adopt an Irish child, use an Irish name, wear Irish clothes, speak the Irish languages, play Irish music, listen to Irish story-tellers, play Gaelic games, and ride a horse without a saddle.
truth as consistent platform for keeping faith in system
Accountability and Responsibility system
Fair play
pearse, the murder machine
Introduction to The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864
..when Milton's majestic muse produced the “Paradise Lost,” Ireland was then, also, in an unfavourable condition for the cultivation of literature, exposed as she was to the tender mercies of Cromwell. But that total ignorance which the sword could never produce was achieved by the infamous penal laws, which disgrace the name and the Statute-book of England.

This barbarous code, in the language of Edmund Burke, “had a vicious perfection — it was a complete system — full of coherence and consistency : well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man …


GENOCIDE of ALGONQUINS
Massacre
HAPPY TURKEY DAY!
1675?
at PEMSKEUMSKUT
Bro
"Captain William Turner's Falls"
"MA"
Harvard?!
Mitt ROMNEY-MARSH
NOT VERY NICE
TURNER CONSTRUCTION
BAIN CAPTAL
Dog
MI'QMAQ
Paddy Whack
GIVE A DOG YOUR BONE
INJUN
Whore
#MMIWG
SQUAW
SQUAW
SAVAGE
POCAHANTIS
Dog Mongrel
HALF BREED
Blood Cleanse
G. Gramp
Myles Standish
Not very Nice
The Blood cRIES out

Imbas Forosna as Minimum Viable Legal Precedents
Great knowledge that illuminates
knowing the case studies that define the Daoine's experiences
knowing the range of fixes that will work without compounding the problems
Cultural knowledge that unites/cooperates vs. divides/competes
Sacral Elements of Irish [Chiefing], Daniel Bray in This Immense Panorama: Studies in Honour of Eric J Sharpe, p107-109.
'Although there are no extant Irish myths that explicitly define the social order (or creation of the cosmos, for that matter), there are a number of myths which are indicative of a similar form of social hierarchy, patterned on the human body. in the Táin Bó Cuailnge, wherein the hero Fergus, in preparation for the climactic battle of the Táin, makes an oath to [chief] Ailill describing the manner in which he intends to dismember his foes: 'I swear by my people's god,' he said, 'I'd heap up men's hacked jawbones on men's necks, men's necks on men's shoulders, their arms on their elbows, with elbows on wrists, wrists on fists, fists on fingers, fingers on nails, nails on skulls, skulls and trunks, trunks on thighs, thighs on knees, knees on calves, calves on feet, feet on toes and toes on nails! I'd send necks buzzing through the air like bees humming on a fine day'. Both the facts that men cannot be dismembered in this order in battle conditions and that severance of finger and toe nails are hardly grievous injuries indicate that another meaning is implied by this speech; illustrated by a text from the early Irish law tracts, Corpus Iuris Hibemici, describing the divisions of the family (fine): The derbfine ('certain family') is like the trunk of the human body, the taobfine ('lateral family') is like the two upper arms that branch out from the flank, the iarfine is like the two forearms, the innfine is like the two fists, and the ingen ar meraib (literally 'fingernails' and the last degree of kinship) are like the fingers and the nails. So it appears that what Fergus is describing is a ritualised dismemberment which correlates closely to the early Irish pattern of kinship, as reflected in the divisions of the fine. Two series of divisions, from jawbone to fingernails ·and from skull to toenails, represent another form of social hierarchy, again using the model of the body to stratify degrees of kinship, giving primacy to the immediate family, a motif particularly significant to [chiefing] for determining the course of succession. According to the mythic ideology of [chiefing], then, the [chief] appears to be an unique figure in the social order, on the one hand at its centre and on the other set apart from it; since just as the cosmos and the social hierarchy took form from the body of the first [chief], so the entirety of society and the cosmos is incarnated in the form of the [chief]. In other words, there is an identification of the [chief] with the body politic, as well as with the land, in the relationship of microcosm to macrocosm. The [chief] was thus expected to reflect the characteristic qualities of each of the classes of society, as well as perform specific duties to ensure the welfare of each. '
'The dangers are no longer distant risks' Déan an fál nó íocfaidh tú foghail. Make the fence or you will pay for the plunder.
Youtube Playlist Gaelic Sovereignty Resources as example
westminster-abbey.org: “Near this place lies the Body of ARTHUR O'KEEFFE Esqr. Lineally descended from the [Chiefs] OF IRELAND, The best of Husbands and the worthiest of Men. Deceit and Guile he knew not: Honesty was an innate principle in him.
Illustrations, historical and genealogical, of King James's Irish army list, 1689 by D'Alton, John, 1792-1867
Captain Art O'Keeffe This ancient Sept of Munster derives its descent from Art Caemh...who was himself the son of Finguine, a [chief] of Munster, whose death in 902 the Four Masters record, as they do that of Ceallach O'Caemh in 1063. At 1135, they have a notice of one of those unfortunate engagements in the County of Tipperary... in which Finguine O'Caemh, Lord of Glennamnach (Glanworth in Fermoy...) was slain.

In 1161 Hugh O'Keeffe, Tiarnach (Lord) of Fermoy was slain. During these centuries, and up to the English Invasion, this family was territorially possessed of a wide district, from their settlement called Pobble O'Keeffe, extending over what have been since denominated the Baronies of Fermoy,

Orrery, Kilmore, and Clongibbons. By the native annalists they are sometimes styled Princes of Fermoy, and were hereditary Marshals and chief leaders in Desmond. In the latter capacity, it is recorded that Donogh Mac Kieffe, Prince of Fermoy, commanded the Irish forces of Munster in 924 Danes into Ulster, obtained a signal victory over them at Dundalk.
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Sí] of South Munster. [The following legend is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – "To Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following [Sí] legend is most respectfully by the Mathew Horgan, 1839."
Ceallacan no sooner arrived in the vicinity of the city than he was convinced of the treachery of the Dane, but before he could retreat was arrested, and all his noble and brave companions cut to pieces with the exception of one, who brought the disastrous account to Munster. This news was no sooner made known but the only person who escaped the slaughter than it aroused the people from the lethargy, who at once assembled their forces, and unanimously elected O'Keeffe to command them....

...The army under O'Keeffe marched with the utmost speed to Dublin, where they discovered that Sitric had his headquarters in...Dundalk , and where his fleet was also moored, with Ceallacan on board the commander's ship in close confinement, and ready to sail with him to Denmark the first fair wind. O'Keeffe no sooner arrived there than [McCarthy] was discovered entering the harbour in good order and with a fair breeze, and at once commenced a furious engagement with Sitric, and under great disadvantage, as O'Keeffe through want of boats could not for a long time afford much assistance. However, from their perseverance and great bravery not a Danish ship escaped. Ceallacan was released, and the enemy terribly slaughtered...
"Timing beats speed...precision beats power." —Conor McGregor
"To cry out that the emperor had no clothes on was at least to pick on one [person] only to the amusement of everyone else; to declare that almost everyone is dressed in rags is much less likely to be popular." ― Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue
The Cailleach's Testimony
"You can't cure trauma when violence is ongoing, so the primary effort must be working for peace. You can't negotiate a lasting peace without bringing women into the effort, but women can't become peacemakers without releasing the pain that keeps them from feeling their own strength." ― Leymah Gbowee, Mighty Be Our Powers: How Sisterhood, Prayer, and Sex Changed a Nation at War
"...the present is intelligible only as a commentary upon and response to the past in which the past, if necessary and if possible, is corrected and transcended, yet corrected and transcended in a way that leaves the present open to being in turn corrected and transcended by some yet more adequate future point of view." ― Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue
They who fight with monsters should look to it that they themselves do not become a monster. And if you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you. — Friedrich Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil, Aphorism 146

"Random people would just shout 'Dirty fucking pi***s'. 'Get out of my country', 'I will burn your caravan down when you sleep!' and at one point a woman screamed at my 9-year-old sister 'Dirty thieves who should have been deported. Even the young one' (even though we was born in England)" — The Traveller Movement, The last acceptable form of racism
orphans and widows, Manx QUarterly 1897, 'The Least of These'
m The Manx Quarterly, #23, taken from a booklet of 32 pages printed in Douglas about the year 1870
THE OLD WOMAN: They were indeed splendid, times, but although our statutes and laws were a cause of terror to evil works (Rom. xln, 3), yet there was no virtue in them unless spoken in my name. I argued the cause of the fatherless children and widows with the most powerful fluency, and in the judgment seat where I constantly sat to decide the causes of the people, I cleaved always to

the side of love and spirit of charity, neither did I suffer any witness to be perverted by crafty advocacy and crooked tricks. The guilt of the criminal I announced in very solemn words. The Church I constantly attended, and went with pious people to prayer and praise to the Lord, and my sermons sank deep in the hearts of the people. I went also with the young men to seek their wives, and when they had chosen them, I went with them to the wedding. By my advice they dwelt together in peace and comfort, but, alas! those happy days are gone for ever.

from Tír Do Doirteach (A Land Poured Out Beneath the Feet ofMiscreants) by Aoghán Ó Rathaille, 1670-1726 Tír gan eaglais chneasta ná clérigh! Tír le mioscais, noch d'itheadar faolchoin! Tír do cuireadh go tubaisteach, traochta Fá smacht namhad is amhas is méirleach! A land without a meek church or clergy! A land which wolves have spitefully devoured! A land placed in misfortune and subjection Beneath the tyranny of enemies, and mercenaries and robbers!

Bean Chaointe

'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas

But the keen was performed primarily by women. Angela Bourke has suggested that the keening woman served as a kind of 'psychopomp who presides over the transition in which the whole community finds itself (1988: 11). She had, at least during the time between death and burial, licence not only to grieve unreservedly but also to express criticism (Bourke, 1993: 161-75). In the keen, she could articulate the wrongs perpetuated against herself, her community, and/or the dead whom she keened, focusing criticism on anyone who deserved censure, from other keening women to the dead being mourned to the colonial power structure or the clergy. This licence was allowed in part because the women acted out their grief as if mad: the keening woman often describes herself as dishevelled, often speaks of drinking the blood of the dead and rending her garments, and cares for nothing but the dead whom she keens… ..As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard…"

Description of the Cailleach

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh Irish tales were classified according to their titles. Some of these have to do with major events in the life of an individual, such as comperta ('conceptions'), aitheda ('elopements'), tochmarca ('wooings'), echtrai ('expeditions [to the Otherworld]'), immrama 'seavoyages', and aitte / aideda ('violent deaths'). Others relate momentous or cataclysmic events in the social and political history of population groups, such as catha ('battles'), tomadmann ('eruptions [of lakes or rivers]'), tochomlada ('migrations'), oircne ('slaughters, destructions'), togla ('destructions'), and tána bó ('cattle raids').

Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals "Religion is, in reality, living. Our religion is not what we profess, or what we say, or what we proclaim; our religion is what we do, what we desire, what we seek, what we dream about, what we fantasize, what we think - all these things - twenty-four hours a day. One's religion, then, is ones life, not merely the ideal life but the life as it is actually lived.

Religion is not prayer, it is not a church, it is not theistic, it is not atheistic, it has little to do with what white people call "religion." It is our every act. If we tromp on a bug, that is our religion; if we experiment on living animals, that is our religion; if we cheat at cards, that is our religion; if we dream of being famous, that is our religion; if we gossip maliciously, that is our religion; if we are rude and aggressive, that is our religion. All that we do, and are, is our religion."

"Imprisoning philosophy within the professionalizations and specializations of an institutionalized curriculum, after the manner of our contemporary European and North American culture, is arguably a good deal more effective in neutralizing its effects than either religious censorship or political terror" — Alasdair MacIntyre, Edith Stein: A Philosophical Prologue, 1913-1922

'I have come to the conclusion that imperialism and exploitation are forms of cannibalism and, in fact, are precisely those forms of cannibalism which are most diabolical or evil.” ― Jack D. Forbes
“One of the key moments in the creation of modernity occurs when production moves outside the household. So long as productive work occurs within the structure of households, it is easy and right to understand that work as part of the sustaining of the community of the household and of those wider forms of community which the household in turn sustains. As, and to the extent that, work moves outside the household and is put to the service of impersonal capital, the realm of work tends to become separated from everything but the service of biological survival and the reproduction of the labor force, on the one hand, and that of institutionalized acquisitiveness, on the other. Pleonexia, a vice in the Aristotelian scheme, is now the driving force of modern productive work.” ― Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue: A Study in Moral Theory, Third Edition
"Look not with a Medusa-mindset. Under Ireland's fields is Fódhla." — John Moriarty
“I can't live where I want to, I can't go where I want to go, I can't do what I want to, I can't even say what I want to. I decided I was a ... fool not to at least paint as I wanted to.” — Georgia O'Keeff
'John Moriarty is one of Ireland’s most important thinkers whose work speaks poetically and powerfully to many of the critical personal, cultural and global crises we are facing. Moriarty is a shaman, a wounded healer, whose patient is, as O’Donoghue tells us, Western culture itself. His diagnosis is that we have developed a pathological and dangerous way of seeing our world and ourselves. This way of seeing is so endemic that we are not even aware of it, yet it shapes our values and the choices we make everyday. Moriarty’s prescription is radical: nothing less than a new way of seeing, one that views everything within and without as ‘enfranchised’ and that views ourselves as intimately and dynamically contiguous with our world. — Michael Kearney, Foreword to A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring
From One Root Hush, I will hedge you round with mightiness Of my wild broke-up passions and desires— Fold you in magic garment of my prayer— So pain shall never touch your heart, nor fires Of Time obscure for you God's upper air. I put on sea-shells for you, so you'd know I had the secret of your origin… — Blánaid Salkeld248 “Narrative is an open-ended invitation to ethical and poetical responsiveness. Storytelling invites us to become not just agents of our own lives, but narrators and readers as well. It shows us that the untold life is not worth living. There will always be someone there to say, 'tell me a story', and someone there to respond. Were this not so, we would no longer be fully human.” ― Richard Kearney, On Stories
Our history is the history of our success in making ourselves and our world unreal. What it comes down to is a choice between being unreal in an unreal world or being real in a real world. — John Moriarty, Invoking Ireland
“Nothing is less real than realism. Details are confusing. It is only by selection, by elimination, by emphasis, that we get at the real meaning of things.” — Georgia O'Keeffe
“While food makes us live, stories are what make our lives worth living.” ― Richard Kearney, On Stories

re:1583 Carew Manuscripts: “The want in England of timber for the navy may be abundantly supplied in Ireland.”
Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868) “Throughout the papers of Carew there are to be found repeated and fruitless enactments for obliterating from the face of Ireland all traces, accidental or otherwise, of Irish characteristics. The land was in all respects to be remodelled, volens nolens [willing or unwilling], upon an English platform, so far at least as it was possible in a conquered province — so far as a humble and distant dependant can be made to assume the dress, manners, deportment, religion, and policy of its superior.... Its Deputy was to be the alter idem [second self] of English royalty; its council board the counterpart in its constitution and its authority of the council board in England....
According to the ordinances proclaimed at Limerick by Sir John Perrot in 1571, no maid or single

woman was allowed " to wear or put on any great roll or kercher of linen cloth upon their heads, neither any great smock with great sleeves, that’s our ancestral Léine being referenced but to put on hats, caps, French hoods, tippets, or some other civil attire upon their heads, upon pain of forfeiting the said Irish garments so worn ; the same forfeiture to be to such person or persons as shall happen to seize the same." Carew Papers, I. 411. STEALING OF NATIVE CLOTHES OFF WOMEN, THERE’S YOUR RAPE CULTURE
English Philosopher and Economist John Stuart Mill on “Liberty” in 1859 Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end.
HIDDEN SINS OR every sin that comes before the light, And leaves an outward blemish on the soul, How many, darker, cower out of sight, And burrow, blind and Silent, like the mole. And like the mole, too, with its busy feet That dig and dig a never-ending cave, Our hidden Sins gnaw through the soul, and meet And feast upon each other in its grave. Jb o'reilly selected poems
“At the foundation of moral thinking lie beliefs in statements the truth of which no further reason can be given.” ― Alasdair MacIntyre
Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at Great Falls, A Narrative compiled and presented By the Chaubunagungamaug Nipmuck Historic Preservation Office and Associates for the Battle of Great Falls/ Wissatinnewag-Peskeompskut Pre-Inventory Research and Documentation Project, October 2015

'There are many ways in which the English colonists took advantage of Native People already occupying these lands. The taking of land was the most prominent means of subduing Native populations. The English believed in ownership of land while Native Peoples belief relied on relationship with and responsibility for the land. When English landed on our shores, they reveled in the thought of gaining what they couldn’t have in England – Land.
It was an instant clash of cultures. The English thought that owning land was perfectly normal. The People indigenous to the land did not. Realizing this, the colonists used this misunderstanding to manipulate the Native Peoples into giving away something that in our ancestors’ perceptions was impossible to give. To gain allies, the colonists manipulated tribes to turn against each other by preying on old animosities, breaking apart alliances, and convincing Native Peoples that they needed the English to protect them. During Metacomet’s Rebellion, the English leadership managed to persuade the Praying Indians to spy and scout for the English, all the while convincing the colonists that all Indians -especially the Praying Indians that lived close by - were a threat to them. Eventually, the Praying Indians were imprisoned on Deer Island in Boston Harbor. Without food, fresh water or shelter, the majority of the friendly Indians imprisoned died on the island.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was in fact a corporation with a charter to do business and to make money for the king of England (and themselves). The relationship between the king and the colonists quickly deteriorated. The colonists didn’t like being subject to a king so far away and creating riches for someone else. The crown did afford some protection to the land because the king declared that it belonged to either him or the Native population. These protections interfered with what the colonists wanted most. Land greed led to the colonists denouncing the crown while still operating under the charter. This led to the loss of protection for the Native Peoples and even more seizures of land.'

“The Rest Haven Cemetery at Deer Island contains the graves of several hundred Irish 130 immigrants who died at the quarantine station after fleeing the Irish Famine [sic] in the late 1840s and trying to reach America. Irish ships had to stop here and each passenger was examined by the port physician before coming ashore. Most quarantined Irish suffered from typhus fever or cholera as well as physical ailments induced by hunger and trauma... ...When Deer Island was sold to the MWRA by the City of Boston to build the water treatment plant, they had to excavate certain areas of the Island, which for many years had been used to house the unwanted of the City. It had been

used as an orphanage, a prison, a hospital, a quarantine station, and an internment camp for Native Americans during [Metacom's Last Stand] in the 1600's. Among those buried on the island were approximately 850 of the more than 1,000 Irish people who died and were buried in unmarked graves during this terrible time."
http://www.friendsofirishresearch.org/deerisland/
In 1855, Henry Gardner the Know-Nothing governor of Massachusetts, called the Irish who were gathering in throngs [not a flattering word either], "a horde of foreign barbarians." Men of Massachusetts: Bay State Contributors to American Society By August C. Bolino, professor emeritus, The Catholic University of America
"If anybody knocks on your door that has an Irish accent, automatically ask them to leave." —Marlene Kairouz member of the Victorian Legislative Assembly and Minister for Consumer Affairs Victoria, Australia, 31 Deireadh Fómhair 2017
https://www.rte.ie/news/world/2017/1031/916456-australia-minister-apology/
Consumer Affairs ? The mall, the great saltlick for the cattle of consumerism. —Harrison Fitzpatrick "Harry" O'Keefe, The O'Keefes sitcom [created by Mark O'Keefe], WB, episode 5 Jobs
The Battle of Dunbar took place in Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland. The Scottish army commanded by David Leslie fought against the English Parliamentarian forces under Oliver Cromwell. The Scots were defeated and thousands of Scottish soldiers were taken as prisoners of war. They were forced to march to Durham Cathedral in England where they arrived on 11 Sep 1650. In November 1650 approximately 150 of the survivors were deported from Gravesend, England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, arriving in Charlestown (now incorporated into Boston) in late December 1650. There they were indentured into hard labor for approximately six to eight years. Most of the men survived their indenture period and bought land, married, and settled down to [raise] families. Teresa (Hamilton/Pepper) Rust (Descendant of John Hamilton, Battle of Dunbar) scottishprisonersofwar.com
Social and Economic Networks in Early Massachusetts: Atlantic Connections by Marsha L. Hamilton. Found at books.google.com: "After the Battle of Dunbar, Cromwell and the Council of State had to decide how to dispose of the prisoners at Newcastle. Captured soldiers traditionally would be ransomed or exchanged, but military leaders feared that healthy men would return to the Scottish army and fight again. The English also did not want to deport Scots to Europe or Ireland, for fear that they would join the armies of the Commonwealth's enemies. The Council finally decided to send most prisoners to English colonies in the Americas – in particular, Barbados, Virginia, and Massachusetts. In early November 1650, the Council ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig, the governor at Newcastle, to deliver 150 prisoners from Dunbar to the agents of John Becx and Joshua Foote, two of the principal investors in the Company of Undertakers, bound for the Saugus ironworks in Massachusetts Bay. These men sailed to London, where they boarded the Unity under master Augustine Walker of Charlestown. The ship departed from Gravesend on 11 November 1650. The Unity arrived in Boston in mid-December, a remarkably quick voyage for that time of year. The number of Scots who survived the voyage is unknown, as are most of their names. Of the 150 men who left London, however, the Company of Undertakers kept sixty-two for ironworks operations. Thirty-six prisoners went to Saugus, and seventeen worked for manager William Aubrey in the company's Boston warehouse. The remaining nine intended for the ironworks were sent to the Braintree forge or sold to local farmers and artisans soon after their arrival. Fifteen Unity prisoners went to the sawmills in Maine under the management of Richard Leader, the former manager of the Saugus ironworks, and his brother George. Fifteen more went to other mills in Maine and New Hampshire. The remaining men were sold to farmers and merchants in New England. Thus of the 150 Scots sent to Massachusetts in 1650, only the thirty-six sent directly to Saugus can be positively identified as part of the Unity contingent. Many others can be tentatively associated with this group, however, based on the dates that they begin to appear in court records."
Exploring Irish Multigenerational Trauma and Its Healing: Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux) Kenneth M. Coll1 , Brenda Freeman2 , Paul Robertson3 , Eileen Iron Cloud4 , Ethleen Iron Cloud Two Dogs4 , Rick Two Dogs4 1 Boise State University, Boise, USA 2 Northwest Nazarene

University, Nampa, USA 3 Little Priest Tribal College, Winnebago, USA 4 Wakanyeja Pawicayapi (Children First), Inc., Porcupine, USA

'Irish Multigenerational Trauma Research to-date clearly underscores that survivors of massive trauma and their families are not a homogenous group of vulnerable, dysfunctional individuals; instead they display a wide range of coping strategies (Levine, 1998). It is with this proviso that Irish Historian James Lee (1994) asserted that many current mental health problems in Irish society may be best understood in the context of what he calls "historical wounding".

Similarly, the Irish researcher Moane (1994) noted that in Irish society "there are psychological patterns inherited from colonization which may be transmitted through family dynamics even while rapid social change is occurring" (p. 263). Lee (1994) and Moane (1994) proposed that centuries of English oppression and colonialism relied on mechanisms of tight control, which included:

- Physical coercion;
- Sexual exploitation;
- Economic exploitation;
- Political exclusion, and
- Control of ideology and culture.

They postulated that, for many individuals and families in postcolonial Irish society today, these mechanisms have left a deep psychological legacy of trauma and its consequences of:

- Dependency;
- Fear;
- Ambivalence toward the colonizer;
- Suppression of anger and rage;
- A sense of inferiority;
- Self-hatred;
- Loss of identity;
- Horizontal violence, and
- Vulnerability to psychological distress.

Specific traumatizing experiences for the Irish (per Lee and Moane) include systematically treated as an "inferior race" by the oppressing culture (British), subjection to starvation [An Gorta Mór] even while vast quantities of foods were being exported, indiscriminate killings, land grabs, religious persecution, language and music censorship, and educational oppression.

Indeed, many Irish today continue to reference their distain of past British actions. They especially reference the wholesale suffering inflicted by the Black and Tans, the special auxiliaries that the British recruited to suppress Irish independence in the early 20th century and the systematic suppression and violation of indigenous Irish rights in the northern 6 counties throughout the 20th century (Kirkpatrick, 2006).

Although multigenerational trauma has not been specifically studied with the Irish, several Irish studies have indicated associated alcohol-related research that supports, at least tangentially, multigenerational trauma, as substance abuse is strongly correlated with trauma (The National Child Traumatic Stress Network, 2004; Stone, 2003; Whitbeck et al., 2004)....
...Cormac O'Grada (1999), Ireland's premier economic historian asserted that "the Irish [An Gorta Mór] was much more murderous, relatively speaking, than most historical and most modern famines[sic], that is lasted long beyond when most general accounts (are) used to end (it), and that its ravages reached all counties, classes, and creeds. Its enduring impact is reflected in a continued desire in Ireland to remember those things we (ourselves) never knew" (p. 232)...
...Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux): Cultural Identity and Practices as Healing for

Multigenerational Trauma...

The Irish and the Lakota have been compared conceptually due to similar histories of colonization (Hayden, 1997; Wall, 1999). There are obvious comparisons between the Irish and Lakota peoples. To summarize (from Lee, 1994; Stone, 2003): • Both indigenous cultures have long histories of colonization (which is different from oppression); • Both cultures currently struggle with extremely high rates of alcoholism and drug addiction; • Both cultures have experienced systematic repression of their religions, languages, music and other traditional cultural practices; • Both cultures are historically rural and have endured poverty, land loss, and experienced being forced into living situations and conditions against their will (e.g., relocation to reservations, cities).

Irish and Lakota Intersections

Indeed, there are some historical and current examples of cultural "resonance" between the Irish and Lakota. There is evidence that massive and multigenerational trauma tends to create in people the desire to help other oppressed people (Cutler, 2006; Levine, 2001). …

.. an Irish leader actively supporting the Lakota (and other Tribal groups) was John Boyle O'Reilly, a crusading Irish immigrant journalist who went on record as being pro-Indian when news of the 1876 Battle of Little Bighorn made its way east. He wrote that Custer was a fool and the Sioux (Lakota) were the real champions; a very unpopular stance at the time (Padden & Sullivan, 1999). Another Irish immigrant who exhibited rare vision and compassion in matters related to the Lakota and other American Indians was Thomas Loraine McKenney, who served as superintendent of the Indian Trade Bureau in the early 20th century. Often to no avail, he lobbied presidents for American Indian rights, battled federal corruption in American Indian trades and tried to stop the illegal sale of alcohol to the tribes...

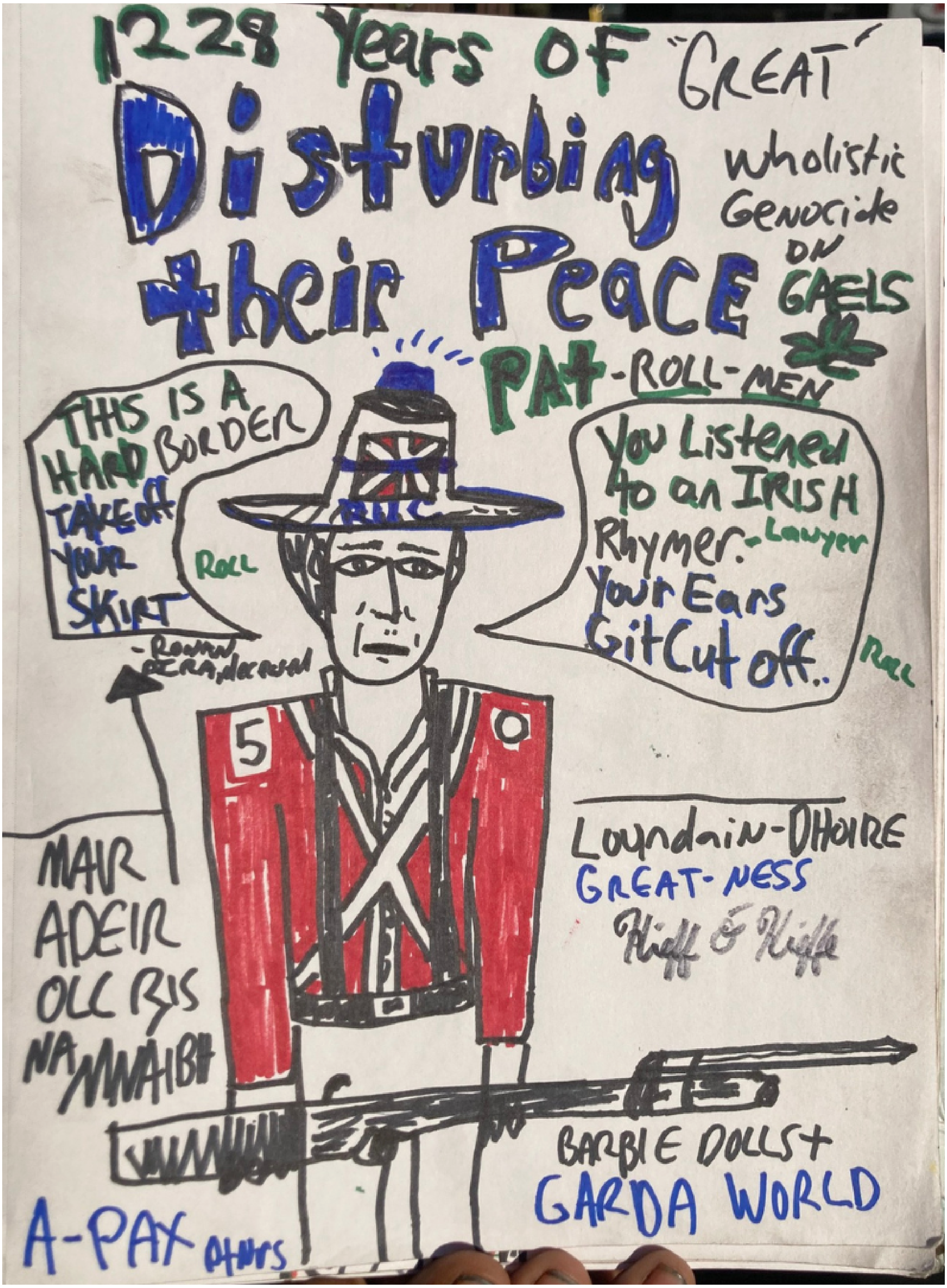
...Another example was County Caven-born Thomas Fitspatrick who negotiated the fair-minded 1851 Treaty of Fort Laramie that secured the Black Hills for the Lakota people (which was violated in 1874, when the Black Hills were illegally taken by the U.S. government—an issue still in great dispute today) (Padden & Sullivan, 1999). In addition, David Quinn (2005) wrote about his great uncle, Michael Quinn, who fled the oppression of the Famine and its aftermath to the American West only to find he needed help from a Lakota traditional healer to relieve his nightmares about his brother's death from the Famine. In present day, Irish writer Eamonn Wall (1999) upon a visit to rural western South Dakota, home of the Oglala Lakota, asserts that it is only natural for the Irish and Lakota, upon learning about each other, to feel a kindred spirit. As he noted "certain issues of land, language, identity, religion, culturemake our histories comparable. Also, such terms as genocide and colonization can be used in discussion of both (cultures)" (p. 118). The Irish historian, Kevin Whelen described indigenous Irish before 1850 in terms similar to rural Indian villages in America "in this intimate face-to-face world… a rich oral culture was encouraged… Singing, dancing, and story telling emerged as the prized art forms. All this life was intricately interwoven. The vivacity and gaiety of the society, as well as its hospitality, was constantly commented on by pre-Famine visitors" (Hayden, 1997). '

Bruce Springsteen, Born to Run, p 413 The rigidity and the blue-collar narcissism of 'manhood' 1950s'-style. An inner yearning for isolation, for the world on your own terms or not at all. You always withhold some thing, you do not lower your mask. The distorted idea that all the beautiful things in your life, the love itself you struggled to win, to create, will turn and possess you, robbing you of your imagined longfought-for freedoms. The hard blues of constant disaffection. The rituals of the barroom. A misogyny grown from the fear of all the dangerous, beautiful, strong women in our lives crossed with the carrying of an underlying physical threat, a psychological bullying that is meant to frighten and communicate that the dark thing in you is barely restrained. You use it to intimidate those you love. And of course... the disappearing act: you're there but not there, not really present; inaccessibility, its pleasures and its discontents...

Ó Fiannachta (1974, 67) questions the attention given to the Dánta Grádha in Irish tradition 'amhail is go mba iad bun agus barr ár litríochta iad; níl iontu ach bláth teagmhaiseach ar imeall an chosáin i ngairdín clasiceach na Gaeilge…Bhíodar imeallach' ('as if they were the beginning and end of our literature; they are but a mere incidental flower on the border of the path in the classical garden of

Irish…they were peripheral'). In an effort to help redress this imbalance he devotes a chapter of his book to satire and its different manifestations in Irish literature, stating: 'is cuid thábhachtach leanúnach dár dtraidisiún liteartha í…ó Dhallán a fuair bás de bharr éagóra a aoire go dtí Máirtín Ó Cadhain a bhíonn de shíor ag suirí go míchompordach léi, agus go Myles na gCopaleen a choimeád an Irish Times beo léi' (1974, 67; 'it is an important continuous part of our literary tradition….from Dallán who died owing to the injustice of his satire, to Máirtín Ó Cadhain who is continuously wooing it uncomfortably, to Myles na gCopaleen who kept 5 the Irish Times going with it')...
-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth
Uraicecht Becc, whose title may be translated as the Little Primer for law students, begins in a manner similar to the Institutes of Gaius, or of Justinian by defining the bases of law, in this case as maxims and precedents and true scriptural testimonies. Just as Gaius referred to the opinion of Roman jurisconsults in past times as having the force of law, if they were in agreement with each other, so the Old Irish law tracts cite the opinion of ancient judges on past disputes. However the disputes in question are almost always taken from mythology rather than recent history, and the judges named are mythological personages, such as Brg Ambue, or Brg the propertyless, the female expert of the men of Ireland in wisdom and prudence... Another very important mythical judge was Morann of the Draíocht Collar, whose collar was used as a lie-detector, choking witnesses who gave false testimony. Maxims attributed to this fictional character run through the texts of the Munster law-school which produced the Old Irish Bretha Nemed tracts and related works... the doubtful cases and disputes cited in the law-tracts are drawn from the plots of literary myths and sagas...
Katherine Simms' The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland
IRISH MARTIAL ARTS (Na Healaíonaí an Chogaidh Éireannach) John W. Hurley, 2002
https://shillelaghuniversity.wordpress.com
My own research indicates to me that Irish methods of "Féinchosaint" (Self-defense) can be divided into the two basic (and common) groups of armed and unarmed fighting, called in Irish "Troid Armáilte" (Armed Fighting) and "Gráscar Lámh" (Hand-to-Hand Fighting). Armed Fighting (Troid Armáilte) Of the armed fighting, sticks, spears, axes and swords, were some of the primary weapons used by the Irish. The realm of Irish fencing seems to have been divided into two basic kinds of swordsmanship: Claíomhóireacht – or old Irish swordsmanship, which seems to be characterized by the "cut and thrust" of the Irish Broadsword, and later, European Sabre. (Also written as "Claíomhteóireacht", "Claíomhtheóireacht" and "Claíodóireacht"). Pionsóireacht – later Irish swordsmanship, which seems to be characterized by the "thrust" of the Rapier, later Small Sword, Foil and Epeé. (These two classifications are my own interpretation based on an amateur etymology. In the modern Irish language, these terms are used as interchangeably as English speakers might use the terms "fencing" and "sword-fighting", which have the same general meaning). While other armed Irish martial arts include: Scianóireacht – knife arts. Tuadóireacht – various forms of axe-fighting. Corránóireacht – sickle fighting. Spealadóireacht – scythe fighting. Súisteáil – flail fighting. But from the original Irish staff, stick, axe, spear and sword fighting methods, originated the later forms of Irish stick-fighting which came to be associated with the Shillelagh. Irish Shillelagh-fighters would have been familiar with various forms of self-defense including the other weapons styles listed above. But in an age when boundaries were not clear and the often misleading martial arts theories of today – which categorize styles and techniques – did not exist in Ireland, techniques from outside of stick-fighting would be used in fights. These would be the techniques used in Irish Gráscar Lámh or unarmed, "hand-to-hand" martial arts.
Hand-to-Hand Fighting (Gráscar Lámh) Gráscar Lámh or unarmed martial arts, and would include: Gleacaíocht/Coraíocht – native Irish wrestling. There are several styles of Irish wrestling which are known in English as "Collar-and-Elbow" wrestling, "Square Hold" wrestling or "Scuffling", and Backhold wrestling. Dornálaíocht – native Irish styles of boxing, and later boxing as imported from both England and France. Speachóireacht/Speachadh – kicking techniques used in athletic competitions, Gaelic football, Irish dancing, and (believe it or not) the pan-European game of "shin-kicking". (Shin-kicking was later incorporated into the French martial art of "Savate").

"'If compensation was not forthcoming after a judgement had been handed down, the injured party had the right to formally seize the property of the wrongdoer. This procedure was known as athgabál / 'distraint'... A notable method of enforcing a judgment which was quite common during the Brehon law period was troscud / fasting. This form of judgment enforcement was employed against a person of high rank who had committed a wrong. If compensation was not forthcoming from a person of high rank who had committed a wrong, the wronged party had the right to undertake a fast or a hunger strike outside his house, normally lasting from sunset to sunrise. A fast required that the defendant either pay the fine, or arrange a surety, or make a pledge for payment. If the defendant ate during the plaintiff's fast he was required to pay double the original amount. The implications of not conceding to a fast were very serious; a person would forfeit the right to be paid compensation for any offence that had been committed against him." Noelle Higgins, The Lost Legal System: Pre-Common Law Ireland and Brehon Law, Gerner-Beuerle and Frenkel (eds.), Legal Theory Practice and Education, (Athens: ATINER, 2011), pp. 193 – 205. .
Cethri srotha déc éicsi Fourteen streams of scholarship Fele & innruccus. Science and integrity Comgne [coimcne] & genelach. History and genealogy Immas & dichetal. Great knowledge and chanting Anamain & brethugud. Anamain [metre used by top poets] and [legal]judgement Teinm laeda & ler forcetail. Breaking open [i.e. analysis] of poems and dilligent teaching Idna láme & lanamnais. Purity of the hand [i.e. deeds] and partnership ["marriage", but can also be partnership of teacher and student] Idna beoil & foglomma. Purity of the mouth [i.e. speech] and learning https://storyarchaeology.com/tag/teinm-laeda/


1228 Years of "GREAT"
Disturbing their Peace
wholistic Genocide on GAELS
PAt-ROLL-MEN
THIS IS A HARD BORDER
TAKE off YOUR SKIRT
-Rowan ocRA, deceased
Roll
RIC
5
You Listened to an IRISH Rhymer.-Lawyer
Your Ears Git Cut off..
Roll
MAIR ADEIR OLC BIS NA MNAIBH
Loundain-DHOIRE
GREAT-NESS
Hiff & Hiffe
BARBIE DOLLS+
GARDA WORLD
A-PAX others

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh Irish tales were classified according to their titles. Some of these have to do with major events in the life of an individual, such as comperta (‘conceptions’), aitheda (‘elopements’), tochmarca (‘wooings’), echtrai (‘expeditions [to the Otherworld]’), immrama ‘seavoyages’, and aitte / aideda (‘violent deaths’). Others relate momentous or cataclysmic events in the social and political history of population groups, such as catha (‘battles’), tomadmann (‘eruptions [of lakes or rivers]’), tochomlada (‘migrations’), oircne (‘slaughters, destructions’), togla (‘destructions’), and tána bó (‘cattle raids’).

Fr. Walter J. Ong, SJ
In a primary oral culture, where the word has its existence only in sound ... the phenomenology of sound enters deeply into human beings' feel for existence, as processed by the spoken word. For the way in which the word is experienced is always momentous in psychic life
Glen Doyle Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha Ancestral Irish Bataireacht • Cethern Coille The Ten Commandments of Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha . The Ten Commandments could be considered the code of conduct for a Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha fighter. These were handed down from generation to generation. When Glen was a child first learning the art of Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha, he copied down these rules verbatim from his father. The explanations of the rules are how Glen's late father explained them to him. 1. Never trust anything you can count on Pertains to the number one target of the stick fighter - the hand. (i.e. You can count by using the fingers on your hand.) Hit your opponent's hand and he drops his stick. 2. Evermore Alee against those who oppose Never retreat when stick fighting, always move in or stand your ground.
3. Enter each match with a [rooster] of the tin Pertains to the act of wheeling before each match - a verbal battle of wits. 4. Always leave the table with the hunger in your stomach When your opponent is no longer a threat, step away and allow them to retreat. 5. Remember Skibbereen For every blow you sustain when fighting, return with two of your own. 6. Give the Come Hither When factions meet, call out their biggest or their best stick fighter immediately to make an example of him 7. Tell of the One Fear Warn the other stick fighter if the fight is to the death. i.e. "The only fear I have is the fear of killin' you." 8. Never walk from a Dogfall Never end a contest in a draw or an unknown victor; there must be one sure winner. 9. Blaze abroad your clan with might Announce to your foe that you are of Doyle blood so they know from where the blow fell. 10. Through Fortitude We Conquer The Doyle Family motto found on the coat of arms.
MAGGIE DOYLE AND THE DEAD MAN
One day an old woman leaning on a staff and a blind man " walked the way to me." After some talk and delay they agreed to tell what they knew about fairies, ghosts, and buried treasures. I had heard of them before, and tried to secure their services. The old woman speaks English only when forced to it, and then very badly. The blind man has suffered peculiarly from the fairies. They have lamed the poor fellow, taken his eyesight, and have barely left the life in him. I may say that the woman, whose name is Maggie Doyle, was unwilling to tell tales in the daytime. It was only after some persuasion and an extra reward that she was induced to begin, as follows : Long ago,, when I was a fine, strong girl, not the like of what I am this day, I went down the country with a bag of [Carrigeen] sea-moss to sell.

I wasn't long walking when I met a woman, and she took me home with her. It was milking time when we came. The woman, whose name was Peggy Driscoll, put cream into a churn, and told me to churn while herself would be milking. I churned away while she was with the cows, and when the milking was over, she helped me, and the two of us were churning till the butter came. She never asked me to take a bite or a sup, not even a drink of butter-milk. I had food of my own with me, and made a supper of that. After supper she said : " There is a dead man above in the room ; come with me." " Oh, God save us ! said I, " how is that, and who is it ? " " My own husband, John Driscoll, and he's dead these three hours." "God knows, then," thought I to myself, "'tis easy enough you are taking his death." She brought warm water, and we went up, the two of us ; we prepared the body of John Driscoll, dressed it, and laid it out, and put beads in the hands of the dead man, who was stiff and cold. "I must go out now for a little start," said Peggy Driscoll; "sure you'll not be in dread of the corpse while I go to tell some of the neighbours that John is dead." I was that in dread that it failed me to speak to her.

The next minute she was gone and the door closed behind her. I was left alone with the corpse. I stopped there a while and went then to the kitchen, sat there a quarter of an hour, and went back to the dead man. About midnight the woman of the house walked in, and with her a neighbouring young farmer. She made tea in the kitchen, and the two were eating and drinking for themselves with great pleasure, laughing and joking. They were talking English. I hadn't but two or three words of English at that time, and John Driscoll not a word at all, but after a while the young farmer laughed, and, forgetting himself, said in Irish : " It's a happy woman you are this night, Peggy, and the old man above on the table." With that, the corpse sprang up, tumbling candles and everything before him. He caught a pike that was in the corner, and down to the kitchen with him....'

Tales of the Fairies AND OF THE GHOST WORLD COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION IN SOUTH-WEST MUNSTER BY JEREMIAH CURTIN PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT IN THE STRAND 1895

'Meroney (1950, 206-7, note on §3) cites ail as ‘blemish…one of the three bolga (bags, blisters) raised on the cheek of a false judge’ which prompts him to ask: ‘Is not this ail the same as ail, ‘stone’, in the sense of a bump by a blow or metaphorically by a slur? Meant here is verbal hurt’. The text justifies this explanation: ail dono .i. ail leasanma lenas do neoch, no athais mbréthri cidh tria chuidbhius cid cen cuidbius. Leasainm…amal doradadh for alaile cill fhil i Maigh Ulad; robo Leas Mór a h-ainm ar tús, co rancadar muinter Lis Móir Mochutu dono don chill sin, co tardad drochfhurec bec dóib; doromaltar íarum co solamh ocus dochúadar do baile aile; ocus doradad leasainm forsin cill ucut .i. Ceall Chorrfesi. Roslil in ail anma sin do grés ‘Insult next i.e. the insult of a nickname which clings to anyone, or verbal injury whether rhymed or not. Nickname as was bestowed upon a certain church which is in Mag Ulad. Its name was Lismore at first until the household of Lismore Mochutu went there and a skimpy miserable meal was given to them. They ate then in a hurry and went to another place and a nickname was bestowed upon that same church, namely ‘Church of the Wretched Repast’. The insult of that name clung to it forever’ (Meroney, 1950, 201, trans. 204). Again we may refer here to Aislinge Meic Con Glinne where the church is also an object of derision due to the miserable meal it offers its guests. The third category is aircetal aíre, ‘[a]ircetal, verbal noun of ar-cain, means the actual poetic product…I render it as ‘ability (in poetry)’ (Breatnach, 1987, 96, n.41). Mercier (1962, 109) calls it ‘versified satire’ and points out that it is here taken as ‘incantation of satire’. It has ten subdivisions: aircetal aíre dano ataait .x. fodla fair-side .i. mac bronn ocus dallbach ocus focal i frithshuidiu ocus tár n-aíre ocus tár molta ocus tamall aíre ocus tamall molta ocus lánaír ocus ainmedh ocus gláim díceand ‘ incantation of satire next; ten types thereof exist: ‘son of womb’, innuendo, ‘word in opposition’, outrage of satire, outrage of praise, touch of satire, touch of praise, full satire, sarcasm and glam dícind (Meroney, 1950, 201, trans. 204)....
Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth.

The Altus Prosator asks, “Who can please God in the last time, the noble ordinances of truth being changed, except the despisers of this present world?" Here is how this Gaelic Apostolic Creed begins: Altus prrosator, vetustus dierum et ingenitus erat absque origine primordii et *crepidine est et erit in sæcula sæculorum infinita; cui est unigenitus Xristus et sanctus spiritus coæternus in gloria deitatis perpetua. Non tres deos depropimus sed unum Deum dicimus, salva fide in personis tribus gloriosissimis. High First Sower, Ancient of Days, and unbegotten, who was without origin at the beginning and foundation, who was and shall be in infinite ages of ages; to whom was only

begotten Christ, and the Holy Ghost, co-eternal in the everlasting glory of Godhood. We do not propose three gods, but we speak of one God, saving faith in three most glorious Persons." The Altus Prosator is credited to St. Colmcille, who in a sense represents the theological orthodoxy, right worship, of the Indigenous Orthodox Irish Catholic Church.
One of the Gaelic conceptions of God the Holy Roman church made disappear is the central image of God as the First Sower, which is captured in a dialect called Hiberno-Latin. Hiberno-Latin was the Latin of the Celtic Church. Sister Benedicta Ward of Oxford University confirmed to me in an email that the Altus Prosator could be viewed as a possible suspect for the local 'creed' of the Indigenous Orthodox Irish Catholic Church. Many signs suggest this language was used in the Scots Monasteries throughout Europe prior to Charlemagne's time, via St. Columbanus.

Gaelic missionary Saints like Columbanus were trying to spread Gaelic Orthodox Christianity back throughout Europe as captured by Thomas Cahill's "How the Irish saved Civilization". All the Gaelic monasteries get replaced by Canons Regular (Gaelic Apostolic Church was "irregular") and Benedictene Holy Roman hierarchs same as Fr. John Romanides reported the deposing of Orthodox Bishops all over Europe well before the Great Schism between the two churches of 1054.
Hiberno-Latin from wikipedia Hiberno-Latin, also called Hisperic Latin, was a learned style of literary Latin first used and subsequently spread by Irish monks during the period from the sixth century to the tenth century. Hiberno-Latin was notable for its curiously learned vocabulary. While neither Hebrew nor Greek was widely known in Europe during this period[citation needed], odd words from these sources, as well as from Irish and British sources, were added to Latin vocabulary by these authors. …
...unlike many others in Western Europe at the time, the Irish monks did not speak a language descended from Latin. During the sixth and seventh centuries AD, Irish monasticism spread through Christian Europe; Irish monks who founded these monasteries often brought Hiberno-Latin literary styles with them. Notable authors whose works contain something of the Hiberno-Latin spirit include St Columba, St Columbanus, St Adamnan, and Virgilius Maro Grammaticus. St Gildas, the Welsh author of the De Excidio et Conquestu Britanniae, is also credited with the Lorica, or Breastplate, an apotropaic charm against evil that is written in a curiously learned vocabulary; this too probably relates to an education in the Irish styles of Latin. John Scotus Eriugena was probably one of the last Irish authors to write HibernoLatin wordplay. St Hildegard of Bingen preserves an unusual Latin vocabulary that was in use in her convent, and which appears in a few of her poems; this invention may also be influenced by HibernoLatin.

The style reaches its peak in the Hisperica Famina, which means roughly "Western orations"; these Famina are rhetorical descriptive poems couched in a kind of free verse. Hisperica is understood as a portmanteau word combining Hibernia, Ireland, and Hesperides, the semi-legendary "Western Isles" that may have been inspired by the Azores or the Canary Islands; the coinage is typical of the wordplay used by these authors. A brief excerpt from a poem on the dawn from the Hisperica Famina shows the Irish poet decorating his verses with Greek words: Titaneus olimphium inflamat arotus tabulatum, thalasicum illustrat uapore flustrum . . . The titanian star inflames the dwelling places of Olympus, and illuminates the sea's calm with vapour. One usage of Hesperia in classical times was as a synonym for Italy, and it is noticeable that some of the vocabulary and stylistic devices of these pieces originated not among the Irish, but with the priestly and rhetorical poets who flourished within the Vatican-dominated world (especially in Italy, Gaul, Spain and Africa) between the fourth and the sixth centuries, such as Juvencus, Avitus of Vienne, Dracontius, Ennodius and Venantius Fortunatus. (Thus the very word famen, plural famina – a pseudo-archaic coinage from the classical verb fari, 'to speak' –

Your Christians are so unlike your Christ."
― Mahatma Gandhi

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890,p 272 BOG LATIN, subs. (Irish).—A spurious mode of speech simulating the Latin in construction.— See DOG LATIN.

Motherfoclóir: The Irish they didn't teach you in school @theIrishFor, Darach Ó Séaghdha shares his favourite words The Irish Times 17 Meán Fómhair 2017

Cnáib This is the Irish word for hemp and … can refer to a hempen rope. As such ropes were used for hangings, a gallows-bound person could be referred to as a cladhaire cnáibe (literally, a hemp fiend).... the Irish colloquial term for cannabis is raithneach – literally, fern or bracken.

Bardamhail An old one from Bishop O'Brien's 1768 dictionary, this adjective describes someone "addicted to satires or lampoons". While bards who composed satires were held in high regard in Ireland, Brehon Law set parameters for the kinds of satire that crossed the line and required compensation. Coining a nickname which stuck was deemed grounds for paying the victim's honour price (libel was priced in accordance to your social standing in those days).

Sramh Another 18th-century one, this handy word describes a jet of milk gushing directly from a cow's udder. Not to be confused with ... ainbhlinn, the froth from the mouth of a decaying corpse.

Adharca Broic Translating literally as badger's horns, this is a figure of speech from old Irish equivalent to red herring or hen's teeth – a thing that doesn't actually exist and isn't worth looking for.

Cendáil [Ken Doll]This is another word from old Irish and it means the heads of decapitated enemies....

Let us now proceed to examine different types of áer. The Book of Ballymote contains a treatise entitled Cis lir fodla aíre? 'How many types of satire are there? which Meroney (1950, 199-212) has edited. In answer to the above question the treatise continues Ní hansa. A trí .i. aisnés ocus ail ocus aircetal 'Not difficult, three i.e. declaration, insult, incantation'. Meroney (1950, 206, note on §2) points out that aisnéis aíre is to be understood here, 'as further on aircetal is referred to as aircetal aíre'. Each type is illustrated with an example, aisnéis being described thus: aisnéis immorro, indisiu tria h-áinsimh cen cuidb[i]us, amal adubhairth in cáinti i tich alaile degdhuine, nirbo lór lais a cuit. 'In scerdfidhear salann duit ar do chuitidh?' ar in timtiridh. 'Nító' ar seisuim, 'ar nímtá ní ara scertar, acht maine scertar ar mo theangaidh a rec[c] nucu nécean. Is coirt cheana' 'declaration, now, is narration in reproach, without rhyme, as the libeller said in the house of a certain gentleman - he thought his rations meager (sic). 'Shall salt be sprinkled for you on your portion?' asked the attendant. 'No' said he, 'for I have nothing to sprinkle it on. Unless it be sprinkled right (?) on my tongue, there's no need. It's bark anyhow' (Meroney, 1950, 201, trans. 204) …
-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth
Glen Doyle Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha Ancestral Irish Bataireacht • Cethern Coille The Eight Wises The Eight Wises of Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha stick-fighting, taken as a whole, are the formulation of a stick fight. Wise is another word for a method - a way of doing something. Each Wise represents a technique or a category of techniques applicable during a given portion of the stick fight. These were apparently handed down from generation to generation. When Glen was a child first learning the art of Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha, his father had him copy down these

Wises into a notebook which he still refers too. 1. The Stick Punch The initial strikes or blocks 2. The Charge In Close the distance between you and your opponent 3. The Pivotal The area from where short-range strikes originate 4. The Hello The first strike after a Charge In 5. The Hug Get your opponent off balance 6. The Cauldron Disarm 7. The Fury A combination of strikes (shortrange stick punches) 8. The Goodbye Move away from your defeated opponent to prepare for others Lost Species of Ireland

Syrian Rum Orthodox Priest Antony Hughes in his theologically astute essay Ancestral Versus Original Sin: An Overview with Implications for Psychotherapy: "The piety and devotion of Augustine is largely unquestioned by Orthodox theologians, but his conclusions on the Atonement are (Romanides, 2002). Augustine, by his own admission, did not properly learn to read Greek and this was a liability for him. He seems to have relied mostly on Latin translations of Greek texts." Hughes argues that the Original Sin narrative of Catholicism via Augustine, who is not canonized as a Saint by the Rum or Roman Orthodox Church, is actually not at all the original teaching of the Christian Church, and if he is right there is every reason to believe this to align with the Autocephalous Irish Apostolic Orthodox Church or "Celtic Church": As pervasive as the term original sin has become, it may come as a surprise to some that it was unknown in both the Eastern and Western Church until Augustine (c. 354-430). The concept may have arisen in the writings of Tertullian, but the expression seems to have appeared first in Augustine's works. Prior to this the theologians of the early church used different terminology indicating a contrasting way of thinking about the fall, its effects and God's response to it. The phrase the Greek Fathers used to describe the tragedy in the Garden was ancestral sin. Ancestral sin has a specific meaning. The Greek word for sin in this case, amartema, refers to an individual act indicating that the Eastern Fathers assigned full responsibility for the sin in the Garden to Adam and Eve alone. The word amartia, the more familiar term for sin which literally means "missing the mark", is used to refer to the condition common to all humanity (Romanides, 2002). The Eastern Church, unlike its Western counterpart, never speaks of guilt being passed from Adam and Eve to their progeny, as did Augustine. Instead, it is posited that each person bears the guilt of his or her own sin. The question becomes, "What then is the inheritance of humanity from Adam and Eve if it is not guilt?" The Orthodox Fathers answer as one: death. (I Corinthians 15:21) "Man is born with the parasitic power of death within him," writes Fr. Romanides (2002, p. 161). Our nature, teaches Cyril of Alexandria, became "diseased...through the sin of one" (Migne, 1857-1866a). It is not guilt that is passed on, for the Orthodox fathers; it is a condition, a disease." Basically, sin is supposed to equate with traumatic stress and not shame. The western Church reversed sin.

Aislinge Meic Conglinne = The vision of MacConglinne : a Middle-Irish wonder tale Translated by Meyer, Kuno, 1892

The Rev. E. O'Growney informs me that she is said to have lived near Oldcastle, co. Meath, and that the large cairns of stone seen there are supposed to have been dropped by her from her apron. The following lines are attributed to her :

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht,
iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh,
chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch,
cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh."

Tri saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara . Three great ages : the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Beara. [same as Vico?]

The habits of Cailleach Bheara : She did not carry the mud of one pool beyond the next pool. She did not eat when she was hungry. She did not go to sleep until she was sleepy. She did not throw away the dirty water until she had clean water in the house.

Her advice : One night she was on the sea with her children. The night was still and dark, and it was freezing. The cold went to their very marrow. She told them to make themselves warm. " We cannot," said they. " Bale the sea out and in," said she. " Take the scoop, fill the boat, and bale it out again." They did so and made themselves warm until the morning, when they found opportunity to go ashore.

CCC okeeffe and mnáibh

They also beat our Mná Chaointe, our women who helped us process the pain of death, from 'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas: But the keen was performed primarily by women. Angela Bourke has suggested that the keening woman served as a kind of 'psychopomp who presides over the transition in which the whole community finds itself (1988: 11). She had, at least during the time between death and burial, licence not only to grieve unreservedly but also to express criticism (Bourke, 1993: 161-75). In the keen, she could articulate the wrongs perpetuated against herself, her community, and/or the dead whom she keened, focusing criticism on anyone who deserved censure, from other keening women to the dead being mourned to the colonial power structure or the clergy. This licence was allowed in part because the women acted out their grief as if mad: the keening woman often describes herself as dishevelled, often speaks of drinking the blood of the dead and rending her garments, and cares for nothing but the dead whom she keens… ..As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard…"

? Query does Good Friday Agreement guarantee a voice for this Native Apostolic Celtic Catholicism? Isn't Hiberno-Latin one of the languages stole by the English? Hiberno-Éibhear-ian. Isn't that generally called Gaelic or Gaelach? Isn't it our culture that expects restorative justice ár lá?

The Altus Prosator asks, “Who can please God in the last time, the noble ordinances of truth being changed, except the despisers of this present world?"

Iarla and mairg adeir...
1101 O'Brien sold out Cashel to the Catholics of Rome
Except 17 years earlier Normans had sacked the Roman home
The Roman Church took over, changed the Irish way of life
Took away the women's safety, started centuries of strife
One thing you might not know is that Normans are Vikings too
The O'Briens still play the heroes rewrote the history for you
Catholic Doctrine of Discovery had come around in 1450s
The Europeans thought God entitled us to all be shitty
That same concept is still followed by most white folks
The Right of Conquest is the kinda bullshit gets a man punched in the nose
in 1588 SPanish Armada sank trying to bring the Irish aid
Except 85 years earlier they'd started spanish transatlantic slave trade
1620 Massachusett Algonquins met Cromwell's Puritans
Just a decade after English Protestants formed Ulster Plantations
The Natives in both places are still occupied with grief
Still raising up their voices to bring attention to the same thief
Give back Pemulwy's head, Windsors!
An Cuirt Oíche

[Anglo- Dalcassian] Turlough O’Brien (1064-86) had ‘involved himself closely in the appointment of [Holy Roman] bishops to Dublin and Waterford, and had corresponded with Pope Gregory VII and with Lanfranc’ (Ó Cróinín, 1995, 281). His [Anglo- Dalcassian]son Muirchertach (1086-1116) continued in his father's footsteps regarding reform by presiding over the [Holy Roman Take-over]synod of Rathbreasail. Thus the issue of reform [takeover] seems already to have been in the air in the later eleventh century with [Anglo- Dalcassian] Munster appearing to figure prominently... 'The [Native Celtic Orthodox Catholic] monastery of Cork was founded by St. Finbar (Bairre) in the sixth century. Abbots of Cork (comarbai Bairre) are recorded from the late seventh century to the twelfth century' (Gwynn and Hadcock, 1970, 66). This suggests an end of domination by lay families around this time. We may perhaps infer from this that Cork accepted reform in the early period of transition...

Malachy came to Munster in 1127 and while there he may 'have prepared the way for the reform of certain old monasteries[the Indigenous Gaelic monasteries]…and for a new [Holy Roman] abbey at Cork' (Gwynn and Hadcock, 1970, 148). According to Gwynn (1970, 146), an establishment was founded in Cork for Augustinian canons between 1134 and 1137. 'St. Malachy visited Cork as papal legate (before 1148), and appointed a [Holy Roman] western bishop, Gilla Aodha O Muigin, who attended the synod of Kells and died in 1172. Cormac Mac Carthaig and his son Diarmaid both made grants in favour of the religious of Gill Abbey, Cork…A bishop of Cork did fealty to Henry II in 1172' (Gwynn and Hadcock, 1970, 66)....

'...The twelfth and thirteenth centuries are generally recognised as a watershed in which the success of newly established continental [Holy Roman] monastic orders forced the vernacular learning of the older monasteries into an increasingly secular milieu, and it looks as if the earlier rigid distinctions between the monastically oriented fili and the humbler secular bard gradually disappeared' (McCone, 1990, 27)...'Only one thing then, natural ability, is required of a bard…To qualify for the status of fili…normally both ability and study are essential, the ideal consisting of having the proper family background in addition to these two qualifications…The essential distinction between filid and baird in UR and other texts was that the filid were scholars whereas the baird were not' (Breatnach, 1987, 98-9). Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth, July 2007
Connolly Woman chapter, death of countless virtuous irish maidens
Cashel Sideways Síle?
Atconnarc ní, ind aircindech Cona brothraig bósaille 'má mnaí miadaigh maiss (Jackson, 1990, 16, ll.485-7). 247 'I saw the erenagh With his cloak of beefy fat Beside his fine, noble wife'
[FIND SOURCE?]HISTORY gives us our measuring-point. By it alone can we calculate the progress of the world, and our own particular corner of it. Some people are apt to think that Ireland has no separate history of her own worth considering. Others find her history confused, sad, or difficult, wanting land-marks and outstanding rulers. …
This curious old story, which seems something more than a mere legend, goes on to say : " Now after the coming of Adamnan, no woman is deprived of her testimony, if it be bound in righteous deeds. For a mother is a venerable treasure, a mother is a goodly treasure, the mother of saints, and bishops, and righteous men, an increase of the [chiefing] of Heaven, a propagation upon earth. Adamnan suffered much hardship for your sakes, O women, so that ever since Adamnan's time one half of the house is yours, and there is also a place for your chair in the other half, so that your contract and your safeguard are free. And the first law made in Heaven and on earth for women is Adamnan's law."
Residential Institution Redress Board for Industrial and Reformatory School survivors, writes Sinead Pembroke. Sinéad Pembroke 22 Márta 2017 thejournal.ie

'A major issue for most survivors was that by the time the redress process was over, they felt retraumatised. An inquiry should seek to limit this trauma; however, this is not possible in its current format because of the legalistic overtures that characterise the process.

First, many were dissatisfied with the way their solicitors dealt with their claims, and felt that the legal system had benefitted financially from their trauma. The Redress Board’s Annual Report (2008) stated that “the average costs and expenses paid to an applicant’s solicitor at the end of 2008 amounted to €10,845 per application, or 16.9% of the award”.

Second, the application procedure, (writing a detailed statement and being assessed by a psychiatrist) resulted in psychological wounds being opened up after years of consignment to the deepest reaches of the mind.

Third, the hearing procedure was interpreted by some as similar to being on trial, where one of the survivors Theresa described that after five and a half hours of questioning and critical examination by the panel of “experts”, she was left exhausted, traumatised and had to make her own way home.

Finally, the waiver form that each person had to sign when an award for compensation was made caused a lot of distress to survivors. While the waiver form can’t stop people who accepted an award for compensation telling their story, this legal threat created a climate of confusion and of fear, and consequently, they felt abused again by the State...'

7. Nature's Requirements

Amergin, invoking the spirit of the land
Mogh's poetics, Iascach,
Bríocht Baile Fharraige Íascach muir, mothach tír, tomaidhm n-éisc, íasc fo thoinn i reathaibh eana casar fionn cétaibh íach leathain míol, portach lag tomaidhm n-éisc, íascach muir.
Or, if you prefer?
Rosc Catha le Mogh Ruith (Mogh Ruith's Battle Cry) Buinn fria bráth Brígh fria dloimh ceannbheach cath. Dígla (díglá) daigh ó bhrígh aird saer ní cheal go bhrígh mbáin. I ndeoin áedh ón tsruth theas dían túar brígh go sruth thuaidh. Slúaigh nár thib. Cinnbhea damh fó gach colg re a ndul amach i ndeoin ard cinnbhea damh fo barr scíath a ghlinn. Brigde go háth Cliath in arbáid sin Cíd na conn, bed fo mblog, for mbia mairg romhuidh. Díl rom chealt. Ceannmahr, Muiche, Buireach, Beant, Or nár comhbhrígh friu (go) beacht, Dóibh bás olc. Fía muinter, cinnbhea damh. Toradh toinn, ní bat gluinn faífait buinn.

Sustainability,
Bitter woe to me are the wounds of the land of Fódla,
Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick ;
The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter
Have their branches lopped off and their roots withered and decayed.
Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Millteoireacht le Mogh Ruithe ar nDaoithe an Ardrí (Mogh Ruith's Attack on the High [chief]'s Druids) Soeim athshoeim muna soeim dluma dirche soeim bríocht, soeim breachta soeim deachta doilbhte, soeim ard, soeim adhbhal soeim gach aidbhertaid, soeim tulach do thulaigh comhdar thubhaidh ar traigh. Traethfat-sa cnoc ceann a ceann comhbean-sa fria a aitheann. Soeim gach at, tráis i bhfíochaí eo, i bhfíochaí sceo. Dánaim dar, dánaim dánaim neimh im' neart Ua Chuinn cur, Colphtha agus Lurga luáth go ndíobhát san áth. Errghi, Eng, augus Engain ná cú ceangair gach. Bíodh crúibleacht ar crúibh, cré omh ann dan lot. Bíodh fiadhlann ar cnoc. Bíodh a ráidh ar áth féim a chomhailfeat frium chlana Eoghain ann. Bíodh dóibh an maith mór, biáidh, flaith ina láimh dá ndiúlat rem chlú ann. Cineadh Fiachach feirt a ndine a n-ólt gan ríghí, gan reacht (ríocht). Cinfeadh ó Mogh Corbh cuaine ráth fria a rí, a righfidis as a reacht a seacht mba sé. Séidim-se Druim nDamh. Séidis gaeis líaigh gom. Séidis gabhál ngall. Séidis neimh úar omh. Ní rob inann sin, séidis bánfiadh bruth ach rob inann súd. Soeis ré sin an sraith im' racht i ndraíocht im' dheach-chath im' dheachath úadh. Leacais comhbhlicht cnocv a soeim
天命, Sky Life

'Indeed, the importance of trees in the lives of the Irish people can be gleaned by observing Brehon Law, Ireland’s native legal system, and the degree to which it protected living trees and discouraged unlawful felling. In essence, native woodlands provided the backdrop to and foundation for the development of Irish civilisation...Nobles of the Wood, Commoners of the Wood, Lower Divisions of the Wood, and Bushes of the Wood. In some cases the penalty for unlawfully felling a chieftain tree could be the same as the penalty for killing a human chief...Due to the need for a sustainable source of tree-products, the penalties for unlawful felling (which included unlawful felling of major limbs), and a respect for the life of nature, living trees were rarely felled, and their wood and other products were gathered at a renewable rate. '
' Living Tree Educational Foundation Website
Land, Sea Air
“It is said that a man named John Judge cut a [Sí] bush in Coolnaha and that all the hair fell off his head. It is said that if anyone cut a [Sí] bush, they would loose the hand which they would cut it with. There is a fort in the townland of Coolnaha. It is said that it is a [Sí] fort. The people call this fort "the castleen", because there is a high fence of stone around it. There was a white cat seen in this fort and it is said that this cat was minding the fort. There were lights seen in this fort, and there was music heard in it.”
As remembered by Catherine Folliard Duchas.ie school's collectionCare
https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4427908/4356818/4451951
Iubhdán from Aidedh Ferghusa meic Léide (the Death of Fergus).

In the poem, Iubhdán, the [chief] of the [Sí], advises the ruler of Ulster, Fergus mac Léide, on the special qualities of trees and which ones can be burned in the household fire.
(Translated from Irish by Standish O’Grady)

The pliant woodbine/honeysuckle if thou burn, wailings for misfortune will abound,
Dire extremity at weapons’ points or drowning in great waves will follow.

Burn not the precious apple tree of spreading and low-sweeping bough;
Tree ever decked in bloom of white, against whose fair head all men put forth the hand.

The surly blackthorn is a wanderer, a wood that the artificer burns not;
Throughout his body, though it be scanty, birds in their flocks warble.

The noble willow burn not, a tree sacred to poems;
Within his blooms bees are a-sucking, all love the little cage.

The graceful tree with the berries, the wizard’s tree, the rowan burn;
But spare the limber tree; burn not the slender hazel.

Dark is the colour of ash; timber that makes the wheels to go;
Rods he furnishes for horsemen’s hands, his form turns battle into flight.

Tenterhook among woods the spiteful briar is, burn him that is so keen and green;
He cuts, he flays the foot, him that would advance he forcibly drags backward.

Fiercest heat-giver of all timber is green oak, from him non may escape unhurt;
By partiality for him the head is set on aching, and by his acrid embers the eye is made sore.

Alder, very battle-witch of all woods, tree that is hottest in the fight–
Undoubtedly burn at thy discretion both the alder and whitethorn.

Holly, burn it green; holly, burn it dry;
Of all trees whatsoever the critically best is holly.

Elder that hath tough bark, tree that in truth hurts sore;
Him that furnishes horses to the armies from the sidh so that he be charred.

The birch as well, if he be laid low, promises abiding fortune;
Burn up most sure and certainly the stakes that bear the constant pods.

Put on the hearth if it so please thee, the russet aspen to come headlong down;
Burn, be it late or early, the tree with the palsied branch.

Patriarch of long-lasting woods is the yew sacred to feasts as it is well known;
Of him now build ye dark-red vats of goodly size. SOURCE UNKNOWN
All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep Saying, "Where will we shelter or shall we sleep?" For the Oak and the Ash, they are all cutten down And the walls of bonny Portmore are all down to the ground.
Genesis, Rainbow, deal with birds
Engangered Species in Ireland biodiversityireland.ie
Crotach, Curlew, Calloo, Courlie, Marsh Hen
The breeding population of Curlew in Ireland has suffered a dramatic decline from about 5,000 breeding pairs in the late 1980s to currently as few as 130 breeding pairs. This is a decline of about 97% over 20 years. They nest in damp, rushy pastures and bogland. The decline has come about because of the loss of these damp rushy pastures as a result of land 'improvement', land abandonment and afforestation, and to nest destruction by predation.'

“The only Messiah still credible after the death camps would be one who wanted to come but could not because humans failed to invite the sacred stranger into existence.” ― Richard Kearney, Anatheism: Returning to God After God

'It is not just human activity that is endangering Irish animal species. Many of our native species are under threat as foreign species introduced offer competition. A study, published in the journal Biological Invasions, found that if the problem persists, many of the native species will die out in at least 80 percent of their habitat. “The introduction of alien mammals to Ireland over the last 100 years has had major detrimental effects, threatening our indigenous habitats and species,” said Ian Montgomery, a researcher who led the study. One of the most heard of endangered species is the red squirrel with its picture gracing Junior and Senior schoolbooks. The red squirrel is currently threatened by human activities and also the presence of the grey squirrel, which Montgomery said “passes a deadly virus to native red squirrels.” Additionally, the grey squirrel has adapted to find the red squirrel’s winter food hoards resulting in starvation of the red squirrel. With rising human populations comes an increase in the numbers of domestic cats and dogs and as a result, an increase in the mortality rate of red squirrels.'

What do we know about Irish endangered animals? by Zoe Fagan thecircular.org, 9 Márta 2015

“The recognition of oneself as a part of nature, and reliance on natural things, are disappearing for hundreds of millions of people who do not know that anything is being lost.” ― Robertson Davies

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890, p. 108 [Bloody] Balfour'S MAIDEN, subs. (Parliamentary).— A nickname given to a kind of covered battering-ram used by the Royal Irish Constabulary in carrying out evictions in Ireland in the years 1888-9. On many estates the tenants made most desperate resistance to all attempts on the part of the landlords to recover possession, upon which the latter appealed for, and obtained the assistance of the authorities. This but served to intensify the struggle, and the tenants, driven to extremities, in some cases resisted all endeavours, even to throwing boiling water over the soldiers and police employed against them. To protect the evictors, and also to render easier the demolition of the cabins of the wretched people, a kind of covered battering-ram was made, whereupon the Home Rule Party sarcastically gave it, amongst other nick-names, that of [Bloody] Balfour'S MAIDEN. The term was first used by Sir Win. Harcourt in a speech at a monster Home Rule meeting, held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. April 10, 1889. An account of the incident runs as follows:- 1889, Daily News, April 15. Resolute government has not been absolutely extinguished. Now at Letterkenny, Mr. [Bloody] Balfour has introduced a new invention, the latest development of resolute government. The Government were questioned on the subject, and they accepted the responsibility for the facts. It stated that in view of the Olpher t estate evictions,therereached there an iron-headed spiked battering-ram to be used in carrying out the evictions. Why, really, gentlemen, when you read of these things they are like the pictures one sees of the Siege of Jerusalem—(loud laughter) — of the implements, which the Latins called tormenta. We are familiar with them in old mediaeval castles. You find instruments called 'The Scavenger's Daughter,' and 'The Maiden,' and other implements of that character. I think this last pattern of ram of Mr.[Bloody] Balfour's might be called 'The Unionist's Daughter'— (loud laughter)— or it might be christened '[Bloody] Balfour'S MAIDEN.'(Cheers and laughter.) But not to deprive the Liberal Unionists of their share we might call it 'Chamberlain's Tenants' Protector.' (Renewed merriment.)

Strangers, Gods and Monsters Richard Kearney

'When it comes to history, there is no quick fix. Not everything in the past can be redeemed. And not everything in the past need remain frozen. But there is, I am persuaded, a middle way that invites us to reinvent modes of narrative remembering so that history, having been suitably problematized and deconstructed, can still hold out the hope (however difficult) of some kind of healing and reconciliation…. [referencing Jewish Holocaust writers]They speak for now deathless witnesses in 'desperate conversation' with those no longer occupying our time and speech—but in conversation nonetheless. They speak in fragmentary voices which defy standard of narrative continuity — but which narrate nonetheless.

They may even speak in the voice of a first person narrator who testifies to disparate voices of the dead exceeding all efforts to identify them — but they testify nonetheless. In short, even where narrative testimony can never measure up to the complexities and alterities of the past, it is important — ethically and poetically — to continue to remember. Or at least to keep on trying. I would go so far as to say that when one is right up against the limits of the immemorial that one most experiences the moral obligation to bear witness to history, echoing the words of Beckett's unnameable narrator: 'I can't go on, I'll go on.' The alternative, as I see it, is the expansion of the postmodern malady of melancholy without reprieve or redress. And that is unacceptable. It is precisely when confronted with the verdict 'la mémoire est morte' that the narrative self owes it to the Other to retort: 'Vive la mémoire!'" '

Ephrem the Syrian eschatology, return to eden, Hellenising, Romanising

'Alarming tippingpoints being reached' [The Irish Times, Unnerved residents may leave Cobh over 'cancer risk' 13 Jul 2016 Ciarán D'Arcy]

Dame Julianna of Norwich's Vision, All shall be wele

Biodiversity Ireland Autmumn/Winter 2015— Pollinators We know bees are declining. One third of our 97 wild species are threatened with extinction in Ireland.

Ciall agus míchiall — dís ná gabhann le chéile.

Ní théann dlí ar riachtanas.

'The Irish have at least 6 different traditional terms for the varieties of naturally occurring bee swarms. The 7th century Bechbretha,an Old Irish law-tract on beekeeping, details these and many other old beekeeping practices. Special laws designed to protect bees and beekeepers were called the 'bech bretha'. A mixture of milk and honey was sometimes drunk; a mixture of lard and honey

was usual as a condiment. Honey was sometimes brought to table pure, and sometimes in the comb. Often at meals each person had placed before him on the table a little dish, sometimes of silver, filled with honey; and each morsel whether of meat, fish, or bread was dipped into it before being [eating]...[reversed order of two quotes]
...The management of bees was universally understood; and every comfortable householder kept hives in his garden. Wild bees, too, swarmed everywhere —much more plentifully than at present, on account of the extent of woodland. Before cane-sugar came into general use—sixteenth century —the bee industry was considered so important that a special section of the Brehon Laws is devoted to it. The Brehon Law tract on "Bee-judgments," of which the printed Irish text occupies over twenty pages dedicated to bees and beekeeping covering swarms, hives and honey production. The text enters into much detail concerning the rights of the various parties concerned, to swarms, hives, nests, and honey...'
https://beeuorganics.wordpress.com/2013/07/31/the-old-irish-bee-laws-an-bechbretha/
Cairbre's Satire as the Origin of Law
First satire meaning first regime change via lampooning
Juris prudential requirements of a state, food on a plate, butter on a dish, a night's habitation [slán abhaile]
The manner in which Cairpre was treated by Bres provides the impetus for the satire: Rucad hi tech mbecc hímach ocus cumaing, dub, dorcha, séic ocus ni:raibe tene na hindlad na dérghud and. Tuccad teora bairgean beca dó, atét tuara for meis bic. At:racht, iarum, arnabarach ocus nírbo buidech 'He was taken into a small outlying house which was narrow, dark, and dim and there was neither fire nor bath nor bed. Three small cakes and they dry, were brought to him on a little dish. On the next day he arose and he was not pleased' (Hull, 1930, 66, trans.68). As a result Cairpre is justified in uttering a satire upon Bres in verse form: Cen cholt for crib cernene; Cín gert ferbu foro-n:assad aithrinde; Cen adhbai fhir ara drúbai dísoirchi; Cin díl daime reisse, (m)ropsen Breisse! Without food speedily on a platter Without a cow's milk whereon a calf thrives, Without a man's habitation after the staying of darkness, Be that the luck of Bres Mac Eladain (Hull, 1930, 67, trans. 69)..Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth
whistleblowing, sounding the alarm
'He was brave;
He was generous;
He was noble-minded;
He was beloved by rich and poor'
THE KEEN OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF IRISH POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC HISTORY, MANNERS, MUSIC, AND SUPERSTITIONS. T. CROFTON CROKER 1798-1854

'In the previous month a mob had pummeled the king's carriage [George III], shouting 'Bread!, Peace!, No Pitt!.'[Pitt-sburgh?] The House of Lords and the House of Commons used this incident as an opportunity to raise the alarm and pass two so-called 'Gagging Bills' which severely limited the freedom of speech.
These circumstances made it precarious to publish political dissent. Although these oppressive laws were passed after O'Keeffe's publication, the work conveys the author's alertness to the danger of political persecution: 'It has been insinuated to me by some of my friends, that the present ministry may be apt to take offense at any publication that tended to enlighten and instruct mankind.'

Despite the potential charges of seditious libel, O'Keeffe claimed authorship of his pamphlet, ' I do not hesitate to put my name on this pamphlet'... Dr J.A. O'Keeffe: Irish Mediator of Kantian Philosophy. Life, Work and Legacy Monika Class Eighteenth-Century Ireland / Iris an dá chultúr Vol. 22 (2007), pp. 206-214
'"The Earl of Thomond of the day, however, though descended from chief Brien, the hero of

Clontarf, enforced martial law in 1572, against the bards by hanging three of them; "for which abominable and treacherous act," say the THE MUNSTER BARDS [titleof essay], " he was satirized and denounced....Dominic de Rosario O'IDaly, Inquisitor-General in Portugal, states that one of his own family was employed by the 16th Earl of Desmond as an envoy for exciting the Anglo-Irish peers to revolt

Kenya's Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o writes in Decolonising the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature:

"This is what this book on the politics of language in African literature has really been about: national, democratic and human liberation The call for rediscovery and the resumption of our language is a call for a regenerative reconnection with the millions of revolutionary tongues in Africa and the world over demanding liberation.

Lia Draíochta le Mogh Ruith

Ailim mo lic laeme Nárobh é thaidhbhsí tháidhe Bíodh breo a bhrisfes báirí re chath chródhe Cláire. Mo chloch thein a thug a thinn. Bíodh nathair dearg a dhobhair mairg cur a bhfillfe a fhoraim. Bíodh muireascann (reascán) mholach fiadh seacht gconga dée ró-dhaimh idir thonnaibh tré-oll Bíodh badhbh idir bhadhuibh a scéaras corp re hanmuin. Bíodh nathair nóis-naidmuibh um corp Colptha ollmhór ó dtalamin go a cheann, anbhoig sleamhan a bhirrcheann an rot ruibheach a reaghtainn. Bíodh drais gharbh imtéinn (im'thein) mairg a ticfa a thimpeall. Mo dhraic thairbeach (dhraictháir beach) teann, canfait uais is uagtair, mairg co a shín fae shurdghail do Cholptha agus do Lurga a laifider f'aill. An trascradh nosthrascainn. Is fastad nosfhastainn. Is nascadh nosnascainn. Mar bhís féithe im'chrann. Coiscfider a bhfoghaill, meathfaider a monair, beith a gcoirp fa chonnuibh. Ar ath olair air (a rath olair air/ara tholair air) go mbearrbhais leo leinibh gan troit is gan deabhaidh a gcoscair re a gceannuibh. Cé maith eadh budh áil, áilim.

'the first place in the files of Munster's army for my successor who shall have in perpetuity the rank of a provincial[cúige, 6/5] [chief]…; that the [Chief] of Munster should choose his counsellor from among my descendants;… that I am given the territory of my choice in Munster.' ...among other terms...

6 http://www.shee-eire.com/Magic&Mythology/Myths/Heroes&Heroines/Siege-Knocklong1/siege.htm

In The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries by W.Y. Evans-Wentz, lists a number of Irish Otherworlds — some well known and others obscure: "In Irish manuscripts, the Otherworld beyond the Ocean bears many names. It's Tir-na-nog, 'The Land of Youth'; Tir-Innambeo, 'The Land of the Living'; Tir Tairnigire, 'The Land of Promise'; Tir N-aill, 'The Other Land (or World)'; Mag Mar, 'The Great Plain'; and also Mag Mell, 'The Plain Agreeable (or Happy).'" (pg 334) Avalon and the Celtic Otherworld August 21, 2011 by Thistle in Avalon © 2011 PJ Graham partingthemists.com https://partingthemists.com/2011/08/21/avalon-and-the-celtic-otherworld/

ON THE DEATH OF O'CALLAGHAN. [Read the Irish here] WHO DIED AT THRESHERSTOWN ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1724. Aoghán Ó Rathaille

A wounding, venomous dart through the brain of Fodla, A dart of the plague through her inmost breast ; An evil without a cure, and the kindling of sorrow Throughout five provinces — dismal is the news. The flower of Momonians stretched in decay ! The darling of Banba, the friend of the strollers ! Their only hope, their love, their confidence, Their hound in combat against an enemy who had been extolled !

...

When Domhnall, this tribal chief, was born, Mars gave the child a battle-spear. Heaven, and earth, and clouds were peaceful, The air, the stars, the sky, and the ocean. The Sun gave him wisdom without limit, Nobility of mind, spending, and getting, Faultless heroism to the purest of pearls, Understanding and intellect, memory and vivacity. Mercury gave him a becoming secret, Princely jewels, abundantly, without number, Strength, and generosity, and purity, and dignity, Valour as his mate, and the heroism of a lion.

ON THE DEATH OF O'CALLAGHAN. [Read the Irish here] WHO DIED AT THRESHERSTOWN ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1724. Aoghán Ó Rathaille

The Appeal to the Wive's of Breisse
Your story is our story
'Sliabh Luachra translates roughly as "a mountain of rushes", but is really a rolling plateau with its seven glens 'seacht ngleann Shliabh Luachra' and various peaks.
Perhaps it was sliding down the sides of the hills which gave Sliabh Luachra music its heavy leaning towards slides and polkas as the mainstay of its musical style.

Like the people who inhabit the region, it is music without fuss or ambiguity, full of energy, directness and a charm that always hints at peat fires, glasses of porter and whisky and a set danced around the floor of a space much too small for dancing.

Maurice O'Keeffe. ...[G]oing at the age of 96 (this being 2015), and with the musical energy of a man a quarter of his age, Maurice has received many honours for his unselfish contribution to irish traditional music in general, and Sliabh Luachra in particular ...[H]e,[The Late Great Maurice O'Keeffe] has never gone down the road of commercial recording himself. Instead he has opted to adopt the traditional stance of the masters of old - passing down his tunes to those who come by his house to play [music] with him, or who accompany him to the village for a session in one of the pubs there.

He has spent many an hour in his "studio" - his small kitchen. Here, he has recorded cassette tapes on his domestic tape player. They have been sent all over the world for no other reward than the joy of the music and the knowledge that he is passing it on to the generations who must carry it along when he is gone. '
The Late Great Maurice O'Keeffe okeeffeclans.com '
our women feel the same way about that

how can you let that happen
Seanfhocla Uladh by Énrí Ó Muirgheasa published in 1907: "You were grand for milk when your cow was dry. Before the establishment of creameries in rural districts it was not usual to sell milk, but if any of the neighbour's cows were dry all the other neighbours gratuitously sent them milk, so much so indeed that many poor families never had such an abundant supply of milk as when their own cows were dry. A person who " was not good about milk " was held in contempt. Selling milk was looked upon as a rather mean kind of traffic. One man in Farney, who used to send his daughter in to sell milk in the town, used to explain apologetically that " Indeed it wasn't for the sake of the money, but to make the goirgeach [unpleasantness] bright."

from 'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas
...Keening, a form of ritualized lament practised in Irish speaking communities, has evoked both fascination and disdain from individuals outside those communities since the twelfth century (Lysaght, 1997), and drew the wrath of the Catholic Church from at least the seventeenth (Ó Súilleabháin, 1967: 138-43). In popular usage outside of the communities in which it was practised, 'keening' has tended to be synonymous with loud, mournful wailing. Although this was certainly part of the practice, the plaintive, drone-like chant of mourners took place at the end of a verse of 'partly extempore, partly prepared' poetry, usually delivered by the primary keening woman; as Breandán Ó Madagáin notes, the terms for the cry (gol or gáir) and the verses of the keen itself have tended to be interchangeable (312-13). Lending to the confusion about what actually constitutes a keen is the fact that the keen is not the only form of lament poetry in Irish. According to Ó Madagáin, the vocal music of lament in Irish takes four forms: the keen (caoineadh), the learned bardic elegy (marbhna) in syllabic metres, the later marbhna in stressed metre (a revival of the classic marbhna form), and the death song in remembrance of some 'dramatic tragedy' (311) ...

...The paying of keening women seems to have struck many observers, from at least the seventeenth century on, as inappropriate, and the grief thereby expressed as inauthentic (Bourke, 1988: 11); even Ó Madagáin 38 refers in passing to professionalism as a form of 'abuse' (312). The context of Ó Madagáin's comments sheds some light on this discomfort: he suggests that the 'keen could be a genuine instrument for the heightened expression of personal emotion (312). His comments, like those by outsiders who condemned the practice, imply a split between emotion and reason, between the intimacy of the expression of affect and the economic considerations of the professional mourner. Since the clergy did not seem to apply such criticisms to themselves, the discomfort seems particularly aimed at rural Irish women who, as both female and uncorrupted by civilization (or, in less flattering light, simply savage), were thought to represent direct access to authentic emotion. As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' (Ó Súilleabháin, 139) to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard (143)...

Cutting thru bullshit [Fragartach sword of lu]
from Old World Colony Cork and South Munster 1630–1830 David Dickson dag-bert brave deed The University of Wisconsin Press History of Ireland and the Irish Diaspora James S. Donnelly, Jr., and Thomas Archdeacon, Series Editors "Unique in Irish historiography, this is indeed a masterpiece." —Cormac Ó Gráda, University College, Dublin This is a groundbreaking study of Cork's rise from insignificance to international importance as a city and port, and of South Munster's development from agricultural hinterland to one of early modern Ireland's wealthiest regions and a symbol of a new commercial order [from website]. PREFACE
“...The long debate as to whether it is appropriate to categorise the national polity that emerged in Ireland by 1700 as quintessentially colonial or as more akin to anciens régimes elsewhere in western Europe raises issues that will not be resolved by a regional study. But by any definition the victors in the struggle for control in south Munster were a colonial group were insofar as the region (like the province of Ulster) experienced heavy, varied and sustained immigration, particularly but not exclusively from England, over a period of seventy years. Economic power in the region (in terms of ownership and land and control of wholesale trade) passed largely into the hands of these migrant families and their descendants, and this group unquestionably constituted a selfdefined community with demonstratively colonial characteristics. Furthermore the indigenous populations (whether of Norman or Irish cultural extraction) were profoundly affected by their colonists of their midst and by a sequence of political disasters in which they were progressively disempowered; their 'witch-doctors' and wise [people] saw the reversal in terms very similar to colonized peoples at other times and places. But the history of the region was never one of bleak dichotomy. Every element in the region played a part in it's evolution and all were changed utterly by the persistent presence of the others. The necessary ambiguity of the term 'colony' - at times inclusive- reflects both the complexity and instability of social change in this most singular region...”
Hazell's Annual Encyclopaedia, 1887 E. D. PRICE, F.G.S., ASSISTED BY A LARGE NUMBER OF CONTRIBUTORS, INCLUDING SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT SPECIALISTS OF THE DAY. REVISED TO FEBRUARY 7th, HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, LONDON, 1887, pp 344-349. In 1626 Ireland exported 440 tons of iron, 557 tons of lumber, 400,000 barrel staves and 25,000 pipe staves. The country was not yet cleared of its woods, and the exports of lumber continued for forty years longer. Agricultural produce and fish were also exported,and some coarse manufactures flourished. This prosperity [for the occupier in the form of extraction of our sacred Clíodhna] was checked by the civil wars, but revived at the Restoration, and in 1665 the export trade amounted to ,£358,077, of which England took about half. Of this £309,000 was for agricultural produce, including some wollen goods; linen (yarn and cloth) appears for the first time,

and figures for ,£18,000. "Manufactured iron" stood at ,£1,116. Imports the same year amounted to £336,000. By 1681 exports had risen to .£583,000, and imports to, £433,000. The wars of the Revolution utterly paralysed Irish trade, and it was not till 1697 that these figures were again reached. But the next year, after the peace of Ryswiek, exports rose to close on, £1,000,000, and imports to £576,000. Then began the policy of restrictions on Irish trade, and for a time the figures were kept down, but by 1715 had risen to £1,250,000 exports, and £882,000 imports. Varying from time to time from political causes, but rising on the whole, in 1772 the imports and exports stood respectively at £2,415,000 and £3,302,000. During the ten years that England was weakened and embarrassed by the American War, Ireland recovered her freedom of trade. By a series of statutes, tobacco was allowed to be grown and imported in Britain ; bounties were given on the importation of hemp ; woollens and glass were allowed to be imported from Ireland ; and free trade with America, the West Indies and Africa, was conceded ; the Turkey trade was opened to Ireland, and the exportation of gold and silver to that country was permitted

New play whitewashes pedophile slaveowner Thomas Jefferson’s rape of Sally Hemings By The Race Card 24 Deireadh Fómhair 2017, afropunk.com

I don’t know why we keep having to go through this. Actually, I do. Black girls aren’t seen as human, and therefore they aren’t seen as r**e-able, which means that their rapists have never actually done anything wrong, and in some cases they should even be celebrated. This is particularly the case with America’s most beloved founding father, Thomas Jefferson, and his rape of the underage slave, Sally Hemmings. In addition to this reality rarely, if ever, causing a blight on his legacy, the relationship between the two is now being commemorated in a new play …

...The Coalition of Black Women in Theater have a different story. “Throughout both the developmental workshops of Thomas and Sally and auditions for the production, MTC disregarded the concerns of multiple black women actors regarding the play’s hyper-sexualization of black girls and women and its reframing of the coercive master/slave relationship between Sally Hemings and Thomas Jefferson as a ‘love affair,'” The coalition wrote in a statement. “Several of these actors ultimately declined roles due to not only their initial concerns over the script but also due to the dismissive response both by the theater and Mr. Bradshaw.”

from On Bullshit (essay), Harry Frankfurt, Princeton University

In the old days, craftsmen did not cut corners. They worked carefully, and they took care with every aspect of their work. Every part of the product was considered, and each was designed and made to be exactly as it should be. These craftsmen did not relax their thoughtful self-discipline even with respect to features of their work which would ordinarily not be visible. Although no one would notice if those features were not quite right, the craftsmen would be bothered by their consciences. So nothing was swept under the rug. Or, one might perhaps also say, there was no bullshit....

...Since bullshit need not be false, it differs from lies in its misrepresentational intent. The bullshitter may not deceive us, or even intend to do so, either about the facts or about what he takes the facts to be. What he does necessarily attempt to deceive us about is his enterprise. His only indispensably distinctive characteristic is that in a certain way he misrepresents what he is up to.

The awakening amongst women of a realisation of the fact that modern society was founded upon force and injustice, that the highest honours of society have no relation to the merits of the recipients, and that acute human sympathies were rather hindrances than helps in the world, was a phenomenon due to the spread of industrialism and to the merciless struggle for existence which it imposes. James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter 6, First published 1915, checked against the edition published by New Books, Dublin 1972. Transcribed and marked up by Einde O’Callaghan for the Marxists’ Internet Archiv

NUALA O'DONNELL. "THE WOMAN OF THEPIERCING WAIL." " O ! Woman of the Piercing Wail, Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay With sigh and groan, Would God thou wert among the Gael ! Thou would'st not then from day to day Weep thus alone." These are the opening lines of James ClarenceMangan's well known translation of the Lament of thePrinces of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. It was written by theBard of the O'Donnells, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird(Ward). "The Woman of the Piercing Wail" wasNuala O'Donnell.

The Last Word with Lawrence O’Donnell, MSNBC, 8/25/2016 Re-Write: The Protests at Standing Rock Dakota means friend, friendly. The people who gave that name to the Dakota`s have sadly never been treated as friends. The people[s] whose language[s] [were] used to name the Dakota`s and Minnesota and Iowa and Oklahoma, Ohio, Connecticut, Massachusetts and other states, the Native American tribes. The people who were here before us long before us have never been treated as friends. They have been treated as enemies and dealt with – with more harshly than any other enemy in any of this country`s wars. After all of our major wars, we signed peace treaties and lived by those treaties. After World War II when we made peace with Germany, we then did everything we possibly could to rebuild Germany. No Native American tribe has ever been treated, as well, as we treated Germans after World War II. ...The original sin of this country is that we invaders shot and murdered our way across the land killing every Native American we could and making treaties with the rest. This country was founded on genocide before the word genocide was invented, before there was a war crimes tribunal in The Hague. When we finally stopped actively killing Native Americans for the crime of living here before us, we then preceded to violate every treaty we made with the tribes, every single treaty. We piled crime on top of crime on top of crime against the people whose offense against us was simply that they lived where we wanted to live.

United Nations Declaration of the Rights of Indigenous Peoples "United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples The General Assembly, Guided by the purposes and principles of the Charter of the United Nations, and good faith in the fulfillment of the obligations assumed by States in accordance with the Charter, Affirming that indigenous peoples are equal to all other peoples, while recognizing the right of all peoples to be different, to consider themselves different, and to be respected as such," …

James Connolly, The Re-Conquest of Ireland, Chapter VI, Bean

In our chapter dealing with the industrial conditions of Belfast, it was noted that the extremely high rate of sickness in the textile industry, the prevalence of tuberculosis and cognate diseases, affected principally the female workers, as does also the prevalence of a comparative illiteracy amongst the lower-paid grades of Labour in that city. The recent dispute in Dublin also brought out in a very striking manner the terrible nature of the conditions under which women and girls labour in the capital city, the shocking insanitary conditions of the workshops, the grinding tyranny of those in charge, and the alarmingly low vitality which resulted from the inability to procure proper food and clothes with the meagre wages paid. Consideration of such facts inevitably leads to reflection on the whole position of women in modern Ireland, and their probable attitude towards any such change as that we are forecasting... ...Upon woman, as the weaker physical vessel [sic], and as the most untrained recruit[in the sense of educational opportunity I imagine], that struggle was inevitably the most cruel; it is a matter for deep thankfulness that the more intellectual women broke out into revolt against the anomaly of being compelled to bear all the worst burdens of the struggle, and yet be denied even the few political rights enjoyed by the male portion of their fellow-sufferers...

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREENTREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

MACHA. THE BUILDER. ONE of the first land-marks of Irish history, and the first date upon which much reliance may be placed, is the building of the Palace of Emhain Macha " the height of Macha ' ' now known as Navan Fort, two miles from Armagh. As the founding of Rome is the starting-point of Roman history, so Irish history begins with the founding of Emhain. The date is given as about 330 years before Christ. Alexander the Great was then conquering Asia, Aristotle, the philosopher, and Demosthenes, the orator, were writing and speaking in Greece. The building of Emhain Macha was the work of a woman Queen

“I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country...to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black one would not see it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours.” — Cambridge historian and Anglican priest Charles Kingsley, letter to his wife from Ireland, 1860, friend of Darwin

“You’ve got to learn to leave the table When love’s no longer being served.” — Nina Simone, Songwriters: Charles Aznavour English Lyric / Marcel Stellman

Revealed: Jimmy Savile's close friendship with Margaret Thatcher Civil servants redact secret Downing Street file following sexual-assault revelations Cahal Milmo, Friday 28 December 2012, Independent

Correspondence showing the depth of the friendship between Sir Jimmy Savile and former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is unveiled today in a secret Downing Street file that has been heavily redacted by civil servants following revelations about sexual abuse by the late entertainer.

“Behaviour that's admired is the path to power among people everywhere.” — Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

MEAVE. THE RULER. The story of Meave, Queen of Connacht, is found in the most famous epic of Irish history the Tain BoCuailgne (The Cattle Raid of Cooley). This old heroic tale is to Irish history what the epic of the fifty Argonauts, who sailed with Jason to bring back the Golden Fleece, is to Greek history. It is one of the wonderful stories of the world. The old transcripts, copied about the twelfth century from still older versions, have recently been translated into German, and into English, and have been carefully studied and explained. Queen Meave ruled about three hundred years later than Queen Macha. She lived about the time that Cleopatra ruled in Egypt, and before the Romans discovered Britain.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREENTREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

The commodities which Ireland exports, as far as her present trade will permit, are hides, tallow, butter, cheese, honey, wax, hemp, metals, and fish : wool and glasswere, till December 23, 1779, prohibited; but her linen trade is of late grown of very great consequence. England, in the whole, is thought to gain yearly by Ireland upwards of 1,400,000l. and in many other respects she must be of very great advantage to that...kingdom. Formerly, indeed, she was rather a burden to her elder sister than any benefit; but the times are changed now, and improve every day. We may form some idea of what the trade of Ireland must have been in former times...No country in the world seems better situated for a maritime power than Ireland, where the ports are convenient to every nation in Europe, and the havens safe and commodious. The great plenty of timber, the superior excellence of the oak, and the acknowledged skill of her ancient artizans in wood-work, are circumstances clearly in her favour. Formerly, that the Irish exported large quantities of timber, is manifest from the churches of Gloucester, Westminster Monastery and Palaces, &c. being covered with Irish oak. The government of the kingdom is in the hands of a Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant, who lives in very great splendor....

The Westminster Magazine or The Pantheon of Taste: Containing a View of the History, Politics, Literature, Manners, Gallantry, Fashions of the year 1780 vol. viii, p 142 For the 'WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE. SKETCH of the CLIMATE, TRADE, and PRESENT STATE of IRELAND.

'Ground Rules for Cures

A number of stipulations accompany the cure. The curer often must not ask for or acknowledge the receipt of a gift as payment for the service. They may accept the gift only if it is not acknowledged. It is to protect against fake healers who are in it for profit. Usually the healed person too is forewarned by others who have recommended the healer, that he/she must not offer recompense nor indeed even say ‘thank you’. Cures or the power of healing are said to be possessed by the seventh son of a seventh son: others believe too, by a seventh son; a seventh daughter or the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. The power once owned can disappear if for example a cure for human complaints is used to cure an animal. Some Holy Wells became useless and abandoned after horses, for example, were brought to drink and be mended there. Others may have the ‘cure’ of specific complaints... If a charm is used there is usually a requirement for its repeated use three times to be effective. '

http://www.newryjournal.co.uk/2004/10/29/ground-rules-for-cures/

Imcallam in da Thurad, The Colloquy of the Two Sages, from the Book of Leinster, and translated by Whitley Stokes. So this was written down sometime before the Norman Invasion: SAID

FERCHERTNE 19. A question, O instructing lad, whence hast thou come? NÉDE ANSWERED 20. [Ní hansa] Not hard.. From the heel of a sage, 21. from a confluence of wisdom, 22. from perfections of goodness, 23. from brightness of sunrise, 24. from the hazels of poetic art, 25. from circuits of splendour, 26. out of which they measure truth according to excellences, 27. in which righteousness is taught, 28. in which falsehood sets, 29. in which colours are seen, 30. in which poems are freshened...http://www.maryjones.us/ctexts/colloquy.html
English Philosopher THomas Hobbes Leviathan 1651
'If in this case, at the making of Peace, men require for themselves, that which they would not have to be granted to others, they do contrary to the precedent law, that commandeth the acknowledgement of naturall equalitie, and therefore also against the law of Nature. The observers of this law, are those we call Modest, and the breakers Arrogant Men. The Greeks call the violation of this law PLEONEXIA, that is, a desire of more than their share. '
Homily 81 St. Isaac of Syria, Sebastian Brock trans.
'What is a merciful heart? It is a heart on fire for the whole of creation, for humanity, for the birds, for the animals, [even] for demons, and for all that exists ... such a person offers up tearful prayer continually even for irrational beasts, for the enemies of the truth, and for those who harm them, that they be protected and receive mercy… because of the great compassion that burns without measure in a heart that is in the likeness of God. '
St. James Connolly “The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family. Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens.”
The [Sí] Forts of Doneraile

In the townland of Carrigeen about three miles from Doneraile there is a [Sí] fort. It is known as "the Liss" and is said to have been built by the [Sí]. It is circular in shape and is surrounded by a wall of stone and, earth, inside which grow tiny little thorn bushes and furze. In the centre there is a round hole, but it is now almost hidden from view by briars and long grass.

No one has ever dared to explore this liss or to plough or plant it. It is said however that a cow who once broke into the liss lost her milk and by the owner had to sell her. The milk was supposed to have been taken by the [Sí].

There is another old liss or fort in the townland of Knockanaar, about four miles from Doneraile. This is also circular in shape but is surrounded by tall fir trees. It is raised in the centre and it is thickly covered with bushes and furze. There is no entrance hole to this liss.

It is said that once a man cut a bush out of this fort to put in a fence. He was warned by his neighbours not to cut it but he insisted on doing so. That night whilst sitting at the fire, he heard a soft tap on the door. He opened it, but to his surprise he saw no one, so he returned to the fire again. But no sooner was he seated, than he heard the same soft tap again. He went out but again he saw no one, so he decided to stay outside for a while. Then he heard a low sad wail which seemed to come from hundreds of tiny voices. He looked about but there was no one to be seen. Then he understood. It was the [Sí] come for the bush.

Next morning he went and replaced the bush in the fort. Never since has he been troubled by the [Sí] nor indeed has he troubled them. He learnt a lesson and one which will never need to be taught again.
Canon Sheehan of Doneraile : the story of an Irish parish priest as told chiefly by himself in books, personal memoirs and letters by Herman Joseph Heuser, 1917

He writes: ...We have trodden on historic, or semi-historic ground. We have passed by the two Danish moats under the old frontier keep of Shinagh, near Waterdyke; have skirted Ballinamone, the ancient seat of the Nagles, one of whom, Elizabeth Nagle, married Spenser, the poet.... In this house, too, lived George Bond Lowe, who was fired at eighty years ago, whence originated the famous "Doneraile Conspiracy Trial," in the evolutions of which O Connell [The Liberator?] won his brightest laurels.

Who has not heard of his journey by coach from Cahirciveen, his relays by the way, his appearance in Cork courthouse to the utter dismay of the Solicitor-General, his breakfast on the dry loaf of bread, interrupted between every bite by his exclamation:
" That's not law, sir!" the saving of the poor victims from the gallows by his marvellous eloquence; their transportation ah, yes! it all comes back, for here are their grandchildren in my parish to-day.

Royal Poets Without Falsehood
bloodline nature and nurture

Motherfoclóir: The Irish they didn’t teach you in school @theIrishFor, Darach Ó Séaghdha shares his favourite words The Irish Times 17 Meán Fómhair 2017

Bardamhail An old one from Bishop O’Brien’s 1768 dictionary, this adjective describes someone “addicted to satires or lampoons”. While bards who composed satires were held in high regard in Ireland, Brehon Law set parameters for the kinds of satire that crossed the line and required compensation. Coining a nickname which stuck was deemed grounds for paying the victim’s honour price (libel was priced in accordance to your social standing in those days).

Holding the standards [brataige sp][Claíomh Soluis]
scholars [Pangur Bán]

In the south-west of Ireland during 1821-1824 there arose a movement, whose leader was a mysterious 'Captain Rock'. The Rockites caused a serious insurrection in January, 1822, in Limerick, Kerry, Cork and Tipperary. It was so determined that five extra regular regiments had to be sent from England to reinforce the local garrisons. An Insurrection Act, with curfew at night and trial without jury, was proclaimed in the south-west counties and 1,500 Munster men were immediately arrested, more than 200 transported to the Penal Colonies and 36 executed in February, 1822, alone. But raids and ambushes continued. Who were 'Captain Rock' and the Rockites and what did they want to achieve? The movement started, like other Irish agrarian movements, initially as a reaction against the great English and Anglo-Irish feudal landlords and their absolute power in Ireland. In 1776, the English traveller Arthur Young, had observed: "A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order, which a servant, labourer or cotter dare refuse to execute. Nothing satisfied him but an unlimited submission. Disrespect or anything tending towards sauciness he may punish with his cane or his horse-whip with the most perfect security; a poor man would have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence… Landlords of consequence have assured me, that many of their cotters would think themselves honoured by having their wives or daughters sent for to the bed of their master; a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live.

Between 1728 and 1845 the colonial landlord system in Ireland had produced twenty-eight artificial famines in which millions of Irish men, women and children had suffered death while their landlords sent off rich harvests and herds to the English markets...1 "
Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion Peter Berresford Ellis

Hazell's Annual Encyclopaedia, 1887 E. D. PRICE, F.G.S., ASSISTED BY A LARGE NUMBER OF CONTRIBUTORS, INCLUDING SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT SPECIALISTS OF THE DAY. REVISED TO FEBRUARY 7th, HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, LONDON, 1887, pp 344-349.
..they do not [approach] the real grievance that has been at the bottom of Irish discontent and has given strength to every anti-English agitation.

No doubt that grievance was in the first instance the evil of absentee landlords (q.v.)—often men who neither by birth nor sympathies were Irish, but who drew from the Irish tenants the means of enjoying in England the comforts and civilisation which they must have missed had they done their duty by their estates.

If they had contented themselves with their rents less harm might have been done ; but they encumbered their property with mortgages, while the agents they employed farmed their rents for a lump sum, and served their own profit out of the unlucky occupier.

Doubtless the Union, by centralising the Government in England, aggravated the evil which perpetual disturbances had encouraged ; but during the Continental Wars the high prices of produce kept the Irish farmer alive though rents were going up.

The battle of Waterloo and the Peace brought a sudden collapse, and soon we begin to hear of starvation, default, evictions and out rages. The "Thrashers" of 1806 developed into the Whiteboys or Rockites of 1820, or took the more constitutional form of the Catholic Association, to be duly suppressed by Peel's Police and Peace Preservation Acts.

Catholic emancipation (1829) removed a stigma, but brought no food to hungry people ; and soon the weary round of suffering, outrage, and repression was repeated. At length the [occupying] Government set to work to grapple with the real evil, and the Devon Commission was issued in 1844, and ......came the [Greater Potato Genocide] ...during which time by death and emigration the Irish population was diminished..

John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578, The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.
David Edwards,'Beyond reform:martial law and the Tudor reconquest of Ireland'in HistoryIreland,v,no.2 (1997),pp16- 22.
'...[T]he colony was now to serve a reforming or exemplary function whereby the native population were to be introduced to the benefits of English 'civility.' The hope was to draw Gaelic Irish to 'civility' by allowing them to participate in a 'model' English colony.
To guarantee this societal transformation, all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system or to maintain Gaelic military men…
...the majority of the English grantees were in fact the very soldiers who had been serving in the area, and who had already acquired a reputation for brutality and greed amongst the native population. This brutality and greed was officially sanctioned...
Commissions of martial law 'legally' entitled the bearer to a third of the moveable goods and possessions of the dead 'traitors.' According to David Edwards, "this acted as an incentive to slaughter: the more 'suspected traitors' the commissioners killed, the more traitors' goods they and their followers received... '

“The United States imprisons a larger percentage of its black population than South Africa did at the height of apartheid. In Washington, D.C., our nation’s capitol, it is estimated that three out of four

young black men (and nearly all those in the poorest neighborhoods) can expect to serve time in prison.” ― Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow
IRELAND FOR ALL MENS FREEDOM. " Bride of the Sea ! may the world know your laughter As well as it knows your tears ! As your past was for Freedom, so be your hereafter : And through all your coming years May no weak race be wronged, and no strong robber feared ; To oppressors grow hateful, to slaves more endeared ; Till the world comes to know that the test of a cause Is the hatred of tyrants, and Erin's applause JB, GOT YOUR 6, O'REILLY WATCHWORDS
Kenya's Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o writes in Decolonising the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature: "This is what this book on the politics of language in African literature has really been about: national, democratic and human liberation. The call for rediscovery and the resumption of our language is a call for a regenerative reconnection with the millions of revolutionary tongues in Africa and the world over demanding liberation. It is a call for the rediscovery of the real language of humankind: the language of struggle. It is the universal language underlying all speech and words of our history. Struggle. Struggle makes history. Struggle makes us. In struggle is our history, our language and our being. That struggle begins wherever we are; in whatever we do... '
… myth not math is mother tongue. —John Moriarty, Nostos
“My first memory is of light -- the brightness of light -- light all around.” ― Georgia O'Keeffe
Am I a human It's very good Maybe I am It's very nice The feelings in me And the fire Keeps me warm —Sinéad O’Connor/Jake Reynolds (her son)
“Never forget this moment, the hum of the bee, the saffron threads of the flower, the drawn blinds, nature’s assiduousness and human cruelty.” ― Edna O'Brien, The Light of Evening
. Blood of the people ! changeless tide, through century, creed and race ! Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempered by sun and place ; The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered seas ; Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies ; Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul — Mere surface shadow and sunshine ; while the sounding unifies all ! One love, one hope, one duty theirs ! no matter the time or ken, There never was separate heart-beat in all the [families] of [humans] ! JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS
“Like Jim Crow (and slavery), mass incarceration operates as a tightly networked system of laws, policies, customs, and institutions that operate collectively to ensure the subordinate status of a group defined largely by race.” ― Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness

“We could choose to be a nation that extends care, compassion, and concern to those who are locked up and locked out or headed for prison before they are old enough to vote. We could seek for them the same opportunities we seek for our own children; we could treat them like one of “us.” We could do that. Or we can choose to be a nation that shames and blames its most vulnerable, affixes badges of dishonor upon them at young ages, and then relegates them to a permanent second-class status for life. That is the path we have chosen, and it leads to a familiar place.”― Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow
Fannie LeFlore “The fact that racism still exists suggests that enough people benefit from it, despite the pain and suffering it causes to blacks and other people of color. White privilege gives incentives to collude in maintaining a system that gives unfair advantages.” Fannie LeFlore, The Sociopathic Roots of Racism: Why History Repeats Itself, Huffington Post, 16 Oct 2016, http://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/the-sociopathic-roots-of-racism-why-historyrepeats_us_57fe9e5de4b0f42ad3d25996
Katherine Simms’ The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland “[T]here was a practical purpose for lawyers in acquiring an encyclopedic knowledge of [Gaelic] mythology. [Gaelic] judges were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decisionIt is important to realise that Irish medieval scholars considered their own language and traditions to have [at least] an equal ... status with those of ancient Greece and Rome.. '
“It is through hearing stories about wicked stepmothers, lost children, good but misguided [chiefs], wolves that suckle twin boys, youngest sons who receive no inheritance but must make their own

way in the world, and eldest sons who waste their inheritance on riotous living and go into exile to live with the swine, that children learn or mislearn both what a child and what a parent is, what the cast of characters may be in the drama into which they have been born and what the ways of the world are."— Alasdair MacIntyre, After Virtue: A Study in Moral Theory

As the folktale sees I see. As the folktale lives I live. And the path to my door, that too is folktale. Coming here you either undergo what people undergo in a folktale or you'll never lift my latch. Little wonder I so rarely hear my latch being lifted. Little wonder I so rarely hear my latch being lifted. Little wonder I so rarely hear my latch being lifted. — John Moriarty Invoking Ireland

"If it is indeed the business of imagination to make politics distrust itself - reminding it that its principles are not literal facts but constructs of imagination - it is also its business to encourage politics to remake itself by remaking its images of the good life." — Richard Kearney, Poetics of Imagining: Modern and Post-Modern

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaigni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.

The Sons of Japeth in Genesis
they lived side by side
retained their own languages
Elegy for O'Callaghan and the genealogy, james joyce ulysses references
Celts?

'The taking of land was the most prominent means of subduing Native populations. The English believed in ownership of land while Native Peoples belief relied on relationship with and responsibility for the land. ...Church and State were fully intertwined with laws based on religious edicts. Native Peoples could not hope for fair representation in any court system unless they converted to Christianity and had English friends to vouch for their godliness.'

Nipmuc Nation Elders Council, Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at Great Falls, A Narrative compiled and presented By the Chaubunagungamaug Nipmuck Historic Preservation Office and Associates for the Battle of Great Falls/ Wissatinnewag-Peskeompskut Pre-Inventory Research and Documentation Project, October 2015, David Tall Pine White, Cheryll Toney Holley

Kevin O'Keeffe, Copied from Irish Family Histories, Ida Grehan, Roberts Rhinhart Publisher, 1993

Eugene O Keeffe (1827 - 1939) from Bandon, County Cork, emigrated with his parents to Canada in 1832. At first he worked as a bookkeeper in the Toronto Savings Bank. He left to go into business on his own and, by 1861, had founded the Victoria Brewery, later to become the O.K. Brewery Company Ltd. In 1904 he was elected president of the Home Bank and, in acknowledgement of his many charitable works, he was appointed as private chamberlain to the Pope

John Patrick Prendergast (1808–1893) describing one of the Penal Laws effects on the native tribes of Ireland from his book Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660- 1690.

"By another Statute their landed property was made to moulder away in their hands by the gavelling clause, dividing the lands of an Irish father equally among his sons, notwithstanding any will he might make. And by subsequent Statutes eldest sons were induced to become Protestants, as they thereby secured the family estate to their own use at their father's death...

The effect of the cultural bomb is to annihilate a people's belief in their names, in their languages, in their environment, in their heritage of struggle, in their unity, in their capacities and ultimately in themselves. It makes them see their past as one wasteland of non-achievement and it makes them want to distance themselves from that wasteland. It makes them want to identify with that which is furthest removed from themselves; for instance, with other peoples' languages rather than their own. It makes them identify with that which is decadent and reactionary, all those forces that would stop their own springs of life. It even plants serious doubts about the moral righteousness of struggle. Possibilities of triumph or victory are seen as remote, ridiculous dreams. The intended results are despair, despondency and a collective death-wish. — Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Decolonising the Mind

Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o - Decolonising The Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature

'You go to white movies and, like everybody else, you fall in love with Joan Crawford, and you root for the Good Guys who are killing off the Indians. It comes as a great psychological collision when you realize all of these things are metaphors for your oppression, and will lead into a kind of psychological warfare in which you may perish."
Conversations with James Baldwin, Fred R. Standley (Editor) and Louis H. Pratt (Editor), University Press of Mississippi, 1989, p. 5
"Stand in your power. Own your space. Never apologize for who you are or what you know." — Michelle Manu
slave of the slave Connolly
"The values we care about the deepest, and the movements within society that support those values, command our love. When those things that we care about so deeply become endangered, we become enraged. And what a healthy thing that is! Without it, we would never stand up and speak out for what we believe." — Fred McFeely Rogers
Male Transmitters of Women's Testimony
ó Crualaíoch,
RTÉ Archives Saint Brigid's Day Customs and Traditions1965 In a custom similar to the Wren Boys, reporter Seamus McConville takes a look at the Biddy Boys. The report features a procession of Biddy Boys in South Kerry in honour of Saint Brigid. The Biddy Boys are grown men dressed in costumes, who carry Saint Brigid Dolls called 'Brideogs', traditionally made from their grandmother's hair. The best dressed Biddy Boy wins a prize. A local man Mr. O'Siochru outlines the traditions relating to the Biddy Boys, the dolls and the costumes. Saint Brigid's feast day [Imbolg] is on 1 February each year, which is also traditionally the first day of Spring. The Biddy boys tradition is largely confined to South Kerry, parts of County Cork, County Kildare and County Fermanagh…" https://www.rte.ie/archives/2015/0130/676775-biddy-boys/
The name of St. Brigid, or Bride, is always connectedwith that of St. Patrick, but Brigid could have been onlya child twelve at most when he died at Saul in 461.Her father was Dubhthach of the Fotharda, an illustriousLeinster family, descended from [chief] Conn of theHundred Battles. Her mother's name was Brotsech...
...The fame of Brigid's learning, judgments, prophecies,and blameless life spread. We find her visited by St. Ailbe of Emly, and exchanging bells with Bishop Gildasof Wales. We hear, too, of the illuminations, and fair copies of the Gospels, made by the Abbess, and her nuns...Contentions over St. Brigid's ashes are of small moment. The fire she kindled is still alive. There is much that is inspiring, as well as symbolic and suggestive, in a study of the character of the patron saint of Irish womanhood. " Looking through the haze of miracles in which her acts are enveloped, we discern a woman of great energy and courage, warmly affectionate, generous, unselfish, and wholly absorbed by a desire to promote the glory of God, and to relieve suffering in all its forms." We find this woman reverenced and consulted by chiefs and bishops. We find her holding land, and administering large communities. We know her as a patron of learning and letters, and as the foundress of education for women in Ireland. In uncivilized times wefind her setting up a high ideal of womanhood, which had a marked influence upon those rude days. In any age such a woman must have been remarkable. In the sixth century she stands out like a great light, the embodiment of the Divine Afilatus which she kindled in her native land. McCraith romances of irish heroines, BRIGID. THE SAINT.
...'[A]lthough we are still struggling for this thing called "gender equality," it is not actually a framed issue within the feminist realm, but a continuation of the larger tackling of colonialism. So this idea that women of colour all of a sudden realized "we are women," and magically joined the feminist fight actually re-colonizes people for whom gender equality and other "feminist" notions is a remembered history and current reality since before Columbus.

The mainstream feminist movement is supposed to have started in the early 1900s with women fighting for the right to vote. However, these white women deliberately excluded the struggles of working class women of color and participated in the policy of forced sterilization for Aboriginal

women and women with disabilities.'
Erin Konsmo
An Spáilpín Fánach
Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals “Columbus was a wétiko. He was mentally ill or insane, the carrier of a terribly contagious psychological disease, the wétiko psychosis. The Native people he described were sane people with a healthy state of mind. Sanity or healthy normality among humans and other living creatures involves a respect for other forms of life and other individuals. I believe that is the way people have lived (and should live).
The wétiko psychosis, and the problems it creates, have inspired many resistance movements and efforts at reform or revolution. Unfortunately, most of these efforts have failed because they have never diagnosed the wétiko as an insane person whose disease is extremely contagious.”
Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching, Shambhalla Dragon Editions, Tr. John C.H. Wu The peaceful and serene Is the Norm of the world.
Ancestral Gaelic Clothing from gaelicattire.com
'From the earliest times, the two predominant garments worn in Ireland, were the Léine (pronounced Layna) and the Brat (pronounced Brat/Brot). The Léine was an ankle length linen tunic nearly always of a yellowish colour, hence the term 'saffron shirt', much used by various late medieval English commentators. A most ancient of garment, the Léine is recorded in our earliest texts (8th century, but believed to have been copied from even earlier sources), down to the early 1600's...

...There can be no doubt that the Léine and the Brat have formed the core elements of Gaelic attire, for men, women and children. The Léine should always be of a yellowish colour or various shades from white, buff, oatmeal, cream and brownish yellows. Although many of these colours/shades can be attractive, the aim was to achieve, if possible, a pure bright yellow. The Brat on the other hand could be any colour including stripes, checks and tartan. The sewn on fringing of the Brat was more often than not of a different colour or multicoloured. For hundreds of years the English sought to rid Ireland of these 'barbarous fashions' by bringing in many laws against them. The English hatred of all things Irish finally won when the Léine was slowly squeezed of its life in the early 1600's and replaced by English attire.'

An Bodach
Colloquial Irish: The Complete Course for Beginners, Routledge [Ach má tá tú ag iarraidh geansaí le cochall a cheannacht le rud eicínt scríofa i nGaeilge air, is é An Spailpín Fánach an áit is fearr le dul ag siopadóireacht.]
Let our readers, and all those who are opposed to Orangeism and its dark and evil doings, meditate like all good Canadian citizens upon the following sentiments which prepared the way for the iniquitous execution of Louis Riel... ' That this L. O. L., No. 80, sees with regret the " obstacles that are being put forward to prevent the " rebel Riel from paying the just penalty of his many " crimes on the scaffold, and that this lodge is of opinion " that no further respite should be granted him, but that " he should suffer the extreme penalty of the law and be " hanged in fulfilment of the sentence passed upon him.' " ' We give the same our hearty commendation and " support, and that copies of this resolution be sent to Sir " John A. MacDonald, the Orange Sentinel, the Toronto " Mail and the local papers.' MONTREAL POST REPUDIATES ORANGEISM BEHIND RIEL'S EXECUTION The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet before Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York.
Cha vel eh laccal gergagh ta goaill soylley jeh aigney boriagh. They will not lack comfort who takes the enjoyment of a contented mind. Ta. ynsagh coamrey stoamy yn dooinney berchagh, ast'eh berchys y dooinney boght. - Learning is the lovely clothing of the rich man, and the riches of the man who is poor.
Songwriters

From Eoghanacht Genealogies Book of Munster Trans. Eugene O'Keeffe
"Eventually Fiacha Muilleathan, son of Eoghan Mor, assumed the [chiefing] of the two Munsters and during his reign Cormac Ua Cuind, chief of Ireland, came (from Tara) with a hosting into Munster, demanding tribute from the two provinces of Munster. Cormac besieged the Momonians at Druim Damhaire (Knocklong); this [chief] wielded great power, both by the vastness of his army and the power of his druids. Cormac had British druids weaving their spells against the Munstermen, so that by necromancy they had dried up all the wells and rivers of Munster, so that the people and their lands were in danger of death from the want of water. Then Fiacha Muilleathan sent for Mogh Ruith son of Fergus, the best druid to be found in Ireland. Mogh Ruith then lived in Oile Dairbhre (Valentia Island) in his old age, blind and decrepit, as he had outlived nineteen [chiefs] of Ireland:- from the time of Roth mac Rioghuill (the druid who had trained Mogh Ruith in sorcery) to the time of Cairbre Lifechair son of Cormac mac Airt. Mogh Ruith then came to meet Fiacha Muilleathan and the Munster nobles and they complained about what the druids of Leath Cuinn (Northern half of Ireland) had done to them. He undertook to oppose their magic spells, and he chose the territory of Fir Maige (Fermoy) as his reward. Mogh Ruith then overcame the druidery of Cormac and they defeated Cormac's forces routing them from Knocklong to Tara with a great massacre. Fiacha Muilleathan the Munster chief did not leave Leath Cuind until he got hostages and homage from Cormac mac Airt; as the poet Feidhlime mac Crimthann wrote:-
Good was the chief Fiacha Muilleathan
A great territory the Half over which he ruled
He brought hostages from Tara the Strong To Rathfuim to Rath Naoi
Though he was great; Cormac Ua Cuinn He bowed to the chief of Tir Duinn (Munster)"'
Filí
'Again, in one of the 'Stories from the Law Tracts,' recently edited and translated by Myles Dillon, the nobles of Ireland are represented as referring to the filid, 'so that they should try the revelation of imas as to what state Angus (i.e., an ancient [Chief] of Leinster) was in after death on account of the judgement, false through carelessness, which he had given' ...Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)
...[T]he [Cailleach], she was married to Mogh Ruith, the druid from Valentia Island.

What do you think of this seanchaí story?

Now, before the marriage the druid had an eye for the witch's sister, but the [Cailleach], being a woman of a jealous disposition and having the power of the occult, cast a spell on the druid, and lured him into marriage with herself. That was grand, as far as it went, but one day, didn't the old charm slip, and the man realised that he had been conned into marrying the wrong woman…and off he went cavorting with the sister.

Not the best move in the world, I can tell you, for when the auld [Cailleach] discovered what was afoot, there was a fury on her. Nothing would satisfy her till she had it out with your man. She ranted and raved like a bean sí, and next thing she took off after him. Let me tell you, himself didn't hang around. Given the knowledge that he was in imminent danger, the man took to his heels and made straight for the River Funchion. Well if he did, the [Cailleach] was after him like a March hare.

Down the hill Mogh Ruith bounded, and the wife in hot pursuit. Twas a sight to behold, the two of them. She was fast, but let me tell you, he was faster and being fleet of foot Mogh Ruith reached the river first and he was half way across when the wife arrived on. There was a steam on her and her puffing and panting, but begore she assessed her situation well, and there and then she lifted up a boulder the size of a meteor, and she flung it with all her might at your man. Down he went like a

stone, pinned to the bottom of the river, and try as he might there was no return for the poor man. There he stopped until the last remaining breath passed from him...
THE MURDER OF MOGH RUITH https://labbacallee.weebly.com, Heather Smither, Fermoy Adair School
'We have seen that the fili Amargin is also represented in the Leabhar na Gabhala as reciting a set of rhetorics immediately on landing in Ireland. Presumably, therefore, he had acquired them elsewhere. The authroity is too late to have independent value, but the rhetorics themselves resemble those ascribed to the Welsh poet, Taliesin...'
Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)

Bean Chaointe, emblematic of the Women's Testimony
Medieval Ireland Midterm Flashcards, Monique1751, Quizlet.com
Fidchell A celtic board game. Has a mystical or divinatory aspect to it. battles ebb and flow as the game ebbs and flows.

Firfhlaith A true lord. All but the tarbfhlaith could aspire. Just, merciful, cares, plagues warded off, peace, enemies gone. Respects elders and follows judges.

Brehon Law Early Gaelic Law. Civil rather than criminal. Concerned with the payment of compensation for harm done and the regulation of property, inheritance, contracts. Guided by an oral tradition. Druids and judges.
Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin.

'Through these times the page of history is red with details of these atrocities. Victories followed each other on the part of the invaders, until they had the surrounding country under a terrorism and subjection, which the natives could not remove.

It was not, however, without earnest and constant efforts and exertions on the part of the Irish princes, to suppress their atrocities, that they were able to persevere. At length in 943, Callachan, chief of Cashel, taking a lesson out of the book of his illustrious predecessor, Cormac, called his chiefs together, exhorted them against the Danes...

Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland by John Gregorson Campbell, Free Church Minister, 1900
'The curse causeless will not come, but a curse deserved is the foreshadowing of the ultimate issue of events. The curse of the oppressed, who have no man to deliver them, is at times but the presage of the retribution which the operation of the laws of the moral world will some day bring about. Hence we find such expressions as, " She cursed him and obtained her wish." The curse came upon the oppressor, not because of the malediction, but because what was asked for was part of the natural sequence of events in the moral government of the world. '
Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu: "If you are neutral in situations of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor. If an elephant has its foot on the tail of a mouse and you say that you are neutral, the mouse will not appreciate your neutrality."
Jocelyn Wabano-Iahtail, Attawapiskat First Nation, dag- ḟorcitlid good teacher 29 Meitheamh 2017, National Press Gallery, Ottawa Ontatio, from CBC
'White people, you’ve had your voice heard for 524 years. 524 years you’ve been visible, White lady! You’ve been visible. Look how fast your White man comes and steps up for you. Where is everybody else to come step up for us? I have a right for my voice, I’m still fighting for my voice and my visibility...I am telling you, right now, there has been 524 years of holistic genocide on

Turtle Island. We are the ones that are dying. It’s not you that is dying. And as far as “how Justin Trudeau is doing”? One of the things that we need to keep in mind is we are asking the UN to help us at charges of genocide, a war against humanity, war crimes and a crime of aggression, be laid. Because your Liberal Party was also responsible. Every party – your every governance that has been in power'

Nina Simone: To Be Free (she and I share a birthday) Eunice Kathleen Waymon; February 21, 1933 – April 21, 2003

“Everybody is half dead. Everybody avoids everybody. All over the place, in most situations, most all the time. I know, I'm one of those everybodies, and to me it is terrible...I want to go into that den of those elegant people with their old ideas, smugness, and just drive them insane...Like a new way of seeing. Like a new way of seeing something...

Strife and devastation far more terrible than any caused by these feuds were on their way to the Isle of Saints and Scholars. In the year 795, " the Pagans went to Ireland, Rathlinn was burned, and its shrines broken,and plundered." These mail-clad sea-rovers, fromDenmark and Northern Europe, were, at first, taken forpeaceful merchants and traders to the woe of those who,innocently, encountered them. This first appearance ofthe Danes was but the beginning of more than twocenturies of invasion and conflict. " The Danes becamea terror, not only to the Irish, whom they reduced to thelast extremities, but to the Welsh and English. Theseforeigners broke open Churches and Shrines, andplundered the dead, as well as the living."

The pirateswere few, but they were united, and all too successful ina country where each sept rejoiced in the depression ofits rival, and where party spirit was stronger than thespirit of nationality. These Danes came in their ships for plunder. At first, they withdrew with it, only to return. Before long the3'began to build forts and towns in which to secure theirbooty near the sea, or upon the broad mouths of the rivers.They built Waterford, and Limerick, and established thecapital of their kingdom at Ath Cliath, which they namedDublin. Encouraged by their successes, and by the divisions ofthe Irish, the Danes now attempted the conquest of thewhole Island. This conquest was all but completed inthe early part of the ninth century by the wicked andbloodthirsty Northman … whom...held the country in fear and thrall. He stationed fleets on all the great lakes throughout Ireland, and from their ships, his people ravaged the country round, and tyrannized over the unfortunate natives. He plundered, oppressed, consumed. On every house, or head of a family, he imposed a yearly tribute of one ounce of gold. If this was not punctually paid, the defaulter's nose was promptly cut off as a punishment. Hence this tax was called by the Irish the Airgiod Srona, that is " Nose Money." Turgesis, and his impious wife Ota, destroyed and desecrated monasteries and churches. They banished and slew bards and brehons, and destroyed works of art, and precious books....

Without him prosperity is joyless. His form my heart with sorrow fills. That I am till Judgment left behind Is that which fills my heart with grief." The second poem : " By Gormlaith the Good Wife,daughter of Flann," begins : " Alas ! alas ! My one great pain !"

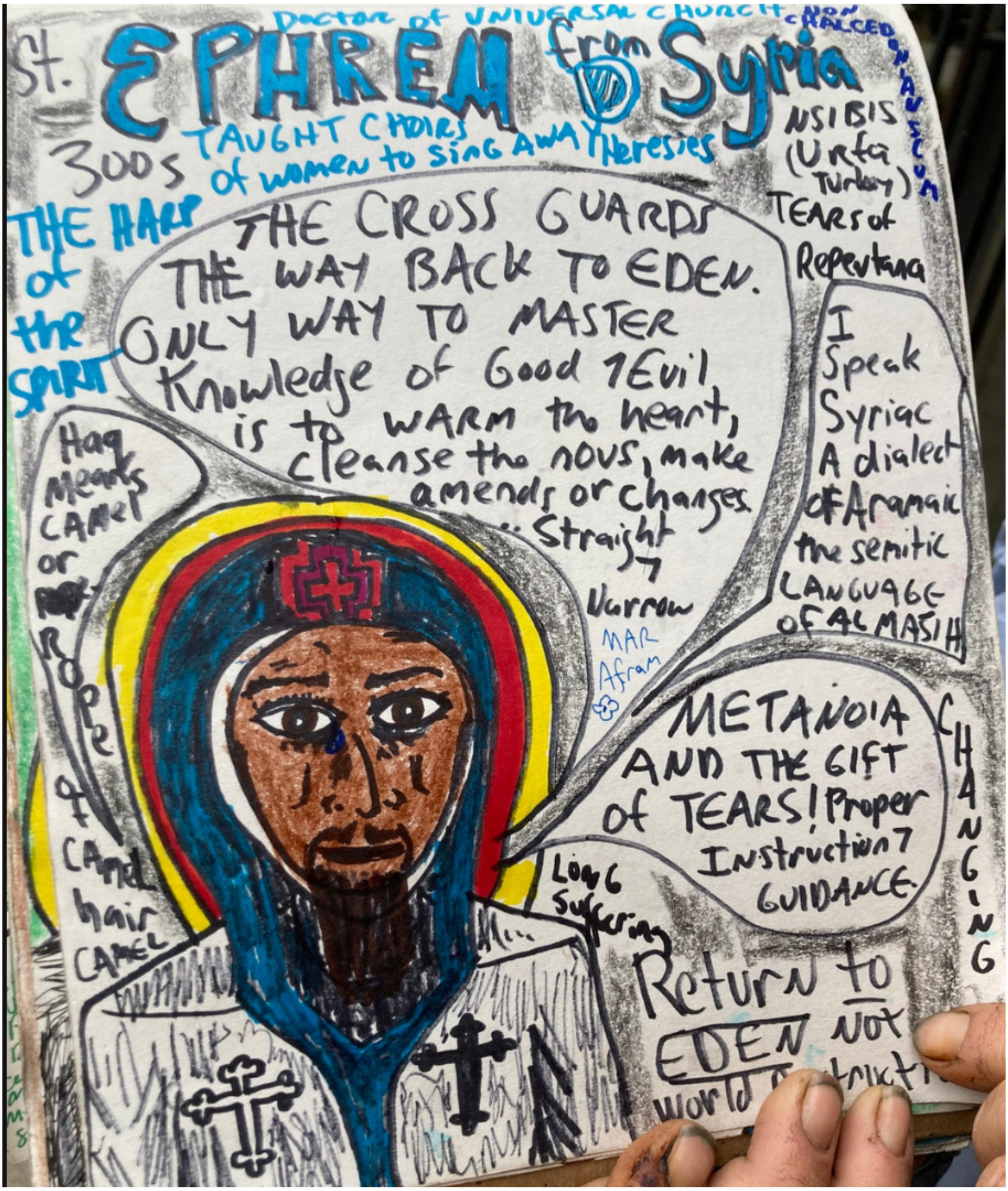
"I mean supposing we--the self-satisfied, successful members of society-- are responsible for the injustice visited upon the heads of our less fortunate "brothers-in-Christ" because of our shameful indifference to it. We see misery all around us and we do not care. We do nothing to prevent it. Are we not then, in part at least, responsible for it? Have you ever thought of that? ― Eugene O'Neill, Fog

Pobal Uí Chaoimh Annals of the [chiefing] of Ireland, Four Masters, O'Donovan, vol V, 1856, p1786-1787

At this period it was commonly said, that the lowing of a cow, or the voice of the ploughman, could scarcely be heard from Dun-Caoin to Cashel in Munster...

In the autumn of this year [1582] the Earl of Desmond made an incursion into Kerry, and remained nearly a week encamped in the upper part of Glenn Maurice. His footsoldiers went forth to collect spoils in Pobal-Ui-Chaoimh.

O’Keeffe and the neighbours of that vicinity pursued them, and continued during the course of the day to follow them through the sloping fields of Luachair Deaghaidh, until they had come near the Earl’s camp When the Earl heard the bustling of the kerns, and the report of their ordnance, he rose up suddenly, rushed upon O’Keeffe, and routed him back the same passage by which he had come ; and almost all of the pursuers were slain. O’Keeffe himself, i. e. Art, the son of Donnell, son of Art, and his son, Art Oge, were taken prisoners ; and Hugh, another of his sons, was slain.
McCraith, Irish Heroines, GORMFLAITH. THE QUEEN. During the childhood of Gormflaith, daughter ofMurchahd, [chief] of Leinster, who was born probablyshortly after the death of the earlier Gormlaith, the Danishyoke lay heavy not on Ireland alone, but on England also.The Danish King of Dublin held sway over both countries,and extracted a grinding tribute from the Gaels as theprice of peace. " Such was the oppressiveness of the tribute, and therent of the foreigners over all Erin at large, that therewas a [chief] from them over every territory, and a chiefover every chieftancy, and an abbot over every church,and a steward over every village, and a soldier in everyhouse, so that none of the men of Erin had power to giveeven the milk of his cow, nor as much as the clutch ofeggs of one hen in succour, or in kindness, to an aged man,or to a friend, but was forced to preserve them for theforeign steward, or bailiff, or soldier. And though therewere but one milk-giving cow in the house, she durst notbe milked for an infant of one night, nor for a sick person,but must be kept for the foreigner ; and however long hemight be absent from the house, his share, or his supply,durst not be lessened ; although there was in the house butone cow, it must be killed for the meal of one night, if means of supply could not otherwise be procured. Andthe most fit person of the family was obliged to take wages the day on which he embarked with his lord, and he must be supplied with provisions as if he were at home."
'Local historian John Healy told a story of one Caol MacArt O'Keeffe, who lived the life of a rapparee. On his death bed the local priest told Caol MacArt that he would never see the gates of Heaven. After Caol died the priest, traveling on a lonely road at night, heard the sound of whirlwind and suddenly saw Caol mounted on a white horse on the ditch above him. 'How fares it?' said the priest, 'since you led the life of a robber?' Caol answered that he only robbed the rich in order to give to the poor, and he then vanished. The story is of the time following Cromwell's devastation when many dispossessed Irish gentry who scorned a move 'to Hell or Connaught' were supported by the country folk and lived as outlaws.' http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/ballindura.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 18, Mercier Press

Doctor of UNIVERSAL CHURCH
NON CHALCEDONIAN ECUM
St. EPHREM from Syria
300s
TAUGHT CHOIRS of women to sing AWAY Heresies
NSIBIS (Urfa Turkey)
THE HARP of the SPIRIT
TEARS of Repentance
THE CROSS GUARDS THE WAY BACK TO EDEN. ONLY WAY TO MASTER Knowledge of Good & Evil is to WARM the heart, cleanse the nous, make amends or changes ... Straight & Narrow
I Speak Syriac A dialect of Aramaic the semitic LANGUAGE OF AL MASIH
Haq means CAMEL or ROPE of CAmel hair CAMEL
MAR Afram
METANOIA AND THE GIFT of TEARS! Proper Instruction & GUIDANCE.
CHANGING
Long Suffering
Return to EDEN Not world [illegible]

Expositors of Natural Law
'Natural Philosophers',
'The fact that the Irish took compensation for murder instead of putting the murderer to death, has been [ignorantly] laid hold of by some English authors and journalists as a national reproach, which, with characteristic courtesy, instead of overlooking as a thing of the dead past, they delight to utilise. It would be foreign to my present undertaking to discuss the abstract question, whether it is better on the one hand when one man has been killed to kill another and make no reparation to the sufferers by the first death, or on the other hand, to make reparation out of the murderer's property and spare his life. — From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894
Micheal J. Bowman Jr., Place Names and Antiquities of The Barony of Duhallow, okeeffeclans.com

'The Castle of the O’ Keeffes at Dromagh, parts of which can still be seen, is the oldest Castle in Duhallow which has with stood the ravages of time and war ... The present standing walls of Dromagh Castle which are locally referred to as “The Castle”... the local tradition has it that fierce fighting took place on this road … the Cromwellians drove the O’Keeffe men back and charging on horseback through the moat captured the Castle. There is a tradition also that fifteen people were executed after they had surrendered...
'It was near Dromagh that the last battle in Munster was fought in the war of 1641. Hugh O'Keeffe was then the owner, a firm adherent of Ormonde's and an opponent of the Nuncio's. For some reason he got the name of " Paschalis.' He was made a prisoner in some engagement by Moriertagh O'Brien, a supporter of the Nuncio's, and passed his word not to escape privately. One morning, rising up suddenly in bed, he said, Gentlemen, I give you notice that I'm off, and jumping out at the window, escaped, pretending that he had not broken his word, because he had given notice of his intention…. ' John Patrick Prendergast (1808–1893) describing one of the Penal Laws effects on the native tribes of Ireland from his book Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660- 1690.
Rightly, or wrongly, however, Dervorgilla, is popularly regarded as the cause of the coming of the Anglo-Normans to Ireland. Whatever may have been her story, she, like Gormflaith the Queen, was one of those women of destiny, with whose acts the fate of the Womanland of Eire has been closely bound up....The story of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland is too well known to need re-telling. Dermod had promised his daughter Aoife, or Eve, in marriage to Strongbow, and, through her, the succession to his kingdom of Leinster. Such a way of succession was altogether unrecognized among the Irish...In 1171, Dermod again tried to crush his old enemy,Tiernan O'Rourke. But the [chief] of Leinster was twicedefeated, and obliged to retreat out of Breffni. About the end of the same year, " Dermod MacMurrough of Leinster, who had spread terror throughoutIreland, after putting the English in possession of thecountry, committing excessive evils against the Irishpeople, and plundering and burning many churches, died,of an uncommon disease. He became putrid while living,through the intervention of Columkille, Finnin, and otherSaints of God, for having violated and burned theirchurches. He died at Ferns [aged 65] without makingawill, without penance, without the Eucharist, and withoutextreme unction, as his evil deeds deserved." This is the account given by the Four Masters. They add that" he was rapacious, fierce, vindictive, and of violentpassions, although to gain popularity he endeavoured toconciliate the lower classes of the people." This same year, King Henry II. of England came toIreland …ervorgilla. Dervorgilla's own end was different. It is clear she must have been a rich woman, and that in her ownright. In 1158, after her first flight with Dermod, and when she was about fifty, "she gave 60 ounces of gold to the clergy at the consecration of the church at Mellifont. It was a large sum in those days. Brian Borhumha only gave 20 ounces when he visited ArmaghCathedral." To this splendid Abbey of Mellifont, near Drogheda, which Donough O' Carrol had caused to be built in 1142, Dervorgilla retired. We do not know when. There is no historical mention of her during the stormy and momentous years that followed her flight, whenever, exactly that flight took place. While living at Mellifont, it is recorded that she " built a nunnery at Clonmacnoise, gave a chalice of gold to the Altar of Mary, and cloth for nine altars of the church." …
In 1447, two years after the successful accomplishmentof this pious journey the year of a great

plague inIreland it is recorded that : " Finola (the WhiteShouldered), daughter of Calvagh O'Connor Faly and ofhis wife Margaret O' Carrol, the widow of O'Donnell, andalso of Aedh Biudh (Yellow Hugh) O'Neil, the mostbeautiful, and stately, the most renowned, and illustriouswoman in all Ireland her own mother only excepted retired from this transitory world to prepare for lifeeternal, and assumed the yoke 'of piety and devotion."Finola' s preparation lasted five-and-forty years. Shedied in 1493. Margaret O' Carrol was a woman of culture and largemind, who loved and appreciated the society of the learned,and desired to do them honour. This is shown by thestory of her "Two Invitations."

Mac Firbis writes : " It was she that twice in one year proclaimed to, and commonly invited . . . all persons, both Irish and Scottish, or rather Albaines, to the general feasts of bestowing both meat and moneys, with all manner of gifts, whereunto gathered to receive these gifts and matter, two thousand and seven hundred persons (besides gamesters and poor men)." These feasts were held on Lady Day, March 25th, and "Lady Day in Harvest," August I5th, that is, on the Feast of the Annunciation, and of the Assumption. They took place at the two ends of Offaly, at Killeigh, and at Rathangau, respectively. Margaret caused her husband's " chief judge," or brehon, to write out for her *' a list of the learned Irish." These she invited and entertained, " clad in a gowue of cloth of gold, with her deerest friends about her, and her clergy, and her judges (brehons), too, Calvagh himself also, on horseback, by the Church's outward side, to the end that all might be done orderly, and each one served successively. And first of all, Margaret gave two chalices of gold as offerings that day on the Altar to God Almighty. -MacCraith, Irish Heroines

Lilting ...is another style that Sean demonstrates. The technique developed as a way of thwarting the English laws designed to stamp out Irish nationalism. It was a crime to speak the Irish tongue or to sing or play Irish songs, says Sean. "Basically, you couldn't have an Irish instrument in your house." So people developed [lilting] or mouth music

28 Aibreán 2005 Learn how to lilt the Irish way with Sean Keane from Galway By Sharon Kennedy ABC Sout West WA

Irish Heroines: OnSeptember 23rd, 1691, Sarsfield gave a reluctant consent to a Treaty, which provided that all Roman Catholics should enjoy the exercise of their religion "as in the reign of Charles II." French ships, with substantial reinforcements, sailed up the Shannon immediately after the capitulation, but Sarsfield stuck honourably to his bargain, and the troops were not landed. ;

'The Treaty Stone" in Limerick to-day stands as a monument of England's breach of faith, and want of loyalty to" That Treaty broken e'er the ink Wherewith 'twas writ could dry."

'But while the shillelagh was practically a pejorative projected upon the brutish Irish by their English neighbors, inside the country, the shillelagh symbolized their ancient warrior traditions, something that the Irish were proud of retaining in their modern lives. In fact, the shillelagh was emblematic of the toughness of Irish, and evolved, as a symbol, into the formation of what would be known as "Shillelagh Law," an idealized representation of Irish patriotism and strength. Shillelagh Law was a code of conduct that revealed the Irish system of morality and ethics, steeped in a love for fighting tradition, but not necessarily, as the English would have put it, a love of violence for the sake of violence. Shillelagh Law constituted a set of ethical guidelines that dictated not just a specific stick-fight, but a series of rules of engagement that acted as combat and cultural conventions. Historian John Hurley carefully outlined those rules in this book, Shillelagh...'

Real Irish Fighting: A History of Shillelagh Law and Hob-Nailed Boot Stomping Irish stick-fighting was not only an ancient martial tradition; it became a symbol for Irish culture. L.A. Jennings Oct 13 2016 Vice Sports

Prophets of the Will of God

File as SeerIsland of Destiny! Innisfail! for thy faith is the payment near! The mine of the future is opened, and the golden veins appear. Thy bands are white and thy page unstained. Reach out for thy glorious years, And take them from God as his recompense for thy fortitude and tears. - jb o'reilly, watchwords

Sir Paul McCartney "Give Ireland back to the Irish Don't make them have to take it away Give Ireland back to the Irish Make Ireland Irish today"
John Lennon 7 Yoko Ono Luck of the Irish "In the 'pool they told us the story How the English divided the land Of the pain and the death and the glory And the poets of auld Eireland.. ...Why the hell are the English there anyway? As they kill with God on their side Blame it all on the kids and the I.R.A. As the bastards commit genocide Aye, aye?? Genocide"
Gar Regan "I can't think of a place on the planet I would rather claim as my roots more than Ballyporeen, County Tipperary. My great-grandfather left here in a time of stress, seeking to better himself and his family. From what I'm told, we were a poor family. But my ancestors took with them a treasure, an indomitable spirit that was cultivated in the rich soil of this county. And today I come back to you as a descendant of people who are buried here in paupers' graves. Perhaps this is God's way of reminding us that we must always treat every individual, no matter what his or her station in life, with dignity and respect…"

'The Brehon laws also regarded the bees themselves as having a kind of legal status. Echoing a custom found in the Basque countryside until the 19th century, bees had to be informed of the death of their owners, and funeral sweets had to be left beside the hive.]

'Honeybees continue to thrive – but half of Ireland’s 100 other species of bees are in decline', Patty Woodworth, Irish Times, 23 Feb 2019

In November, 1584, a jury of the county of Cork made presentment (preserved in Carew- MS. 627), showing how Desmond's rents were paid, and giving the names of no fewer tIhan 72 personss who wore living as "poets, chroniclers, and rhymers" iu that country. Among these we find mentioned the following...
Kenfaola OCuill, " probably a descendant of the Danaan " Cuill," seems to have succeeded his relative, McLiag, as hereditary Ollamh fileadh of Munster. The ruins of an ancient stone house are still shown at Finavara, in the county Clare, in which a bardic school was kept by some of the O'Dalys. Their ancestor, so far back as the 12th century, was called na sgoile, " of the school."
..."Shane roe O'Cahely, late of Loughgir, a rimer"-probably John the Red OCahill. His latter residence was a strong island-fortress, in Desmond's territory.
" Art Kyne, bard." Query, Art na Caoiae, i.e., of the keens. or dirges?
"Moelmurry McShane, of Castletown, harper, and two others, servants to...? Query, servants to Viscount Roche, of Castletown Roche ?
Shaine O'Dwyrer, chronicler, de Aharlagh." This place is the " Arlo forest," celebrated by Spenser.
"Cormock O'Daly, the Lord BIarrymore's rymer." " John MacTeige MacGwillish, the Lord Roche's rymer." This is curious evidence that even the Anglo-Irish nobles kept each his poet. "
John McDonell, a poet "This more honourable designation is peculiar to him.
"Mary-ny-Donoghue, a she-barde; and Mary-ny-Clancye, rymer." This contradicts the assertion of Walker, in his History of Irish Bards, that " the Irish had no female bards, or bardesses...
...[T]here is a story that he [Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin] told, and he referred to it in a poem, about when somebody had died, the son of one of the O’Donoghues of Máire Ní Dhuibh – the son of Máire Ní Dhuibh died – and a family member, who wasn’t Irish, came and knelt by the coffin and just blessed herself, and then the others, you know the woman whose son had died, she screamed at her and said, “Do you not know you should come in and caoin over the corpse? You shouldn’t just come in and be like that. Do you not feel any sorrow or any sense of loss for us?” — Bertha McCullagh Sliabh Luachra Lectures. Ballydesmond, Sliabh Luachra, Ireland Friday August 1, 2014, Lecture 3, Speaker: Bertha McCullagh, The Poetry of Sliabh Luachra
“Those of us who hope to be their allies should not be surprised, if and when this day comes, that when those who have been locked up and locked out finally have to chance to speak and truly be heard, what we hear is rage. The rage may frighten us; it may remind us of riots, uprisings and buildings aflame. We may be tempted to control it or douse it with buckets of doubt, dismay or

disbelief. But we should do no such thing. Instead, when a young man who was born in the ghetto and who knows little of life beyond the walls of his prison cell and the invisible cage that has become his life, turns to us in bewilderment and rage, we should do nothing more than look him in the eye and tell him the truth." ― Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness
The Contest of Wisdom
Ní hAnsa, Accalam na Senorach, Contention of the Bards
'- a famous contention - the feast of John [will come] upon the Gael, so that there shall not be of the race of noble Gaels save one-third unslain. 42. The single third which will be left on that day of the host of the Gael and the foreigners, oh Son of Mary...'
The Beheading of John the Baptist by Mog Ruith translated from Middle Irish by Annie M. Scarre, 1910
Brian O'Ruairc by T.D. Sullivan [Love you Aunt Peg Uí Rourke]
chieftain of Bréifne [Leitrimish], was perhaps the first Irish prince executed in London for "treason" in 1591 —for showing fáilte to the survivors of the wreckage of the Spanish Armada.
You ask me what defense is mine. Here amidst your armed bands!
You only mock the prisoner who is helpless in your hands.
What would defense avail me though it be good and true,
Here in the heart of London town, with judges such as you?

...This is the 'treason' you have charged! Well, treason let it be,
One word of sorrow for such fault you'll never hear from me.
I'll only say although you hate my race, and creed, and name,
Were your folk in that dreadful plight I would have done the same.
"We live in a world in which we need to share responsibility. It's easy to say 'It's not my child, not my community, not my world, not my problem.' Then there are those who see the need and respond. I consider those people my heroes." ― Fred McFeely Rogers
Uí Laoghaire, Ní Laoghaire, O'Leary sloinne.ie Descendant of laoghaire' (calf-keeper); the name of a family of corca laoighdhe, who were originally chiefs of the country lying around rosscarberry, in west cork, but removed from there about the time of the anglo-norman invasion and settled in the parish of inchigeelagh, where they became lords, under the maccarthys, of the country between macroom and inchigeelagh. the head of the family resided at carrignacurra, about a mile to the east of the village of inchigeelagh. in 1642, connor o'leary of carrignacurra, auliff o'leary of cunnowley, and fourteen others of the name were attainted. the o'learys are now very numerous throughout munster, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)
Dr. Joy DeGruy (née Leary) " Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome is a theory that explains the etiology of many of the adaptive survival behaviors in African American communities throughout the United States and the Diaspora. It is a condition that exists as a consequence of multigenerational oppression of Africans and their descendants resulting from centuries of chattel slavery. A form of slavery which was predicated on the belief that African Americans were inherently/genetically inferior to whites. This was then followed by institutionalized racism which continues to perpetuate injury. Thus, resulting in M.A.P.: M: Multigenerational trauma together with continued oppression; A: Absence of opportunity to heal or access the benefits available in the society; leads to P: Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome. Under such circumstances these are some of the predictable patterns of behavior that tend to occur: KEY PATTERNS OF BEHAVIOR REFLECTIVE OF P.T.S.S. Vacant Esteem Insufficient development of what Dr. DeGruy refers to as primary esteem, along with feelings of hopelessness, depression and a general self destructive outlook. Marked Propensity for Anger and Violence Extreme feelings of suspicion perceived negative motivations of others. Violence against self, property and others, including the members of one's own group, i.e. friends, relatives, or acquaintances. Racist Socialization and (internalized racism) Learned Helplessness, literacy deprivation, distorted self-concept, antipathy or aversion for the following: The members of ones own identified cultural/ethnic group, The mores and customs associated ones own identified

cultural/ethnic heritage, The physical characteristics of ones own identified cultural/ethnic group. The book Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome incorporates her research in both America and Africa, as well as her twenty years of experience as a social work practitioner and consultant to public and private organizations…."

Denis Leary as traumatised firefighter Tommy Gavin James McCaffrey as Jimmy Keefe Rescue Me, Episode 1, Guts Jimmy Keefe: All right, hold on, hold on, hold on. Let's review. Why are you two separated? Tommy Gavin: According to her? Jimmy Keefe: Yeah. Tommy Gavin: You know, I ... she says I couldn't open up … I wasn't emotionally available … blah, blah, blah….

Dr. Joy DeGruy, author of Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome: America's Legacy of Enduring Injury and Healing, characterises the conditions into which James Baldwin was born, “Although slavery has long been a part of human history, American chattel slavery represents a case of human trauma incomparable in scope, duration and consequence to any other incidence of human enslavement.”

From Rescue Me, Denis Leary Tommy Gavin: Bless me, Father for I sinned...and so have you.

“refused help for my child’s hernia because [we] were of no fixed abode”. — The Traveller Movement, The last acceptable form of racism?

We Travellers must take a stand against racism, for the sake of our children

Patrick O'Leary, 13 September 2017, The Guardian

It is almost 17 years to the day since I won a historic case that established in law that Irish Travellers are an ethnic minority and entitled to the same protections as other ethnic minorities in Britain. After the ruling, I stood on the steps outside the court and said: “For the first time in our lives we feel we can proudly and publicly tell everyone we are Irish Travellers.” When I said these words, I believed we would finally be free from the discrimination and prejudice that my people had suffered for so long. But as research published this week by the Traveller Movement shows, that couldn’t have been further from the truth. My people continue to suffer, on almost a daily basis, the same injustices I fought to end. The people who took part in the research told stories of experiencing prejudice and discrimination in doing things most people take for granted.

In schools, our difference is always highlighted and our children are treated by teachers as if they will always fail. When our children are bullied or called racist names, rarely is anything done. One Traveller said that when they reported being bullied to the headteacher, they were told to “tone down the Traveller thing and maybe it would stop”. It didn’t stop. It never does. When we try to register with doctors, we are wrongly told we cannot if we do not have a fixed abode. When my wife and I used to take our children to the doctor, they wouldn’t let them lie on the bed when they examined them and instead made them lie on the floor. Because we were Travellers – and that must mean we were dirty. In the workplace we are regularly refused a job because of who we are. Many of us are fired once our employers find out our background and sometimes colleagues refuse to work with us. Just because we are Travellers. Even when we go on a family trip to the pub for a Sunday roast or to the pictures, we are told we are not welcome. Again, just because we are Travellers. People often ask me why Travellers have widespread distrust for institutions or authorities. But if your experience of these services was marked by ridicule and an overwhelming sense that you were not welcome, would you trust them to help you? Four out of five of the Gypsy, Roma and Traveller people who took part in the research said they had experienced hate crime or hate speech. But, as the government acknowledges, few incidents are reported by these communities. Instead of reporting racism to the police or seeking legal help, most Gypsies [considered a derogatory term by many], Roma and Travellers said they try to hide their ethnicity: 77% said they had never sought help when they experienced discrimination. And that is what breaks my heart most of all. Too many of us still see this racism as a fact of life – something we can do nothing about. Instead of taking legal action, we tell our children to not to let people know who they are because otherwise we will be told we can’t go swimming or to watch a film. Too many of us think, “what’s the point?”– or, as one Traveller said: “It will never stop, so why bother?” To that I say: this is the point. If our community is finally going to be free from discrimination, prejudice and racism, we need to show, using the courts, that we will no longer stand for it and that services can no longer get away with it. It is only by coming forward and showing that we matter too that we can

make sure our children and grandchildren don’t suffer the same racism and hatred that we have...
9 https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2017/sep/13/travellers-racism-hate-speech-discrimination-irish

“Why is it that many contemporary male thinkers...repudiate the imperialist legacy of Columbus but affirm dimensions of that legacy by their refusal to repudiate patriarchy?”—Bell Hooks

Michelle Alexander, The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness

“The rhetoric of ‘law and order’ was first mobilized in the late 1950s as Southern governors and law enforcement officials attempted to generate and mobilize white opposition to the Civil Rights Movement. In the years following Brown v. Board of Education, civil rights activists used direct-action tactics in an effort to force reluctant Southern States to desegregate public facilities. Southern governors and law enforcement officials often characterized these tactics as criminal and argued that the rise of the Civil Rights Movement was indicative of a breakdown of law and order. Support of civil rights legislation was derided by Southern conservatives as merely ‘rewarding lawbreakers.’ For more than a decade – from the mid 1950s until the late 1960s – conservatives systematically and strategically linked opposition to civil rights legislation to calls for law and order, arguing that Martin Luther King Jr.’s philosophy of civil disobedience was a leading cause of crime...”

“It’s when forgiveness becomes impossible, utterly impossible because you’ve heard these terrible things and you relate it to your enemy…only then can something happen…can imagination and trust and faith in a new story of some kind, made from the ingredients of the old, leap into existence.” — Richard Kearney

BARDS OF MUNSTER

Confining our attention to the south-western province, we find the scribe of the bishop-chief...also introduces a visit from St. Patrick's angel, who is named Victor, and who prophesied that the supremacy[sovereignty] of Éire would be perpetually in this place. His deduction from the premises is that, " the tribute and service of the men of Eire are always due to the chief of Cashel."

"The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the [chiefs] of lEire," compiled by a bard in the 11th century. According to this singular record of superstitious observances, the chief of Munster enjoyed, as a prerogative, " the cattle of Cruachan at the singing of the cuckoo'j; or, in fact, was used to make a foray into that plain when the cattle had grown strong upon the spring grass. At the conclusion, the poet, who himself was chief of the national order, lays down the followig restriction against ignorant pretenders to bardic kowledge, and closes with recommending a prerogative open to all men: HRe is not entitled boldly to make a (bardic) visitation of a province, Norto the ollamh-ship of Eire, Nor do that he asks, be it ever so trifling The poet to whom these are unknown. If ye wish for a life of many days, Be ye all of one will, And hold charity for the sake of the great God, Which is prerogative sufficient for every man."

Compilers of Wisdoms

The Cow and the Piper 26-7-38, As told by James Mc Gahren to Brigid Barron, Mullanasole Barr, Co. Donegal This and Cow on cover taken from National Folklore Collection UCD at duchas.ie. 'In the time of the Trouble in Ireland long ago when many a fellows life was cut short by reason of the martial laws that wouldn’t let you move out of the house, or lift the latch or draw a bowl from the evening, till the morning again...'

Fosterage; child-[raising] in ancestral Ireland Bronagh Ní Chonaill History Ireland, Earrach 1997

“...Fosterage strengthened natural bonds of kinship between various branches of a clan. In a turbulent world, it also served as a means of negotiating political advantage and gaining allies, and in war, fosterlings could be held for ransom....

In [ancestral]... Ireland, according to customary law, the maternal and paternal kin had a say in where the child was placed, thus the kin group as a whole took an active interest in the future of the child. The valued position of children—as heir, succour in life, support in old age—is why the death of a child was particularly tragic … The foster-child by customary law had to provide aid and maintenance (goire) for his foster-parents in later life. Fosterage therefore was a life-long commitment. Fosterage ties often meant much more than maintenance....”

Exemplars more than Power Brokers

'Tecosca can be equated with the later continental genre of specula principum (Mirrors of Princes). These texts emphasize moderate and considerate social conduct and encourage defense and maintenance of the traditional law. A distinct lack of heroic, warriorlike ethics is noticeable.'
Tecosca what-when-how.com

Tecosca Cormaic ('The Instructions of Cormac') "Let him make make known every clear judgement Abundance of wine and mead, Let him utter every truth, for it is through the truth of the ruler that God gives all that."

The superiority of a true Ollamh is further insisted on, as compared to ignorant rhymers, who are prohibited from selling their compositions: "No one is entitled to visitation or sale (of his poems), For he is not a truly learned poet In the use of various kinds of knowledge 'Unless he knows the tributes and stipends, &e.
He is a rock of an Ollamh
When he comprehends the stipends; &c.
So that he can recite them all In each noble meeting.
Let him not be an old rusty vessel,
Influenced by wealth and friendship.
He shall not be able to bind usages
On great and noble tribes;
Unless thus he variously distinguishes,
To his emoluments he is not entitled." Here we perceive the reason why so much importance was attached to the office of Ollamh: he was "able to bind usages," being, in fact, the living repository of privileges and customs, the judicia authority of the time. This higher order of poets were also professional historians, who preserved the chronicles of past events by the assistance of an elaborate system..

THE MUNSTER BARDS

Ta cooinaghtyn yn chree ny share na cooinaghtyn yn chione. Tá cuimhne an chroí níos fearr ná cuimhne an chinn. The remembrance of the heart is better than the remembrance of the head.

"As a society and as individuals, we need to move on from the obsession with accumulating wealth and trinkets we can show off, and instead begin to create together the kind of genuine sense of community – both locally and globally – which might allow us to forge a safer, better, more egalitarian and more sustainable future. That challenge is now. There is no time to waste." — Michael D. Higgins, President of Ireland, 4 Iúil 2017, Hot Press

Giving Poteen to the Ghost Cat

A long time ago a man and his two daughters lived in a little house. The only way they had to make a living for themselves was to make poteen. They used to carry it in what they call kegs.

So one bright night as the two daughters were going to the town of Castlebar on their way they had to pass an old lonely place. Garrdha Bán, as it was called. When they were passing this place they heard the lonesome cry of a cat calling for poteen. They had poteen with them that same night and they were going to sell it.

The thought they heard the cat saying, "Mary asthore[hard to read word] you have great poteen!"

They went on until they came to Castlebar. It was to the Sergeant they were selling it. So the Sergeant took the cork off the keg in order to treat the two girls before they would leave the barrick. When he began to pour out the poteen he saw it was milk that came out instead.

Then they all began to wonder what happened. The girls told the Sergeant what happened on their way. The sergeant told them if they had given one drop to the cat nothing would have happened.

So they had to take it back again with them. It was between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock that night when they came to the very same spot the cat came before them again. He began to cry again. Then they threw him some of the stuff.

When the girls came home they told (him) their story to their father. He looked in the keg and there the poteen was as good as ever.

As told by John Quinn to Caitlín Ní Chuinn, Sheeans, Co. Mayo, duchas.ie
"In addition to their judicial role, [chiefs] could issue ordinances (rechtgae) in the event of an emergency—for instance, when their [chiefing] was threated by plague or war...[chiefs] not only had the power to call on [na daoine] on behalf of the túath...but, as Críth Gablach suggests, were also obliged to do so under the threat of losing their honor price." — AITCHISON, N. B. “[chiefing], SOCIETY, AND SACRALITY: RANK, POWER, AND IDEOLOGY IN EARLY MEDIEVAL IRELAND.” Traditio, vol. 49, 1994, pp. 45–75. JSTOR, JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/27831893.
Candle Making

Candles long ago were made from tallow, and the tallow was got from the cows. They used to get cotton threads as wicks, and dip them into the tallow, and then put them up to dry. When they were dry, they used to dip them in again, and so on until they were as round as a candle. These candles were called tallow candles.

Candles were also made in the following way:- They used to get a mould the shape of a candle, and put a wick into the middle of it. Then the mould was filled up with tallow, and let get cold. When they wished to get out the candle, the mould had to be heated a little, and then the tallow candle comes out quite easily.

There was still another method of making candles in this locality. Rushes were got and dried. The rushes were then put together till they were like a wick. Next a pan of water was got, and also a pan of tallow. The newly made wick was dipped into the hot tallow, and then taken out and dipped into the water to cool. This process was continued till the tallow became the shape of a candle.
— Pat Mc Greal to May O' Keeffe, Briskagh, Co. Limerick

St. John's Night/Midsummer
The people of this district in olden times used to look forward to St. John's day, which is commemorated on the 24th June, for it was a great time of merrymaking for them. On the eve of this day they could be seen drawing logs of wood, turf, and everything they could procure to make a good bone-fire to an appointed cross-road.

When the fire was lit the people gathered round it, and a lively dance went on. The ringing laughter and the merry shouts of the dancers could be heard for miles around. This great night of amusement was commonly called Bon-fire night.

May Morning
On May morning the people get up early to judge the point from which the wind is blowing. If it be blowing from the north it is an omen of a good Summer. If from the south a bad Summer, and if it is blowing from the west a harsh Summer, and the very opposite if it be blowing from the east.
Joan O'Keefe
Parkstown

Fear Uasal
High Man-Orkney, Bru na Boyne, Jesus, Lú

[Chief] Cormac, who was slain in battle in the year 908, is referred to in the portion relating to the [chiefs] of Cashel, of whom he seems to have then been the representative, although Bishop of Cashel. The bishop-chief seems to have employed a nameless bard to compile and lay down the " rights" of all the numerous … chieftains then existing as seigneurs over their various tribes; and the senachie in question states he was guided by the previous labours, on the same subject, of one Benean, who lived in the middle of the fifth century. The work, therefore, not only contains evidence, partially to be relied on, of the political and financial condition of Ireland at the close of the ninth century, but claims to show that the "f rights" or revenues and duties, and several curious customs set forth, had been in force from that earlier epoch. Such, indeed, was the antiquity of the stipends once due...that this great clan are declared "not to know them,"...

THE MUNSTER BARDS

Samildánach

Competence

Learning as basis for leading

Meeting people in their own competencies

Anamcara, revealing their gifts to help the tribe

The three skills required of a master poet according to Uraicecht Becc are imbas forosna ‘encompassing knowledge which illuminates’, teinm láeda ‘breaking of marrow’ and díchetal di chennaib ‘chanting from heads or extempore chanting’ (Carey, 1995b, 42). Carey (1995b, 57) discusses the origins of these three requirements in the sources, concluding that teinm laedo was a later replacement of anamain, a type of metre (1995b, 46-7). According to him this suggests that originally these qualifications merely reflected the skills required of poets: ‘technical expertise (anamain), improvisational facility (díchetal di chennaib), and inspiration (imbas). With the substitution of teinm laedo and the reinterpretation of díchetal, however, [they] took on a very different character: [poetry] now appears to be exclusively concerned with the prophetic powers and magivcal techniques associated with the filid’ (1995b, 47). Imbas forosnai is mentioned in connection with the practice of filedacht in Bretha Nemed, the introduction to the Senchas Mór and The Caldron of Poesy (Carey, 1995b, 49-50). This ‘knowledge which illuminates’ therefore supports the idea of supernatural power associated with the poets and with satire in particular. Carey’s research revealed differing attitudes to these same skills, ranging from ‘a romantic desire to exaggerate the poetic profession’s pagan background ..[to] a resolutely orthodox condemnation of any such pagan or quasi-pagan survivals… and [finally] a historicist strategy that excuses an interest in exotic magical lore by firmly confining it to a distant past’ (1995b, 58). Be that as it may, the attitude to satire and satirists attested in the laws and in the sagas is frequently one of disapproval, awe and unadulterated fear, as manifested in the Fer Diad episode of TBC.

-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynootht

'where praises are related by lawful means with distinctions of competencies according to the needs of the people with pure estimation of nobility with the fair speech of wise people with streams of scholarship, a noble brew which is brewed the basis of all knowledge which is set out according to law' - Coire Filíochta based on translation by Liam Breatnach

'THE word Bard is found in both the Gaelic and CymRic branches of the old Celtic tongues, and seems to have been in use from the earliest times of which we have any record. It is applied to denote a person who composes and sings inspiring poems, especially in praise of valour and distinguished warriors. Tacitus, in his Germania, seems to refer to a similar class of poets among the Teutonic nations. Tho following passage from that work is interesting; it is given from an old translation :-'" The Germans have certain verses, by singing of which, calling it bardits, they encouraoe the people, and by the same song foretel the fortune of the future battle; for they both strike a fear into others, and are themselves stricken with fear, according to the measure and time, seeing rather an harmony of valour than voices; and do affect principally a certain roughness of the voice, and a broken, conlfused murmur, by putting their targets before their mouths, to the end that their voices, by the reverberation, might sound bigger and fuller." THE MUNSTER BARDS

Triads as Four-Angled Music, Uaithne
Talcheann will come 1 angle
Tories and Labour 2 angle
The enemy of my enemy is my... 3 angle
Common wisdom, a square deal 4 angle
Pobal- Ui-Chaoimh, now Pobble-O'Keeffe, situated on the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, about ten miles distant from CastleIsland on the west, and from New Market and Kanturk on the east. This tract of land extends about seven miles in length from north to south, parallel with the Blackwater (by which it is in a great part bounded on the west), and about two miles and a quarter in breadth from west to east, on which side it is bounded by the Ownaglyn, a mountain stream flowing into the Blackwater.

This territory, which lay waste since the time of James II., deposed by glorious revolution 1688, when the last O'Keeffe, a boy of sixteen[family brigades, child soldiers, sold to France/Church], went into the French service at the head of his father's company of foot, was appropriated to the Crown, in the reign of William III, and a small town built thereon, under the name of Williamstown, and the lands let to farmers directly under the Crown. --no source recorded
Uaim, the Young Transmitter of the Old Grampas
Grandson or consonance of bloodlines
THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 THE BOOK OF MACCARTHY REAGH. BY JOHN WINDELE, ESQ. p.370-

'The denationalizing system which formed the scheme of policy of our English rulers, from the accession of Elizabeth down to very recent times, and exhibited itself in hostility to the language, laws, literature, habits, and customs of the native population, has resulted in the loss to this country of many of our most valued Irish writings, taken away to foreign lands, to be buried in Continental or English libraries, or destroyed at home amidst the havoc and ruin of civil wars. Carew, one of Queen Elizabeth's Presidents of Munster, has been stigmatized by some of our native writers as an active agent in the work of spoliation and destruction. The " Psalter of Mac Kichard," hereafter to be again mentioned, is one of those MSS. taken away which can be traced into his hands....
'The topographical information contained in every portion of this volume cannot be over-estimated. A tract on the " Two Fermoys," a district now represented in the baronies of Fermoy, and Condons and Clongibbons, Cork, is almost unique, there being now only known an imperfect copy in the British Museum (" Egerton," 92). It is evidently a composition of the ante-English period, when the O'Keeffes and O'Duggans held undisturbed possession, and the lioches, Barrys, Condons, &c., were still unheard of.

The various occupying tribes or clans found here exhibits a density of population which, without such a document, we might well incline to question.'

The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eoghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of Fermoy from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGeralds. They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress.

They traced their name from Caoimh, Son of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Cliona, head of the Munster [Sí]...

...A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found...

http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press
Surname History: Descendant of caomh' (beautiful, noble, gentle, loveable). the o'keeffes, who are of the royal race of munster and of the same stock as the maccarthys and o'callaghans, derive their name and descent from art caomh who was son of fionghuine, chief of munster, and flourished in the 10th century. donnchadh Ó caoimh, the first to bear the surname, lived in the reign of ceallachan of cashel. the o'keeffes were originally seated at glanworth and possessed the district now called roches' country, in the barony of fermoy; but they were driven thence shortly after the anglo-norman invasion, when they settled in a district in the north-west of the barony of duhallow, to which they gave the name of pobble o'keeffe, and where they maintained themselves as a distinct clan [kept to the ancestral structures] down to the end of the 16th century [seems like it's more like the end of the 17th, possibly, or maybe we still are?] (Sloinnte Gaedheal is
Gall ...1http://www.sloinne.ie/surname/ga/o-caoimh/
from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; BEING AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT THE GAEDHALS, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME; COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864. Price One Shilling and Six-pence.
The O'Keeffes were hereditary marshals of the forces of Desmond [or another way to look at that is we were the go-betweens trying to influence the occupiers], and by O'Heerin they are styled chiefs of Glen Amhan, which was, according to Dr. O'Brien, the country around Glanworth, in the barony of Fermoy, and county of Cork, and hence they are sometimes styled chiefs of Feara-Muighe, also of Irluachra, in the barony of Duhallow, and county aforesaid, the chiefs of which are designated as follows by O'Heerin :— " O'Keeffe of the handsome brown brows, Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands." A large division of Irluachair, called Poble O'Keeffe, belonged to a senior branch of this family; it contains about 9000 statute acres, the greater portion of which is comprised in the now parish of NohovalDaly, in the barony of Magohiny, and county of Kerry, and the remaining part in the barony of Duhallow, in the county of Cork. This wild district is now known as the Crownlands or estate of Poble O'Keeffe, it having escheated to the Crown in 1641, in consequence of the part taken by the O'Keeffes in the disturbances of that period. '

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir as Fiacha Muilleathan gives Fermoy to Mogh Ruith and descendants forever for saving the day, translated Seán Ó Duinn, Mullach Abú! : "The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh ... ' Mogh Roith made his choice of this territory and addressing his people he made certain recommendations to them: 'to be equally venomous and affectionate, and as wily as serpents living in the one nest. Their nature is to have so much affection for each other that no one of them prefers his own good to the good of the others. That is how I wish my family to be – to act together in harmony – and while such is the case the area around them will not resist their growth ... It is not by guarantees that I give my support but only by means of their own affection, being ready to abide by the contract and living in friendly terms with the descendants of Fiacha. When it happens, however, that they are at variance with each other, this will be the opportunity for the very people that I am helping today to come and oppress my family and deprive them of their land, so that they will disappear from destitution and the man from the mountains surrounding them will say: 'Wasn't this the territory that the famous Fir Maighe once occupied?' It is for this reason that I call them the renowned Fir Maighe for I recommend them to the skilled in every craft, to have a noble bearing and to be men who will always defend Mumhan." https://celt.ucc.ie//published/T301044.html
Lismore Abbey from CladdaghDesign.com Lismore has strong historical and ecclesiastical links – it was founded way back in the 7th century by Saint Mochuda (also known as Saint Carthage) at the foot of the Knockmealdown Mountains and by the banks of the River Blackwater. The town is best

known for the highly significant Lismore Castle and (former) Abbey. Lismore Abbey was founded by Saint Mochuda in the year 635, on a steep hill that overlooks what is now the town centre of Lismore. Mochuda had spent almost forty years in the monastery of Rahan in southern Meath but was evicted due to disagreements he had with the abbot there. He fled to Lismore, was granted some land by the local prince, and founded the monastery. Sadly he died two years later and never got to see the hugely respected monastery it would become. Like most of the significant monasteries of the early Christian period in Ireland, Lismore started off as a single small building, but soon expanded as more and more people dedicated their lives to Christianity. It produced several notable saints and scholars over the years including Saint Cataldus (or Cathal), Saint Cuanna, and Aldfrith, [chief] of Northumbria. At its peak Lismore was the most celebrated monastery in the south of Ireland and was an important place of pilgrimage. Many Irish princes in their dying days chose to give up the sceptre and spend the last moments of their lives there. By the 12th century Lismore Abbey was still an important episcopal centre, and was the residence of the local bishop. In 1171 King Henry II stayed there, and in 1185 Prince John rebuilt the site as a stately and beautiful castle. Slowly it became less important as a religious hub and transitioned towards a private residence of the Irish gentry. From 1588 to 1793 it was occupied by a long line of Earls of Cork, with new aspects to the complex and architecture being added. After that (and an attack by Cromwellian forces in 1645 which left the whole structure seriously damaged) it changed hands by marriage to the Dukes of Devonshire, who still own it today.

About a mile south of Ballyhooly is a well named from St. Brendan the Navigator, and in connection with Tulach Mhin I forgot to mention in article on Aghacross that in the Irish Life of St. Finnbarr, published in Journal, Domangen,*** brother of Brendan, and Fintan are connected with Tulach Mhin. Windele says 200 that there is a holy well, Tobar Breuka, near Ballyhooly, whose waters are good for headaches and sore eyes.
[***Canon O'Hanlon ("Lives of Irish Saints," v., 400) says:—"According to St. Brendan's "Irish Life," he had a brother who was a bishop named Domanigen, and whose feast has been assigned to the 20th April, while he had a sister named Briga, or Brigh, said to have been of Enach Dnin fin Co. Galway)." In note to Domanigen, Canon O'Hanlon savs : —" Thus at the third of the Kalends of May, the Calendar quotes him as follows :—Domanigen, Bishop nf Tunim Muscraighe, i.e., son of Fionlugh, brother of Brendan, son of Fionlugh, who was of the race of Ciar, son of Fergus, son of Rudraighe.' In vol. iv., p. 546, Canon O'Hanlon says : —" In the published Martyrology of Tallagh, at the 20th April, is found the simple entrv : —' Domangin of Tunim Muscraidhe.' In the Bollandists' collection, referring to the same Calendar, thev have Domongenus, Fpiscopus de Tunim Muscraig. This place is stated ('Donegal Martyrology,' pp. 112-113; Reeves' ' Ecclesiastical Antiouities of Down, Connor, and Dronfore,' pp. 152-377) to be identical with Tomes, Barony of West Muskerrv. Co. Cork." Tobar Breauka, near Ballyhoolv, seems to have been named from a saint who is, perhaps, Brig, Briga, or Brega, sister of Brendan and Domangen The name Domangen occurs on one of the recently discovered Clonakilty Ogham stones.]

He makes mention of the Glenna Bo ("Valley of the Cow") woods, forming part of the demesne grounds of Castle Hyde, and he also refers to Coolnamuckee, or "the pig's corner," in the Ballyhooly district. There are various tales in which the muc is mentioned. The muc named Beo, slain by Finn, according to the Boyish Exploits, was killed beside Sliabh na Muice, near Tipperary, on the road the course of which through Fermoy we have marked and named Bothar Bo Finne. Bo
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908
[*Todd (P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 20) says that in "Book of Fermoy" there is "a tract headed Indarbha 197 Mochuda ar Raithin, " banishment of Mochuda out of Raithin." It begins : Mochutta mac Finaill, do Ciaraigi Luacra a cenel. "Mochuda, son of Finaill, of Ciarraighe Luachra (now Kerry) was his

family." This is a curious and valuable account of the banishment of St. Mochuda from Raithin, now 'Rahan, near Tullamore, King's County, and his settlement at Lismore, where he founded a celebrated school and episcopal see in the seventh century. In " Chronicum Scotorum," a.D. 635, is fol lowing entry :—" Expulsion of Carthach, i.e., Mochuda, i.e., Mochta, son of Firaull (Finall), from Raithin, in diebus Paschce," and at a.r>. 636 is following entry :— " Quies of Mochta of Raithin, on the 2nd of the Ides of May." Mochta is a shortened form of Mochuda, owing to first syllable being strongly accented. 2 Niarney (Blarna, Gen. Blarnan) belonged to the race of Cairbre Muse before its occupation by the Mar Carthys, who were from County of Tipperary. O'Donovan (Sup. to O'Reilly's Dictionary) says :—" Dun na sciath, now Dunnaskeagh, a townland in the parish of Rathlynin, in the barony of Clanwilliam, County of Tipperary, where Carthach, the ancestor of the McCarthys resided in 1043." Rathlynin was in territory of Muscraighe Breogain, the old name being Magh Breogain. Breogan is eponym of Brigantes, or Brythons....]
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

Some particulars concerning Cuana Mac Cailcin have been already given, who, according to Four Masters, died a.d. 640. The wife of Cuana was named Ruithchearn (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 590), and she was the daughter of Aedh Bennan, [chief] of West Munster about a.d. 600. In the Book of Leinster there is a sketch of the tale of the elopement of Ruithchearn with Cuana. Aedh Bennan had also a daughter named Mor, ** the heroine of a strange series of adventures recorded in Book of Fermoy. Inis Faithlenn (Inisfallen) at Killarney is stated in P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 1,15, to have been named from Faighlen or Faighlenn (Faithlenn), son of Aedh Bennan, of the race of Core Mac Luigdech.
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

J.G. O'Keeffe The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, from Book of Lismore, Ériu Vol. 10 (1926/1928), Royal Irish Academy: The evidence afforded by the personal and place names indicates that the text could not have been written before the twelfth century.
The surname (which began to appear in the ninth as well as established by the twelfth century) is found throughout. In connection with place names, I think it will be found on examination of early Irish documents that the word baile as the first element in place names does not occur with any frequency before the close of the twelfth century. Documents of this kind are not common in Irish. It is quite a matter-of-fact record, and, judged from the personal and place names that survive in the district to the present day, it must have been a fairly exact one. The occasion for the record may have been some fundamental change in the political organization of the district...There must have been some good reason for placing on record the hereditary owners and, with as much precision as possible, the limits of their several ownerships. Soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion the power of the Native chieftains began to wane. The Fermoy territory came under the dominion of the Roches and Flemings in the thirteenth century... ...The first tuath that is reckoned of these is the Eoghanacht of Glennomain (Glanworth), for it is the noblest of them, being the freetuatha of Cashel...
1161 Aedh Ua Caeimh Tighearnach Feara-Muige slain. — John O'Donovan, Annals of the [chiefing] of Ireland, Volume 2, 1856

1135 Finguine O'Caemh, Lord of Glennamnach, slain Illustrations, historical and genealogical, of King James's Irish army list, 1689 by D'Alton, John
'Indigenous peoples have the right to maintain and strengthen their distinct political, legal, economic, social and cultural institutions, while retaining their right to participate fully, if they so choose, in the political, economic, social and cultural life of the State. '
Article 5 of the UN Declaration of the right of Indigenous peoples
Respecting the Cath Finntragha or the Battle of the White Strand, a name now Anglicised Ventry Harbour, in West Kerry, O 'Curry tells us that this is an ancient Fenian tale, as may be judged from the story mentioned in it of the unfortunate lovers, Cael and Crede, as well as from a damaged copy of it on vellum preserved in an old manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford ; but the paper

copies of it, which are numerous in Ireland, are very much corrupted in language and interpolated with trivial and incongruous incidents. The tale is a pure fiction, but related with considerable force and in a highly popular style. It begins with the statement that Daire Dornmhar, the Emperor of the whole world except Erinn, calls together all the tributary [chiefs] of his empire to join him in an expedition to Erinn to subjugate it and enforce tribute. He arrives with a great fleet at Glas Carrig (now the Skellig Rocks), off Kerry, piloted by Glas Mac Dremain, a soldier of Kerry, who had been previously banished by Finn Mac Cumhaill. This Glas Mac Dremain, who was well acquainted with his native coast, brought the fleet safely into the noble harbour of Finntraigh or Ventry, from which place the emperor determined to subdue the country. Finn had at all times some of his trusty warriors, vigilant and swift of foot, posted at all the harbours of the country for the purpose of giving him timely information of the approach or landing of any foreign foe in Ireland ; and not the least important, as well as interesting, part of this tale is the list of these harbours, with their ancient as well as their more modern names. Finn at the actual time of the invasion was enjoying the pleasures of swimming and fishing in the river Shannon, where a message from his warden at Ventry reached him with the important news. In the meantime it also reached several chiefs and warriors of the Tuatha de Danann race who were located in Ui Chonaill Gabra in the present county of Limerick; and several of these simultaneously with Finn set out for Ventry, where they all arrived in due time, and immediately entered upon a series of combats with the foreign enemy. Tidings of the invasion were soon carried into Ulster also, and Gall, a youth of fifteen, son of the [chief] of that province, obtained leave from his father to come to Finn's assistance at the head of a fine band of young Ulster volunteers. Young Gall's ardour, however, cost him very dear; for having entered the battle with extreme eagerness, his excitement soon increased to absolute frenzy, and after having performed astounding deeds of valour, he fled in a state of derangement from the scene of slaughter, and never stopped until he plunged into the wild seclusion of a deep glen far up the country. This glen has ever since been called Glenn-na-n-Gealt, or the Glen of the Lunatics ; and it is even to this day believed in the South that all the lunatics of Erinn would resort to this spot if they were allowed to be at large. The siege, as it may be called, of Ventry Harbour, held for a year and a day, but at length the foreign foe was beaten off with the loss of all his best men, and indeed of nearly the whole of his army ; and thus Finn and his brave warriors, as was long their custom, preserved the liberty and integrity of their native land. The tale of the Battle of Ventry is of no absolute value as historic authority for the incidents related in it, but the many names of places and the various manners and customs traditionally handed down and preserved in it render it of considerable interest to the student of Irish history." JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.
Donnchadh Ó Corráin Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil: History or Propaganda
{ném: Lustre, radiance, a blaze, illumination?, nem-medon mis míthime 'in radiant middle of the month of June' 133 nem, nnem, nem, nem, nim, nim, nime, nimae, neme, nime, nimi, nime, ebad, neamh, nim, nimh, nimhe, nimhe, nimhe, nime, nimib, nime, indithib, indithidib: the sky or physical heaven, ni artu ní nim nothing is higher than heaven, seven heavens supposed to encompass (or be super- jacent to) the earth, heaven, the abode of the blest, a ceiling, heavenland, horoscopists, the membrum virile [bodach], `from a warrior's nakedness134 naomh: saint, holy, blessed

The Schism of the Three Chapters wikipedia :With the exception of the patriarch of Aquileia, these bishops and most of their suffragans were now subjects of the Lombards and beyond the reach of the Byzantine Exarch at Ravenna. As a result, they were able to maintain their dissent in support of the schism. The schism had deepened along political, Lombard-Roman lines. The Irish missionary Columbanus, who was ministering to the Lombards in Bobbio was involved in the first attempt to resolve this division through mediation between 612 and 615. Agilulf, King of the Lombards, persuaded him to address a letter on the schism to Boniface IV. He tells the pope that he is suspect of heresy for accepting the Fifth Ecumenical Council (the Second Council of Constantinople in 553), and exhorts him to summon a council and prove his orthodoxy. Historian Edward Gibbon theorized that Pope Honorius I reconciled the Patriarch to Rome in 638, although this did not last. As the schism lost its vigour, the Lombards started to renounce Arianism...

ikipedia: St. Columbanus Columbanus (the Latinised form of Columbán, meaning the white dove) was born in ... Meath, now part of Leinster, in Ireland in 543, the year Saint Benedict died at Monte Cassino. Prior to his birth, his mother was said to have had visions of bearing a child who, in the judgment of those interpreting the visions, would become a "remarkable genius".[8] Columbanus was well-educated in the areas of grammar, rhetoric, geometry, and the Holy Scriptures....
...He stayed at Bangor until his fortieth year, when he received Comgall's permission to travel to the continent. Columbanus gathered twelve companions for his journey—Saint Attala, Columbanus the Younger, Cummain, Domgal (Deicolus), Eogain, Eunan, Saint Gall, Gurgano, Libran, Lua, Sigisbert, and Waldoleno—and together they set sail for the continent. After a brief stop in Britain, most likely on the Scottish coast, they crossed the channel and landed in Brittany in 585. At Saint-Malo in Brittany, there is a granite cross bearing the saint's name to which people once came to pray for rain in times of drought. The nearby village of Saint-Coulomb commemorates him in name. Columbanus and his companions were received with favour by King Gontram of Burgundy, and soon they made their way to Annegray, where they founded a monastery in an abandoned Roman fortress. Despite its remote location in the Vosges Mountains, the community became a popular pilgrimage site that attracted so many monastic vocations that two new monasteries had to be formed to accommodate them.

In 590, Columbanus obtained from King Gontram the Gallo-Roman castle called Luxovium in present-day Luxeuil-les-Bains, some eight miles from Annegray.[14] The castle, soon transformed into a monastery, was located in a wild region, thickly covered with pine forests and brushwood. Columbanus erected a third monastery called Ad-fontanas at present-day Fontainelès-Luxeuil, named for its numerous springs. These monastic communities remained under Columbanus' authority, and their rules of life reflected the Irish tradition in which he had been formed. As these communities expanded and drew more pilgrims, Columbanus sought greater solitude, spending periods of time in a hermitage and communicating with the monks through an intermediary. Often he would withdraw to a cave...

During his twenty years in Gaul (in present-day France), Columbanus became involved in a dispute with the Frankish bishops who may have feared his growing influence. During the first half of the sixth century, the councils of Gaul had given to bishops absolute authority over religious communities. As heirs to the Irish monastic tradition, Columbanus and his monks used the Irish Easter calculation, a version of Bishop Augustalis's 84-year computus for determining the date of Easter (Quartodecimanism), whereas the Franks had adopted the Victorian cycle of 532 years. The bishops objected to the newcomers' continued observance of their own dating, which— among other issues—caused the end of Lent to differ. They also complained about the distinct Irish tonsure. In 602, the bishops assembled to judge Columbanus, but he did not appear before them as requested. Instead, he sent a letter to the prelates—a strange mixture of freedom, reverence, and charity—admonishing them to hold synods more frequently, and advising them to pay more attention to matters of equal importance to that of the date of Easter. In defence of his following his traditional paschal cycle, he wrote: I am not the author of this divergence. I came as a poor stranger into these parts for the cause of Christ, Our Saviour. One thing alone I ask of you, holy Fathers, permit me to live in silence in these forests, near the bones of seventeen of my brethren now dead. When the bishops refused to abandon the matter, Columbanus, following Saint Patrick's canon, appealed directly to Pope Gregory I. In the third and only surviving letter, he asks "the holy Pope, his Father" to provide "the strong support of his authority" and to render a... "verdict of his favour", apologising for "presuming to argue as it were, with him who sits in the chair of Peter, Apostle and Bearer of the Keys". None of the letters were answered... ...

...Columbanus then sent a letter to Gregory's successor, Pope Boniface IV, asking him to confirm the tradition of his elders—if it is not contrary to the Faith—so that he and his monks can follow the rites of their ancestors. Before Boniface responded, Columbanus moved outside the jurisdiction of the Frankish bishops...

...Columbanus was also involved in a dispute with members of the Frankish royal family. Upon the death of King Gontram of Burgundy, the succession passed to his nephew, Childebert II, the son of his brother Sigebert and Sigebert's wife Brunhilda of Austrasia. When Childebert II died, he left two sons, Theuderic II who inherited the Kingdom of Burgundy, and Theudebert II who inherited the Kingdom of Austrasia. Since both were minors, Brunhilda, their grandmother, declared herself their guardian and controlled the governments of the two kingdoms. Theuderic II venerated Columbanus and often visited him, but the saint admonished and rebuked 1718 him for his behaviour. When Theuderic began living with a mistress, the saint objected, earning the displeasure of Brunhilda, who thought a royal marriage would threaten her own power. The saint did not spare the demoralised court, and Brunhilda became his bitterest foe. Angered by the saint's moral stand, Brunhilda stirred up the bishops and nobles to find fault with his monastic rules. When Theuderic II finally confronted Columbanus at Luxeuil, ordering him to conform to the country's conventions, the saint refused and was then taken prisoner to Besançon. Columbanus managed to escape his captors and returned to his monastery at Luxeuil. When the king and his grandmother found out, they sent soldiers to drive him back to Ireland by force, separating him from his monks by insisting that only those from Ireland could accompany him into exile. Columbanus was taken to Nevers, then travelled by boat down the Loire river to the coast. At Tours he visited the tomb of Saint Martin, and sent a message to Theuderic II indicating that within three years he and his children would perish. When he arrived at Nantes, he wrote a letter before embarkation to his fellow monks at Luxeuil monastery. Filled with love and affection, the letter urges his brethren to obey Attala, who stayed behind as abbot of the monastic community. The letter concludes: They come to tell me the ship is ready. The end of my parchment compels me to finish my letter. Love is not orderly; it is this which has made it confused. Farewell, dear hearts of mine; pray for me that I may live in God. Soon after the ship set sail from Nantes, a severe storm drove the vessel back ashore. Convinced that his holy passenger caused the tempest, the captain refused further attempts to transport the monk. Columbanus made his way across Gaul to visit King Chlothar II of Neustria at Soissons where he was gladly received. Despite the king's offers to stay in his kingdom, Columbanus left Neustria in 611 for the court of King Theudebert II of Austrasia in the northeastern part of the Kingdom of the Merovingian Franks. The Alps Columbanus travelled to Metz, where he received an honourable welcome, and then proceeding to Mainz, where he sailed upwards the Rhine river to the lands of the Suebi and Alemanni in the northern Alps, intending to preach the Gospel to these people. He followed the Rhine river and its tributaries, the Aar and the Limmat, and then on to Lake Zurich. Columbanus chose the village of Tuggen as his initial community, but the work was not successful. He continued north-east by way of Arbon to Bregenz on Lake Constance, where there were still some traces of Christianity. Here the saint found an oratory dedicated to Saint Aurelia containing three brass images of their tutelary deities. Columbanus commanded Gallus, who knew the local language, to preach to the inhabitants, and many were converted. The three brass images were destroyed, and Columbanus blessed the little 1719 church, placing the relics of Saint Aurelia beneath the altar. A monastery was erected, Mehrerau Abbey, and the brethren observed their regular life. Columbanus stayed in Bregenz for about one year. Following an uprising against the community, possibly related to that region being taken over by the saint's old enemy King Theudebert II, Columbanus resolved to cross the Alps into Italy. Gallus remained in this area and died there 646. About seventy years later at the place of Gallus' cell the Monastery of Saint Gall was founded, which in itself was the origin of the city of St. Gallen again about another three hundred years later. Columbanus in the Alps and Italy Columbanus arrived in Milan in 612 and was warmly greeted by King Agilulf and Queen Theodelinda of the Lombards.[Note 4] He immediately began refuting the teachings of Arianism, which had enjoyed a degree of acceptance in Italy. He wrote a treatise against Arianism, which has since been lost. Queen Theodelinda, the devout daughter of

Duke Garibald I of Bavaria, played an important role in restoring Nicene Christianity to a position of primacy against Arianism, and was largely responsible for the [chief]'s conversion to Christianity. At the [chief]'s request, Columbanus wrote a letter to Pope Boniface IV on the controversy over the Three Chapters—writings by Syrian bishops suspected of Nestorianism, which had been condemned in the fifth century as heresy. Pope Gregory I had tolerated in Lombardy those persons who defended the Three Letters, among them King Agilulf. Columbanus agreed to take up the issue on behalf of the king. The letter begins with an apology that a "foolish Scot (Scottus, Irishman)" would be writing for a Lombard king. After acquainting the pope with the imputations brought against him, he entreats the pontiff to prove his orthodoxy and assemble a council. He writes that his freedom of speech is consistent with the custom of his country.

Proclamation of 1916: "IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom...supported by her exiled children in America...We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible....

The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past...

“What this brings out is that modern politics cannot be a matter of genuine moral consensus. And it is not. Modern politics is civil war carried on by other means,” ― Alasdair MacIntyre

Francocracy The Frankokratia (Greek: Φραγκοκρατία, Frankokratía, lit. Anglicized as "Francocracy", "rule of the Franks"), also known as Latinokratia (Greek: Λατινοκρατία, Latinokratía, "rule of the Latins") and, for the Venetian domains, Venetocracy (Greek: Βενετοκρατία, Venetokratía or Ενετοκρατία, Enetokratia), was the period in Greek history after the Fourth Crusade (1204), when a number of primarily French and Italian Crusader states were established on the territory of the dissolved Byzantine Empire (see Partitio terrarum imperii Romaniae). The term derives from the fact that the Orthodox Greeks called the Western European Catholics "Latins", most of whom were of French ("Franks") or Venetian origin. The span of the Frankokratia period is different for every region: the political situation was highly volatile, as the Frankish states were fragmented and changed hands, and in many cases were re-conquered by the Greek successor states.

With the exception of the Ionian Islands and some isolated forts which remained in Venetian hands until the turn of the 19th century …

Francia Francia or Frankia, also called the Kingdom of the Franks (Latin: Regnum Francorum), Frankish Kingdom, Frankish Empire, Frankish Realm or occasionally Frankland, was a Barbarian kingdom inhabited and ruled by the Franks, a confederation of West Germanic tribes, during Late Antiquity and the Early Middle Ages. The kingdom was founded by Clovis I, crowned first King of the Franks in 496. Under the nearly continuous campaigns of Pepin of Herstal, Charles Martel, Pepin the Short, Charlemagne, and Louis the Pious—father, son, grandson, great-grandson and great-great-grandson—the greatest expansion of the Frankish empire was secured by the early 9th century.1126

Gabaltais Searluis Mor: The Conquest of Charlemagne, also one of the texts in the Book of Lismore that “no one understands why it is there”...

“Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing.” ― George Orwell, 1984

wikipedia: The Investiture Controversy The Investiture Controversy or Investiture Contest was a conflict between church and state in medieval Europe. [But also remember the conflict between church and church going on at the same time. This reads to me of consolidating power and stamping out the older, perhaps somewhat kinder, christian forms.] In the 11th and 12th centuries, a series of popes challenged the authority of European monarchies. At issue was whether a pope or a monarch had the authority to appoint (invest) local church officials such as bishops of cities and abbots of monasteries. The investiture controversy began as a power struggle between Pope Gregory VII (1072–85) and Henry IV, Holy Roman Emperor (1056–1106). A brief but significant struggle over investiture also occurred

between Henry I of England and Pope Paschal II in the years 1103 to 1107, and the issue played a minor role in the struggles between church and state in France, as well. By undercutting the imperial power established by the Salian emperors, the controversy led to nearly 50 years of civil war in Germany, and the triumph of the great dukes and abbots. Imperial power was finally re-established under the Hohenstaufen dynasty. Historian Norman Cantor: The age of the investiture controversy may rightly be regarded as the turning-point in medieval civilization. It was the fulfillment of the early Middle Ages because in it the acceptance[!] of the Christian religion by the Germanic peoples reached its final and decisive stage … The greater part of the religious and political system of the high Middle Ages emerged out of the events and ideas of the investiture controversy. The conflict ended in 1122, when Emperor Henry V and Pope Callixtus II agreed on the Concordat of Worms
English investiture controversy of 1102 to 1107 wikipedia At the time of Henry IV's death, Henry I of England and the Gregorian papacy were also embroiled in a controversy over investiture, and its solution provided a model for the eventual solution of the issue in the empire. William the Conqueror had accepted a papal banner and the distant blessing of Pope Alexander II upon his invasion, but had successfully rebuffed the pope's assertion after the successful outcome, that he should come to Rome and pay homage for his fief, under the general provisions of the "Donation of Constantine".

The ban on lay investiture in Dictatus Papae did not shake the loyalty of William's bishops and abbots. In the reign of Henry I, the heat of exchanges between Westminster and Rome induced Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, to give up mediating and retire to an abbey. Robert of Meulan, one of Henry's chief advisors, was excommunicated, but the threat of excommunicating the king remained unplayed. The papacy needed the support of English Henry while German Henry was still unbroken. A projected crusade also required English support. Henry I commissioned the Archbishop of York to collect and present all the relevant traditions of anointed [chiefing]. "The resulting 'Anonymous of York' treaties are a delight to students of earlymedieval political theory, but they in no way typify the outlook of the Anglo-Norman monarchy, which had substituted the secure foundation of administrative and legal bureaucracy for outmoded religious ideology .
Concordat of London, 1107 According to René Metz, author of What Is Canon Law?, a concordat is a convention concluded between the Holy See and the civil power of a country to define the relationship between the Catholic Church and the state in matters in which both are concerned. The concordat is one type of an international convention. Concordats began during the First Crusade's end in 1098. The Concordat of London (1107) suggested a compromise that was later taken up in the Concordat of Worms. In England, as in Germany, the king's chancery started to distinguish between the secular and ecclesiastical powers of the prelates. Employing this distinction, Henry gave up his right to invest his bishops and abbots while reserving the custom of requiring them to swear homage for the "temporalities" (the landed properties tied to the episcopate) directly from his hand, after the bishop had sworn homage and feudal vassalage in the commendation ceremony (commendatio), like any secular vassal. The system of vassalage was not divided among great local lords in England as it was in France, since the king was in control by right of the conquest.
Concordat of Worms and its significance On the European mainland, after 50 years of fighting, the Concordat of Worms provided a similar, but longer lasting, compromise when signed on September

23, 1122. It eliminated lay investiture, while leaving secular leaders some room for unofficial but significant influence in the appointment process. While the monarchy was embroiled in the dispute with the Church, the monarchy declined in power and broke apart. Localized rights of lordship over peasants grew. This resulted in multiple effects: 1) increased serfdom that reduced rights for the majority, 2) increased taxes and levies that royal coffers declined, and 3) localized rights of justice where courts did not have to answer to royal authority. In the long term, the decline of imperial power would divide Germany until the
19th century. Similarly, in Italy, the investiture controversy weakened the emperor's authority and strengthened local separatist forces. The papacy grew stronger from the controversy. Marshalling for public opinion engaged lay people in religious affairs increasing lay piety, setting the stage for the Crusades and the great religious vitality of the 12th century. The dispute did not end with the Concordat of Worms. Future disputes between popes and Holy Roman Emperors continued until northern Italy was lost to the empire entirely. The church would Crusade against the Holy Roman Empire under Frederick II. According to Norman Cantor: The investiture controversy had shattered the early-medieval equilibrium and ended the interpenetration of ecclesia and mundus. Medieval [chiefing], which had been largely the creation of ecclesiastical ideals and personnel, was forced to develop new institutions and sanctions. The result during the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries, was the first instance of a secular bureaucratic state whose essential components appeared in the Anglo-Norman monarchy1130

Scots Monastery, Regensburg, wikipedia The Scots Monastery (in German Schottenkirche, Schottenkloster or Schottenstift) ... in Regensburg, Germany...was founded in the 11th century by Irish missionaries and for most of its history was in the hands of first Irish, then Scottish monks. In Middle Latin, Scotti meant Gaels, not differentiating Ireland from Scotland, so that the term Schottenstift already dates from the Irish period. The full official name of the actual church, the most prominent building within the abbey complex, is Die irische Benediktinerklosterkirche St. Jakob und St. Gertrud (literally: "The Irish Benedictine Abbey Church of St. James and St. Gertrude"). The abbey was originally built to the south of the city walls around the year 1070, but this soon proved to be too small to accommodate the influx of Irish monks. A new site outside of the western city gate was purchased, and construction of a new abbey began around 1100.[2] Around 1300 the city walls were extended and St. James became a part of the fortified city.[3] The new western gate became known as the Jakobstor. This Church of St. James, a three-aisled basilica with three apses and two east towers, was dedicated in 1120. Only the east end survives of this early building.
...At the top, a frieze showing Christ with the twelve apostles stands at the middle, while figureless blind arcades stand at either side. The interpretation of the tympanum is relatively uncontroversial: it portrays Christ, at the center, flanked by Sts. James and John. Numerous explanations for the remaining figures have been proposed; here only that of Richard Strobel has been presented. There are various indications that the left side, as one faces the portal, is more highly regarded than the right. Its entablature carries a rich interlace, while that at right is undecorated; the arcade in the middle zone is filled by a row of human heads, while that at right is filled with those of animals. The central sculpture in the lowest zone at left, which is set on a throne and projects significantly from the ground, clearly represents Mary with the Christ child; the former, as the "new Eve," holds an apple, while the latter holds the book of life. The reliefs at either side show human figures caressing each other, that is, in attitudes of harmony. The corresponding central figure on the lowest zone at right, on the other hand, is bracketed by aggressive, hostile beasts... ...[T]he reliefs beneath them.... At left, a dragon is shown swallowing a lion, while at the lowermost level a siren appears.... At right, a crocodile is shown swalling a hydrus, wrapped in a ball of clay. According to a medieval legend, the hydrus, once inside, would destroy the crocodile from within... At the lowermost level monks are depicted with gospel books in hand, thus pilgrims and missionaries. Therefore, if the central figures at left are auspicious, while those at right carry negative connotations, the exact opposite situation prevails at the lowest levels. [T]he second caryatid from the right is a woman

holding snakes to her breast... the second figure from the left is a man wearing a plaited belt... The uppermost register, in which Christ appears flanked by the twelve apostles, is most likely a representation of the Last Judgment. It remains only to describe the jambs, which are decorated with a striking array of ornament, and at top and bottom with a variety of kneeling figures. The identities of some of these figures may be ascertained through their attributes. For example, the foremost figure at the lower right holds a t-shaped staff, which accessory was commonly associated with hermits and monks. The central figure at the upper right plays a bowed instrument, while the innermost figure at the upper left holds a vessel on which animal pelts are draped. These figures may refer to the history of the monastery itself: the monk with his staff to its origin among the hermits of Ireland; the musician to their position within the courtly society of Regensburg ...A papal bull of 1577 transferred the monastery from Irish hands …
wikipedia: Concordat of Worms The Concordat of Worms (Latin: Concordatum Wormatiense), sometimes called the Pactum Calixtinum by papal historians, was an agreement between Pope Callixtus II and Henry V, Holy Roman Emperor on September 23, 1122, near the city of Worms. It brought to an end the first phase of the power struggle between the Papacy and the Holy Roman Emperors and has been interpreted as containing within itself the germ of nation-based sovereignty that would one day be confirmed in the Peace of Westphalia (1648). In part this was an unforeseen result of strategic maneuvering between the Church and the European sovereigns over political control within their domains. The King was recognised as having the right to invest bishops with secular authority ("by the lance") in the territories they governed, but not with sacred authority ("by ring and staff"). The result was that bishops owed allegiance in worldly matters both to the pope and to the king, for they were obliged to affirm the right of the sovereign to call upon them for military support, under his oath of fealty. Previous Holy Roman Emperors had thought it their right, granted by God, to name Church officials within their territories (such as bishops) and to confirm the Papal election (and, at times of extraordinary urgency, actually name popes). In fact, the Emperors had been heavily relying on bishops for their secular administration, as they were not hereditary or quasi-hereditary nobility with family interests. A more immediate result of the Investiture struggle identified a proprietary right that adhered to sovereign territory, recognising the right of kings to income from the territory of a vacant diocese and a basis for justifiable taxation. These rights lay outside feudalism, which defined authority in a hierarchy of personal relations, with only a loose relation to territory. The pope emerged as a figure above and out of the direct control of the Holy Roman Emperor.

wikipedia: Peace of Westphalia or setting the stage for global colonial white supremacy The Peace of Westphalia (German: Westfälischer Friede) was a series of peace treaties signed between May and October 1648 in the Westphalian cities of Osnabrück and Münster, effectively ending the European wars of religion. These treaties ended the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648) in the Holy Roman Empire, between the Habsburgs and their Catholic allies and the Protestant (Sweden, Denmark, Dutch, Holy Roman Principalities) and Catholic (France) Anti-Habsburg allies; and the Eighty Years' War (1568–1648) between Spain and the Dutch Republic, with Spain formally recognising the independence of the Dutch Republic ...

...The Peace of Westphalia established the precedent of peaces established by diplomatic congress, and a new system of political order in central Europe, later called Westphalian sovereignty, based upon the concept of co-existing sovereign states. Inter-state aggression was to be held in check by a balance of power. A norm was established against interference in another state's domestic affairs. As European influence spread across the globe, these Westphalian principles, especially the concept of sovereign states, became central to international law and to the prevailing world order.

“The State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.” — Oliver Cromwell

“The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.” ― George Orwell, Animal Farm

“Modern technology has become a total phenomenon for civilization, the defining force of a new social order in which efficiency is no longer an option but a necessity imposed on all human activity.” ― Jacques Ellul, Perspectives on Our Age

Meitheal - Using the old Irish tradition of a Meitheal to develop a resilient, adaptive, autopoetic learning community,Liam Ó Gógáin, 16 Eanáir 2002
'Meitheal is an ancient Irish tradition of a group coming together for a common purpose and working together and for each other to ensure that all succeed in achieving their goal. and nurtures the Genius of the group. When cultivated and conscientised, this richness provides the lubrication, creativity, magic, self belief and resilience for the Meitheal to respond to changes in its environment and to demands made on its members, whether they are rapid and unpredictable, or foreseeable and moderately paced, in a balanced, congruent, holistic and effective manner. In terms of managing change, particularly against the world view of accelerating chaotic unpredictable change, Meitheal can operate as an aware, congruent, self reliant, adaptive self organizing organism...."
Henry Kissinger on The Peace of Westphalia from his book World Order The Peace of Westphalia that emerged from these convoluted discussions is probably the most frequently cited diplomatic document in European history, though in fact no single treaty exists to embody its terms. Nor did the delegates ever meet in a single plenary session to adopt it...Both of the main multilateral treaties proclaimed their intent as “a Christian, universal, perpetual, true, and sincere peace and friendship” for “the glory of God and the security of Christendom[aka white supremacy]...Begun as a struggle of Catholics against Protestants, particularly after France’s entry against the Catholic Holy Roman Empire it had turned into a free-for-all of shifting and conflicting alliances. Much like the Middle Eastern conflagrations of our own period, sectarian alignments were invoked for solidarity and motivation in battle but were just as often discarded, trumped by clashes of geopolitical interests or simply the ambitions of outsized personalities [and through interventionist intrigue no doubt]. Every party had been abandoned at some point during the war by its “natural” allies; none signed the documents under the illusion that it was doing anything but advancing its own interests and prestige.... The rise of Britain as a major naval power by early in the eighteenth century [thanks to the clearing of our ancestral Irish forests, among other reasons] made it possible to turn the facts of the balance of power into a system. Control of the seas enabled Britain to choose the timing and scale of its involvement on the Continent to act as the arbiter of the balance of power, indeed the guarantor that Europe would have a balance of power at all. So long as England assessed its strategic requirements correctly, it would be able to back the weaker side on the Continent against the stronger, preventing any single country from achieving hegemony in Europe and thereby mobilizing the resources of the Continent to challenge Britain’s control of the seas. Until the outbreak of World War I, England acted as the balancer of the equilibrium. It fought in European wars but with shifting alliances—not in pursuit of specific, purely national goals, but by identifying the national interest with the preservation of the balance of power. Many of these principles apply to America’s role in the contemporary world...
Doneraile Catholic Church Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary By Michael Shine The medieval [native Irish Orthodox Christian] Church structures were completely different then, to what we have now. When the Normans came to Ireland they found a country without parishes.. The creation of parishes accompanied the creation of manors. Cahirduggan and Doneraile parishes were created in the 1200's.These were then separate parishes, but are now unified in Doneraile Parish. Tithes were paid for the first time in Ireland. These were a compulsory tax - one tenth of the fruits of the earth, and of a man's lobour were owed to the clergy. The lay Lords had the right to nominate Parish Priests . This was called "Advowson". Sometimes this right was vested in a monastery, where it was called "Impropriation". The tithes would then be paid to the monastery, the prior or abbot of which would become the rector or parish priest. The priory of the Canons Regular of St.

Augustine, dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr, was founded and endowed by the Anglo-Norman Barrys, at a place called Ballybeg, in the year 1229. Ballybeg is between Doneraile and Buttevant, but nearer to Buttevant. Its ruins can be seen about a mile south of Buttevant, on the road from Limerick to Cork.The churches or rectories of Cahirduggan and Doneraile were then granted to it on the Impropriation system. The tithes of these small churches then became payable to the prior of Ballybeg as rector.

The Canons normally would minister to those rectories which were near the priory, and the priory would then be entitled to all of the tithes. However in the case of the more distant churches the tithes would be divide between the rector and a substitute, called a vicar, who did the work in those parishes. The usual divide in those cases was, two-thirds for the rector and one-third for the vicar. And so the priors of Ballybeg were the rectors or parish priests of Cahirduggan and Doneraile for three centuries in the late medieval period. When the priory was dissolved in 1540, various rectories or small churches were listed as being appropriated to it, including rectories in Cahirduggan and Doneraile, as well as others in East and West Cork. In the case of Doneraile parish, Rossdoyle church in Oldcourt graveyard was the chief church, but other rectories or vicarages within the parish were situated at Rossagh, Aglish and Cloustogue or Kilconnors. Cahirduggan had its own church. At the end of the turbulent 16th century, the rectories of Cahirduggan and Doneraile were in ruins, and of no use to the Established or state Church. To solve this problem Sir Wm. St.Leger, Lord President of Munster, built a new church in 1663 for the Church of Ireland. It was erected on the left bank of the Awbeg river, opposite St. Leger's presidential castle in Doneraile. It is still used for worship, though it has been restructured a number of times, and in recent years has had major repairs done to it. Catholics had no such comfort. Masses were said in open fields, in the ruins of an old church such as Rossdoyle, or on Mass rocks such as the one recently discovered in the townland of Carker Middle, Doneraile. By the year 1661 there was no curate in Doneraile (Rossdoyle) or Cahirduggan, after Cromwell's campaign. The old order had disappeared, the Canons Regular of St. Augustine were gone, parishes were being enlarged and amalgamated after the Council of Trent, the era of the Penal Laws was not far away. These latter lasted from 1691 to 1761. The Penal Laws. The main acts passed against the Catholic clergy under the Penal Laws were (1) The Banishment Act (2) The Registration Act, and (3) The Abjuration Act. The first parish priest of Doneraile enrolled under the Registration Act was Tadhg O'Dálaigh, pastor from 1686 to 1717. He was ordained in Rouen in France in 1669. He lived in Carker, was a Gaelic poet, and, probably said Mass legally on the Mass Rock in Carker Middle. He was succeeded by Eoghan O'Caoimh who was in charge of the parish from 1717 to 17 26. He had been married, and was ordained a priest after his wife's death. Eoghan was an even more famous Gaelic poet and scholar. He is buried in front of the ruin of the old churh of Rossdoyle in Oldcourt graveyard. Three of Eoghan O'Caoimh's successors are buried within the walls of this medieval church. Their names and years of their ministry are: Fr. John Cotter (1739-1784), Fr. James Cotter (1784-1799) and Fr. Lewis Walsh (1799-!815). It is clear from this that there was a strong tradition linking Doneraile's Catholics to the ancient church of Rossdoyle. This was a significant thing in the 18th. century.It was not unusual for Mass to be said where churches had previously existed. Old parish boundaries were still observed.The people continued to bury their dead where their ancestors had been buried. Oldcourt graveyard developed around the old medieval church..

From a Gravestone in Oldcourt carved by Donncad O'Dailag half a mile west of where Eoghan O'Keeffe was a parish priest in Doneraile. According to the Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological society, Volume 3, “Eoghan or Owen O'Keeffe, like his namesake John O'Keeffe the dramatist ... possessed the most varied and versatile of powers.” Gaeilge Here is the burial place of Eoghan O'Keeffe, who was for a time married, and who, after the death of his wife, took to himself a Sacred Love, for a prudent, chaste, and amiable man was he ; and a learned and truly skilful poet, as well as an expert and cultured scholar, in the original tongue of his country and of his ancestors. Therefore it is that this uncommon inscription is placed above his head. He died on the 5th day of

April, A.D., 1726 ; and doleful it is to the youth of Munster, and to the clergy also, for numerous are the very learned and clearly-written books produced by his labour, which are to be found in Ireland to-day. There you have, O stone—my loss !— beneath your side, weak, a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ; a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels. — Bishop John O'Brien

Margaret Hegarty, Mallow Road, Doneraile, Co. Cork. Every night in November, a big white dog is seen in the grounds of Doneraile Court. It is as big as a horse, and he is supposed to be heard howling and barking at twelve o'clock. One night in November 1934 a man was going up the avenue and it followed him as far as the lodge and then it disapeared out of his sight. One night a man was coming home from Buttevant, (it was in November 1933) and as he was passing Oldcourt Grave yard he saw a figure of a man coming near him. he got a great fright, and drew back, Then it disappeared. Another night he was coming home again by Oldcourt Grave-yard and he saw it again. He told the Priest about it and the Priest told him to carry a bottle of Holy water with him the next time he was going out that way again, and when hfe would see the figure to sprinkle the Holy water towards it, and then he would never see it again. So one night he was going out that road and he took the Holy water with him, and when he saw the figure coming towards him, he sprinkled the Holy water towards it and it disappeared and it was never seen again by him.... duchas.ie

Mananan the Fosterer

15th century manuscript 'The Book of Fermoy' thus: '[Manannán Mac Lir] was a clansman, a lawgiver among the Tuatha Dé Danann, and a Necromancer possessed of power to envelope himself and others in a mist, so that they could not be seen by their enemies.' Manannán and the Cloak of Invisibility ireland-information.com

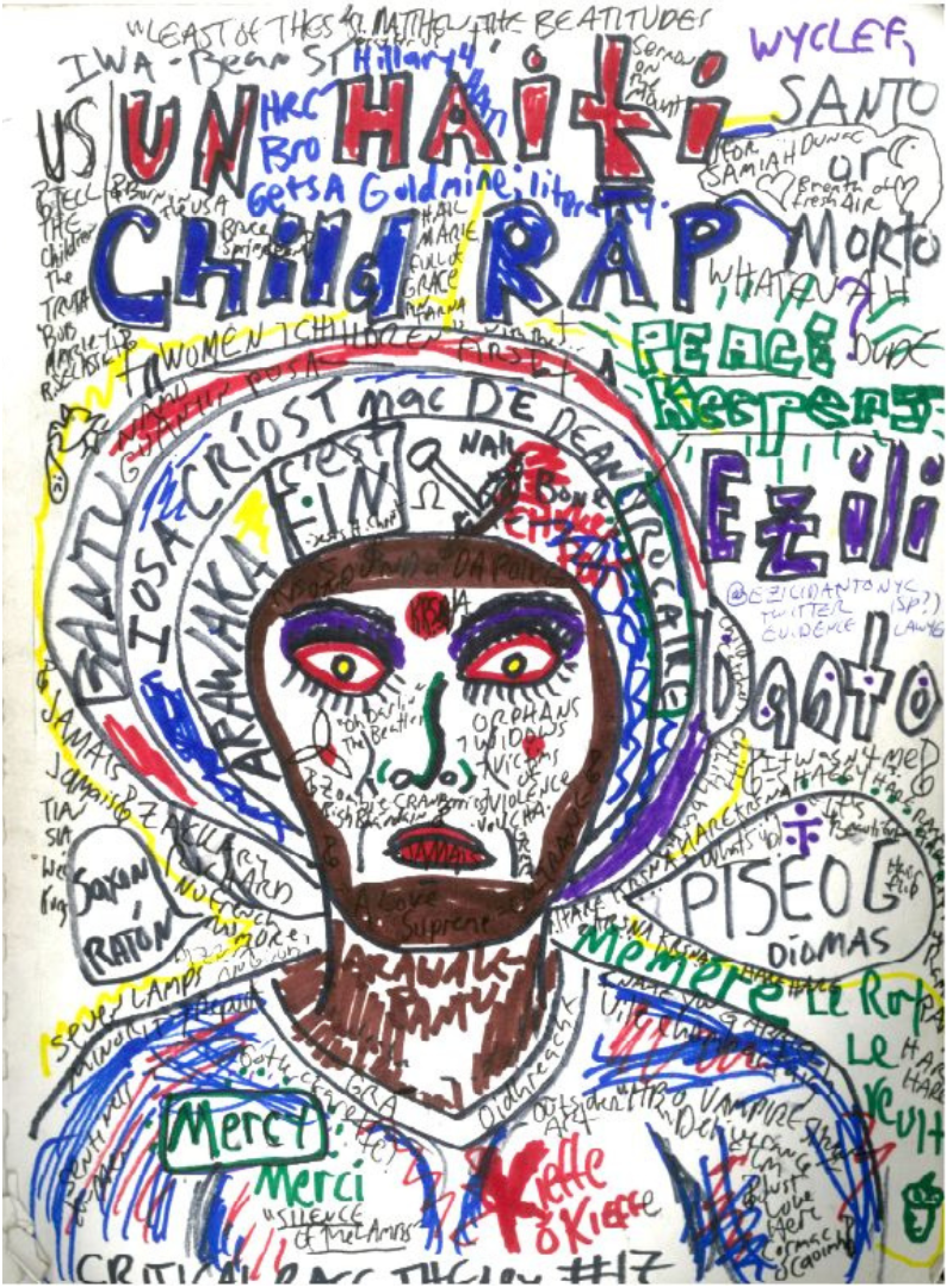
Frantz Fanon, The Wretched of the Earth (Les Damnés de la Terre) “Colonialism hardly ever exploits the whole of a country. It contents itself with bringing to light the natural resources, which it extracts, and exports to meet the needs of the mother country’s industries, thereby allowing certain sectors of the colony to become relatively rich. But the rest of the colony follows its path of under-development and poverty, or at all events sinks into it more deeply.”

Uaithne Mourn, Laugh, Sleep

Caoine

Craic

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890,p 272 1883. Saturday Review, April 28,p. 515, col. I. 'It is long since the more respectable inhabitants of America have been divided between the convenience of the Irish as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and as voters easily BOSSED or bribed on the one hand, and the manifold nuisance of them on the other.'


"LEAST OF THES St. MATTHEW THE BEATITUDES
IWA - Bean ST
Hillary4
Sermon on the Mount
WYCLEF,
US
UN HAiti
SANTO
HRC Bro Getsa Goldmine, literally.
FOR SAMIAH DUNEC
or
Breath of fresh AIR
MORTO
Child RAP
TELL THE children The TRUTH
Born in the USA
Bruce Springsteen
HAIL MARIE FULL of GRACE
WHATEVAH ?
DUDE
'Bob MARLEY 1,2,3 R.SELASSIE
WOMEN + CHILDREN FIRST
PEACE Keepers
CRÍOST mac DE DEAN
NAH
BONE
BANTU
IOSA
ARAWAKA
EIN
Ezili
DA POLICE
@EZILIDANTONYC TWITTER EVIDENCE
(SP?) LAWYG
Danto
"Oh Darlin" The Beatles
ORPHANS + WIDOWS + VICTIMS of VIOLENCE
JAMAIS
Jamais
TIA
SIA
Saxon
RATON
A Love Supreme
PISEOG
DIOMAS
It was n4 me
Memere
Le Rap
Le Revolt
SPUD LAMPS
Mercy
Merci
"SILENCE of The LAMBS"
Oidhreacht
Outsider ART
VAMPIRE
Kieffe ÓKieffe
Love Her
Cormac Ó Scaoinh
CRITICAL RACE THEORY #17

Caomh
THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 THE BOOK OF MACCARTHY REAGH. BY JOHN WINDELE, ESQ. p.370-
'In the latter era the monasteries contained the chief collections of books then extant, and here, in the scriptorium belonging to each, their multiplication lay transcribing was sedulously carried on. But this labour was not entirely monopolized in Ireland by ecclesiastics : there was another class, a relic of the old [legal] system, which combined the Ollav (or professor), the Brehon (or lawyer), the Filea (or poet), the Seánachuidhe (antiquary, historian, or herald), and the Scealuidhe...who also cultivated the national literature in its various departments. These orders, necessarily laic, formed hereditary corporations, and enjoyed lands and estates, granted for the exclusive use of the literary profession by the munificence of [chiefs] and chieftains
Judgment, Measure, Conscience
judgment Breitheamh
example of judgment: Playboy of the Western World,
The Westminster Magazine or The Pantheon of Taste: Containing a View of the History, Politics, Literature, Manners, Gallantry, Fashions of the year 1780 vol. Viii, p 96 House of Commons Monday, January 24, 1780

Lord North brought up “a Bill to allow the trade between Ireland and the British Colonies and Plantations in America and the West-Indies, and the British settlements on the Coast of Africa, to be carried on in like manner as it is now carried on between Great Britain and the said colonies and settlements.”

His Lordship moved, that this Bill be read a first time. Lord G. Gordon desired that the noble Lord, before he should proceed farther, would inform the House in what manner the Parliament of Ireland had received the resolutions passed in favour of her trade. If the noble lord was uninformed on the subject, he was not; and if his Lordship did not think proper to communicate his information, he would do it for him, for he was in possession of intelligence that made him perfect master of the inclinations and intentions of the Irish.

Lord North said, that the Addresses of the Irish [colonial] Parliament were expressive of their sentiments. They had received the resolutions with satisfaction, with gratitude, with affection, and all their proceedings fince had breathed nothing but harmony and love.

Mr. Pennant had consulted his constituents relative to the Irish Bills, and he had been given to understand, that, as the question was no longer of a commercial, but a political nature, they would not pretend to give their sentiments on the matter, but would submit the whole to the wisdom of Parliament; but he trusted that, “if hereafter it should be found expedient for them to petition the repeal of laws which they might conceive injurious to them, their application should not have less weight, because, in the present instance, they had thought proper to give way.”...

...Lord G. Gordon declared, that the Irish were not satisfied; that the Act declaratory of the right of England to bind Ireland, was to them an intolerable grievance ; and that on the next day he would move for its repeal. To prove that the Irish were yet dissatisfied, he read from an Irish newspaper a very long resolution of the Newry Volunteers; and he frequently called upon Lord Irnham to contradict what he advanced.

Lord Irnham declared that he had been present in the Irish House of Peers, when the resolutions of the English Commons had been signified to them ; that he had likewise attended the Irish Commons; and that when he came from Ireland, he had left every thing in perfect Tranquillity ; and that nothing reigned there at his departure but cordiality and affection to Great Britain....
Francis John Byrne, 1973
"The Audacht Moraind(written down 600s)has a passage on the different types of rulers, not in relation to their rank but to their character:
'There are only four princes in this world:

The prince who takes power with the help of troops from outside
(flaith congbála co sluagaib anechtair): A weak and fleeting lordship is usual for him. As soon as his troops leave him his dignity and
the terror he inspires decline.

The prudent prince (ciallfhlaith) :
He obtains possession of his territories without victories, without triumphs; he deprives no one and no one deprives him. He voyages through his reign in days and nights, for the whole world is spent in days and nights.

But the true prince (fírfhlaith) :
He and truth increase each other, strengthen each other, strive for each other, and build each other up.

The bull prince (tarbhfhlaith) :
He is not a well-liked man. He strikes and is struck, he injures and is injured, he tosses and is tossed. Against him horns are constantly shaken. Rough and difficult the beginning of his lordship, hateful and unprincely its middle, unstable and fleeting its end. Against his sons his crimes will be retained, men’s faces will be turned, men’s hearts will be closed. “Not welcome”,
all will say, “are the sons of that prince: evil was your father’s lordship before.”"

Ursula K. Le Guin, The Farthest Shore
“Do you see, Arren, how an act is not, as young men think, like a rock that one picks up and throws, and it hits or misses, and that's the end of it. When that rock is lifted, the earth is lighter; the hand that bears it heavier. When it is thrown, the circuits of the stars respond, and where it strikes or falls, the universe is changed. On every act the balance of the whole depends. The winds and seas, the powers of water and earth and light, all that these do, and all that the beasts and green things do, is well done, and rightly done. All these act within the Equilibrium. From the hurricane and the great whale's sounding to the fall of a dry leaf and the gnat's flight, all they do is done within the balance of the whole.

But we, insofar as we have power over the world and over one another, we must learn to do what the leaf and the whale and the wind do of their own nature. We must learn to keep the balance. Having intelligence, we must not act in ignorance. Having choice, we must not act without responsibility.”
Measurement broken off as Priestly function in Celtic Orthodox Catholic Ireland, good and evil and all that

335-395 St. Gregory of Nyssa “God would not therefore reduce the human race to slavery, since he himself, when we had been enslaved to sin, spontaneously recalled us to freedom. But if God does not enslave what is free,who is he that sets his own power above God's?” — Fourth Homily on Ecclesiastes
example of measure Múineann gá seift. Need teaches plan
Conscience Filidh
Example conscience, “There used to be wildlife on the lake and they scared them all away. They were washing their machinery in the lake so there was chemicals going into the water.” Irish Mirror 8 NOLLAIG 2017, Ann Casey, 70, Connemara
'As Colin Graham wrote in Deconstructing Ireland: Identity, Theory, Culture: “The very idea of nationality which was used by decolonising peoples to coalesce themselves into a coherent political force was itself transferred to the colonies by imperialist ideology….This ideology was adopted and turned back unto the coloniser by the colonised in order to conceptually justify their own anti-colonial struggle. The result is a postcolonial world of nation states which structurally and practically imitate western nations.”
Paul O'Brien, Hibernian Evanescence: Globalisation, Identity and the Virtual Shamrock, http://www.academia.edu/11360500/Hibernian_Evanescence_Globalisation_Identity_and_the_Virtual_Shamrock and his source was Graham, Colin. Deconstructing Ireland: Identity, Theory, Culture. Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2001.
Michele de Cuneo on woman given him by Christopher Columbus
'...I conceived desire to take pleasure. I wanted to put my desire into execution but she did not want it and treated me with her finger nails in such a manner that I wished I had never begun. But seeing that (to tell you the end of it all), I took a rope and thrashed her well, for which she raised such unheard of screams that you would not have believed your ears. Finally we came to an agreement in such manner that I can tell you that she seemed to have been brought up in a school of harlots.'
We celebrate Columbus Day
When he found our land
He was looking for slaves
Sailed the sea by an evil wind
To kill the Arawak [woman]
Now what kind of problem solvers
Are we going to be
Without some truth in history?
Big Book, 7 League Boots, Bobby Ó Sullivan from Soulside sang

Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, a University College Cork emeritus professor of folklore, The Book of the Cailleach, UCC Press: “Proactive, female creativity and power is thus seen, in Irish ancestral culture, to be the major source from which emerges both the general form of the physical universe and the security and well-being of the social order in times of stress.”
Druid 'the three demands of justice' fourth angleTairgeann Aoibheal croí gan chlaoinbheart, Cara na Muimhneach, sí-bhean Léithchraig, Scaradh le saoithe sí na slua seo Scaitheamh do scaoileadh daoirse i dTuamhumhain. Gheall an mhíonla chaoinis chóir seo Falsacht dlí do chloí go cumhachtach Seasamh i dteannta fann is faonlag Is caithfidh an teann bheith ceansa tláith libh, Caithfidh an neart gan cheart seo stríocadh Is caithfidh an ceart ina cheart bheith suite; There was an offer from Aoibheal, with a heart so clean...
Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach UCC
“It was not to any merely mortal liberator that Merriman looked for deliverance of country and culchies, but to the older, supernatural, 'female' sovereignty of the spirit of the land itself. Thus he seeks to ensure the return and perpetuation of fertility and prosperity for all...in the restoration of the primacy of 'fonn na gola agua fothram na sláinte' …
[CHIEFING] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University
The [chiefdom] of Munster at Cashel was the most prestigious [chiefdom] in the southern half of

Ireland... ...According to Senchas Fagbála Caisil 'The Story of the Finding of Cashel', Cashel was discovered by two swineherds 'and the woods of Cashel were yellow at that time, and mast was plentiful there'. In a dream, the swineherds saw Conall Corc: God's blessing was being given to him and his successors as [chiefs] of Cashel so long as they observed the Truth, together with mercy. His successors are duly named. One of the swineherds speaks in a trance of the blessing that he heard the angel deliver. What he has to say is couched in obscure language, and it has not been possible to translate it fully...After the first part the [chief] responds to the swineherd, saying: 'Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther 'May it be a truth that is confirmed: may it be a power that is enforced'. and the people answer 'amen'....
Maurice Lenihan, Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, Duffy, Dublin, 1884, p.34.
'We know of 2229 [PreNorman] Irish Saints, even not counting their companions, of whom 300 preached the gospel in foreign countries, not counting their companions. Of these 529 were holy abbots; 330 were bishops and martyrs, and numberless holy bishops; 31 archbishops of Armagh were saints; 21 of whom immediately succeeded each other; 990 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes in the monastery of Benchear; 1200 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes together with their abbot Abel; 777 Irishmen martyrs in England; and only one, St. Odronus, Proto martyr, was martyred in Ireland by the Irish. 23 English saints received their studies and education in Ireland; 3000 others have studied in Ireland; 100 Cambri or from Brittany have studied in Ireland. Innumerable were the Italians, French, in short from all nations who had recourse to Ireland in order to perfect themselves in their studies, and the knowledge of the scriptures; so that it might well be doubted whether Ireland acacquired more glory from the great number of saints it sent abroad in order to teach and preach the gospel to foreign nations, or from the great number of foreigners who resorted to Ireland in order to be perfected in all manner of literature and knowledge. '
1063 “Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite [semi-monastic attached to a church], died.”—From the Annals of the Four Masters

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ; I beseech the only Son of God to grant relief to the-Gaels.
Even Cleena had a more estimable side to her character. Some of the [daoine] around Carrig Cleena regard her in the light of a benefactress. In her neighborhood no cattle die from the influence of the evil eye, nor the malignant power of the unfriendly spirits of the air. Her goodness preserves the harvest from the blights that which dissipate the farmer's hopes. The [daoine] are the particular children of her particular care. She often appears, disguised in the homely garb of a [daoine] girl, to announce to some late wayfarer the expulsion from her dominions of invading spirits, and the consequent certainty of abundant harvest. Cleena is also stated to be in the Bay of Dublin, and to cry whenever the head of an old Milesian family dies.” — Traces of the elder faiths of Ireland; a folklore sketch; a handbook of Irish preChristian traditions, Wood-Martin, 1902
Dá bfeacin se'n la sin bo seásta bfeic m'intin
Momonia of Druids,—green dwelling of song! —
Where, where are thy minstrels why sleep they so long ?
Does no bard live to wake,
as they oft did before,
M'Carthy,—O'Brien,— O'Sullivan More
from THE AVENGER. By J.J. Callanan

Bad Regime Changers
Blame and Praise and warning,
Irish Myths and Legends Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The First Anders Ahlqvist Lecture The literature that survives from the early Irish period, in Irish and in Latin, is the product

of an intellectual elite that included ecclesiastical scholars and learned poets (filid, singular fili). The filid were the most prestigious of the óes dána('[people] of art') in early Ireland: they were highly trained and their power largely resided in their role as purveyors of praise and blame.
'The Penal Laws, intended to crush Catholic, Celtic Ireland, applied also to Montserrat.'
Montserrat Written by James P. Walsh & originally printed in 1989 © Irish Cultural Society of the Garden City Area
Montserrat Written by James P. Walsh & originally printed in 1989 © Irish Cultural Society of the Garden City Area When Hurricane Hugo ripped apart the small island of Montserrat, it wrote a sad chapter in the history of the Irish people. of the many destinations sought out by the sons and daughters of Ireland when they left their native shore, Montserrat was one of the most interesting. Located among the small series of volcanic cones that make up the Leeward Islands, Montserrat became An English colony about 1633 when her governor, Anthony Brisket, a Wexford man, opened it as a place for Irish Catholics who had served out their time as indentured servants in the British West Indian islands and who had discovered that while the English welcomed them as laborers they were unwanted as neighbors. The Irish flocked to Montserrat and by 1680 outnumbered the English by two to one. There is evidence of a Catholic church on the island by about 1650 and a succession of Irish Catholic governors, most notably Sir William Stapleton, continued to favor their countrymen. By 1689, when the Catholic king of England, James II, was deposed by the Protestant, William III, it seemed that Montserrat would be given by her Irish majority to the French. As it turned out, the English fought heroically in the West Indies to preserve their colonies there. Irish dominance in Montserrat had actually begun to decline, how- over, even before 1669. In the middle of the seventeenth century, sugar began to replace tobacco as the island's cash crop. Tobacco could be profitably cultivated on small farms but sugar required an initial heavy investment. Some Irishmen had the necessary means such as John Blake of Galway, but most of the sugar plantations belonged to Englishmen and most of the Irish were relegated to the steep, jungle covered slopes, where they practiced a subsistence agriculture. Sugar also meant slaves. Africans began to arrive in large numbers through the next century. There were about 1,000 slaves on the island in 1678, 3,500 in 1708 and nearly 9,000 in 1755. By 1800, they were the majority. Montserrat, however, never became a typical English West Indian island, where African slaves vastly out numbered a handful of Whites and racial mixture hardly ever took place. In the eighteenth century, Montserrat had two oppressed races. The Penal Laws, intended to crush Catholic, Celtic Ireland, applied also to Montserrat. The Irish, already reduced to poverty, suffered political disenfranchisement and religious persecution. Many of the young men emigrated but enough remained to constitute a peasant class eking out a bare living on marginal land. It was perhaps natural that the Irish and Africans at the bottom of the social structure worked, … and [married, presumably for Church folks]. An Afro-Irish population came into existence, its growth disguised by the tendency of English officials to count people as "N**ro" if they had the slightest trace of African ancestry. We can glimpse the hidden reality when we find slaves named Bridget or Tom Kerwin and increasing reference to free "mulattos[sic?]." In the eighteenth century, the sugar boom ended and fresh imports of Africans ceased to arrive in Montserrat. The process of Afro-Irish [métissage] therefore accelerated and each generation was more racially mixed than the one-before. In the early nineteenth century, most of the Afro-Irish deserted the Catholic Church in favor of the Methodists, who had taken a leading position in the campaign to abolish slavery. Oddly enough, this island of less than 40 square miles and less than 15,000 inhabitants is divided into a Protestant North and a Catholic South but Montserrat has never experienced a hint of the sectarian violence that makes Irish history so painful to read [EXCEPT IF YOU COUNT MASS SLAVERY AS SECTARIAN VIOLENCE, but we understand what you mean...]. In the 1830's, slavery was abolished and the laws against Catholics repealed but ...questions of race and color are considered rude on Montserrat...
Serious Times, Mungo's Hi Fi.
It's a new era and we made a decision as a generation to leave behind ways of thinking that we were supposed to inherit: Inferiority complex, malignant shame... 'k that! We're not ashamed to be

confident, we're not afraid to be confident and build our dreams. Watch what this generation does and remember I said that… [dán-díne: gifted generation] —Lethal Dialect [Paul Alwright], New Dublin Saunter

Through their own words They will be exposed They've got a severe case of The emperor's new clothes —Sinéad Ó Connor

“Why am I afraid to dance, I who love music and rhythm and grace and song and laughter? Why am I afraid to live, I who love life and the beauty of flesh and the living colors of the earth and sky and sea? Why am I afraid to love, I who love love?” ― Eugene O'Neill, The Great God Brown and Other Plays

AN CAT BÁN Tharla, oíche amháin, go raibh ceathrar fhear imithe go Leaba Chaillí….agus iad ag lorg óir. Bhí an ghealach go hard sa spéir is iad ar an mbealach abhaile agus cheap siad nach rud aon rud le deanamh acu ach an t-ór a bhaint amach. Stad siad ag an uaimh agus bhí braoinín acu... ionas, tá a fhios agat, go mbeadh misneacht acu agus job mar sin ar siul acu. Bhuel mar a deir an sean fhocal "Tús maith leath ne hoibre" so thosaigh na fir ag tochailt. Bhí siad ag tochailt is ag tiochailt is ag tiochailt agus deamhain ar bith le fail acu. Sa deireadh thiar, stop duine amháin acu. "Is doigh liom, " a deir sé, "go bhfuil sé in am dúinn dul abhaile." Bhuel níl raibh na focail ráite aige nuair a léim sé amach….. cat mór ait…súile feargacha ag faire orthu go gear, agus eireaball fada ag síneadh amach agus é faoi thine. Bhuel lig na lads scread astu.. a leithéid nach raibh le cloisteáil le fada an lá. Chas siad díreach ar a ruitíní agus thosaigh siad ag rith chomh tapaidh agus ab fhéidir leo. Níor stop siad gur shroich siad an abhainn. Leim siad isteach agus is oth liom a rá gur bháidh duine amháin. Níl orm le rá nach raibh teaspaí ar éinne eile dul ag lorg óir i Leaba Chaillí as sin amach.14 Chonaic mé cheana thú, arsa an cat leis an mbainne te.

Old English Catholicism was like "do what we say, not what we say. Ouch!!!" kinda lord it over you rule. New English rule was like, “Feck off, Peasant! Don't make me repeat myself!” Cromwell rule was like, “My rules or else, you unsaved heathen.” Penal Laws rule was like, "You so much as look at me, dungheap, and I will cut you down, Popish rat dung!" Protestant Ascendancy was like, "Let's be professional now shall we? Knifes in the heart of Fodla!" Blueshirt rule is like, “You will not think unless told to think, now give me your sandwich and then kick yourself in the balls,” but it's all bilingual, like, and the sandwich belongs to the bank.

Cathair Samháin Cahersavane, Co. Kerry Teacher: Máire E. Bean Uí Sheaghdha Oileán Buí Oileán Buidhe:- Ar a dtaobh ó thuaidh d’abhainn na h-Íne ‘seadh ata an Oileán Buidhe ina bhfuil lios. Tá seomraí faoi’n dtalamh ann agus do réir sgéaluíochta deirtear go mbíodh cómhnaidhe ar shidheoga ann. Do bhí ann indáiríribh ná áit a dtéigheadh na Gaedhail i bhfolach in aimsir an nDanar mar a thaisbeáinfidh an Dán seo leanas. Dán a chum Seán “Bruanach” Ua Súilleabháin ó’n bhFaill Mhóir agus ó Chathair-Saidhbhín maidin áirighthe le do bheith le h-ais an leasa. I. Trácht na slighe dhom, trís gach céim Le fáinne an laé is mé i gcéin cois abhainn Cois na h-Íne bhí fem’ léidheadh Is mé ag sméide ar ghaortha an leasa Curfá Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe’n amadh Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás ‘Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá’n báire ag casadh II. Is sásta thaobhaig righbhean mhaordha Bíonn lá taobh liom is mé dá h-amharc Bhí sgáil na gcaor ‘na gnaoí mar aol Gan teimheal ó’n ngréin ar sgéimh a leacain Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is daimh Sgaoílfear cách atá fe’n amadh Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás ‘Ge an Rí nách nár ta’n báire ag casadh. III. A brághaid ‘sa píob do bhí mar aol ‘S dhá shúil aerach ghléigeal cailce Gruaig a cinn léi síos go féur An baois ‘na slaodaibh lei na beartaibh. IV. Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is daimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe’n amadh Chíofar Clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás ‘Ge an Rí nách nár tá’n báire ag casadh V. An tú Cliodhna mhín scoth Eireann Do bhí ag Cead ach mar cheile sealad Nó Áilne an Ghrínn ó thaoibh Cnoc Gréine Shuighids nó Reilteann Théitis canta. Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is daimh Sgaoílfear cách atá fe’n amadh Chíofar Clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás ‘Ge an Rí nách nár tá’n báire ag casadh VI. A chairde an chroidhe is brígh mo sgéil díbh go léir Go dtraochfar Danair is go bhfágfar sínte ar dhruim a chéile iad. Is go suidhfidh Gaedhil go léir ‘na mbailtibh Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is daimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe’n amadh Chíofar Clár Uí Chaoimh gan spleadhchas Fé lá le Sheághain tá’n báire casta.

from OLIVER CROMWELL BY PROUD COLONIZER OF HAWAI'I AND MEMBER OF THE

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SCRIBNER, 1906, pp 128-129 The fate of the captured rank and file was hard. Throughout the First Civil War, the common soldiers, when taken, had either been exchanged or released, or often enough had enlisted on the side of the victors; but the Puritan generals and those behind them were in no mood to take a merciful view of men whom they regarded as wanton offenders, whether they were Scotchmen or Englishmen. The captives of Preston battle were sold into slavery; some being sent to the Virginia planters, and others to the Venetian Government, for galley slaves. When the Puritans could act thus toward their fellow-Englishmen, and toward the Scotch Presbyterians who were so nearly of their own creed, there is small cause for wonder in the treatment afterward accorded the Irish.
Is fheàrr teine beag a gharas na teine mòr a loisgeas.
Ta dooiney creeney smooinaght ooilley ny te gra, agh t'an amadán-mhór gra ooilley ny te smooinaght.
Shaghyn dagh olk. Avoid all evil.
Easht lesh dagh cleaysh, eisht jean briwnys Listen with each ear, then to judgment.
http://oaks.nvg.org/manx-proverbs.html
http://www.omniglot.com/language/proverbs/manx.htm
The wran, the wran, the [chief] of all birds, St Stephen’s day was cot in the furze Although he is little his family’s grate, Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a trate. Sing holly, sing ivy- sing ivy, sing holly, A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy And if you dhraw it ov the best, I hope in heaven yee sowl will rest, But if you dhraw it ov the small It won’t agree wid de wran boys at all

Baron Inchiquin (Irish: Barún Inse Uí Chuinn) is one of the older titles in the Peerage of Ireland. It was one of two titles created on 1 July 1543 for Murrough O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who was descended from the great high [chief] Brian Boru). The grant of the English titles was conditional upon the abandonment of native titles, the adoption of English customs and laws, pledging of allegiance to the English crown, apostasy from the Catholic Church, and conversion to the Anglican Church. Murrough was made both Earl of Thomond in the Peerage of Ireland, with remainder to his nephew Donough O'Brien and Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his male heirs. On his death in 1551, Murrough was succeeded in the earldom, according to the special remainder, by his nephew, the second Earl (see Earl of Thomond for later history of this title), but the barony of Inchiquin passed to his son Dermod, the second baron. Dermod's great-greatgrandson, the sixth baron, was a prominent military commander during the Irish Confederate Wars (1643–48), first for the English Parliament, then as a Royalist commander during the Cromwellian conquest of Ireland (1649–53) during the Wars of the Three Kingdoms. In 1654 he was created Earl of Inchiquin in the Peerage of Ireland. He was succeeded by his son, the second earl, who served as governor of English Tangier and as Governor of Jamaica. WIKIPEDIA

From the Gaelic:
Who would not mourn the soul of generosity,
Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite,
Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan
Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill [Fair hill]
Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.

-Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological society. Lord have mercy on the souls of our departed martyrs.

O'Brien, 1st Earl of Inchiquin and Elisabeth St. Leger, daughter of Sir William St. Leger and his first wife Gertrude de Vries of Dordrecht. He served under his father in various military activities in France and Spain but was captured with his father by the Turks in 1660 and imprisoned in Algiers until the English Parliament had paid a ransom of 7,500 dollars. He was a Privy Councillor

from 1671 to 1685. He was Captain General of the Forces at Tangier from 1674 to 1680 and Colonel of the 2nd Tangier Regiment of Foot from 1675 to 1680. He commanded the Tangier Garrison at the time of the Great Siege of Tangier in 1680. He was attainted in his absence by the Irish Parliament of King James II in 1689. He was the first Governor of Jamaica and Vice-Admiral of the Caribbean Seas from 1690 to 1692. He died in Jamaica in 1692 and his Irish estate and titles were inherited by his son William. His younger son James inherited the Earl's trading interests.
e first English governor of Jamaica, Col. William O'Brien, 2nd Baron O'Brien of Burren, 7th Baron & 2nd Earl of Inchiquin
Theodore Roosevelt, CROMWELL book ... Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his male heirs followed suit and acknowledged the Parliament. Months of tortuous negotiations followed, King Charles showing the same readiness in promise, and utter indifference in performance, while dealing with the Irish as while dealing with the English. The treachery of the King was made manifest by the discovery of his secret treaty with the Irish, when Sligo was captured. Meanwhile, the Papal nuncio, an Italian, had arrived, and exhorted the Irish to refuse any peace with the King except on the basis of the complete reinstatement of the Catholic Church. He roused what would now be called the ultramontanes against the moderate Catholic party which was acting with Ormond. Their wrangles caused a fatal delay, for by the time the moderates triumphed the King had been made a prisoner. Their treaty of peace with the King was not signed till September, 1645, and amounted to nothing, for the adherents of the Parliament rejected it on the one side, and the extreme Catholic party, the utterly intolerant and fanatical Catholics, under the nuncio, refused to be bound by it on the other. In the north the Irish were led by Owen O Neil, a member of the great Ulster house of that name, and under him they had beaten Munro and the Scotch. He now hurried to the support of the nuncio. The moderate Catholic leaders and Ormond fled to Dublin at his approach, and he was joined, after some hesitation, by Preston, the leader of the Irish forces in the south. In 1647, Ormond, at his wits end, handed over Dublin to the agents of the Parliament, and joined the Royalist refugees in France. This for a moment eliminated the Royalists, and left the party of the nuncio, the party of the bigots and intolerant extremists, supreme among the Irish..."

spear of lu, kills [regime] ,heals, warns [Glen Doyle terminology, knock on the door]
3 types of satire, Dubh, Bán speckled
Satire in honor culture 'your good name'
["The highest function of ecology is understanding consequences." Frank Herbert, Dune]

Denis O'Brien under investigation by Ireland's criminal assets bureau
State agency said to be seeking an interview with country's major media owner

Denis O'Brien, Ireland's largest media owner, is being investigated by the country's Criminal Assets Bureau (CAB), the agency that identifies money gained through serious crime.

In its report, published in March 2011, that tribunal concluded that a mobile phone licence granted to a consortium led by O'Brien had been secured on its behalf by the then communications minister, Michael Lowry, following payments made to him by O'Brien.
Both O'Brien and Lowry have strenuously denied the tribunal's findings, saying they are wrong, and have challenged their authenticity.
According to the Irish Times's front page story, the CAB has interviewed "a number of relevant witnesses" (but not including Lowry).
The agency has gathered information in the Isle of Man and Spain, where transactions mentioned in the tribunal's report took place.
https://www.theguardian.com/media/greenslade/2016/jan/11/denis-obrien-under-investigation-by-irelands-criminal-assets-bureau

Denis O'Brien claims articles defamed him and injured his reputation

Businessman Denis O’Brien has alleged a number of newspaper articles defamed him by portraying him as one of the “developer kings” who “destroyed Ireland and bankrupted its banking system”. https://www.irishtimes.com/news/crime-and-law/courts/high-court/denis-o-brien-claims-articles-defamed-him-and-injured-his-reputation-1.3783240

wikipedia:
The Battle of Knocknanauss was fought in 1647, during the Irish Confederate Wars, part of the Wars of the Three Kingdoms, between Confederate Ireland’s Munster army and an English Parliamentarian army under Murrough O’Brien. The battle resulted in a crushing defeat for the Irish Confederates.

In the summer of 1647, Murrough O’Brien (later created the Earl of Inchiquin), commander of the English Parliamentarian forces in Cork, ravaged and burned the Confederate territory in Munster. This caused severe food shortages and earned O’Brien the Irish nickname, Murchadh an Dóiteáin, "Murrough the Burner"[2] In addition, Inchiquinn took the Rock of Cashel, which was garrisoned by Confederate troops and rich in emotive religious symbolism. In the sack of the castle, O’Brien's troops massacred the garrison and all the clergy they found there.

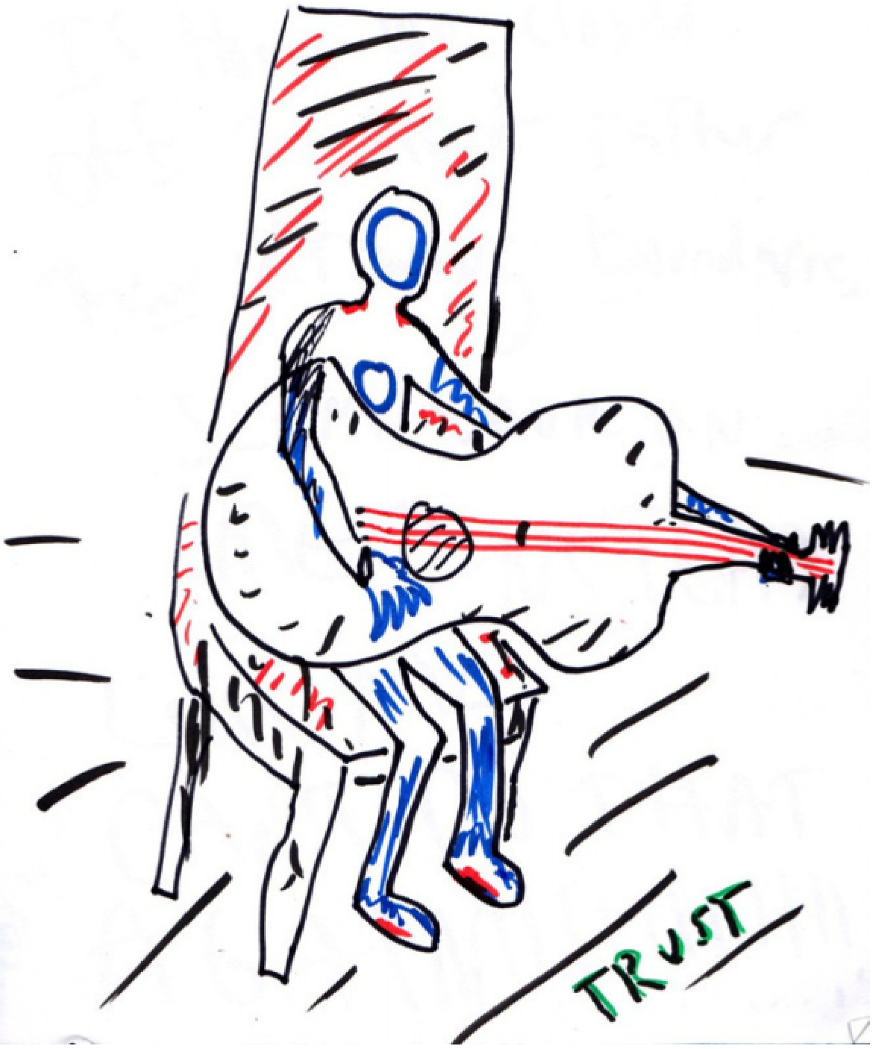
Wikipedia:
The Irish Confederate Wars, also called the Eleven Years' War (Irish: Cogadh na hAon-déag mBliana), took place in Ireland between 1641 and 1653. It was the Irish theatre of the Wars of the Three Kingdoms, a series of civil wars in the kingdoms of Ireland, England and Scotland – all ruled by Charles I. The conflict had political, religious and ethnic aspects and was fought over governance, land ownership, religious freedom and religious discrimination. The main issues were whether Irish Catholics or British Protestants held most political power and owned most of the land, and whether Ireland would be a self-governing kingdom under Charles I or subordinate to the parliament in England. It was the most destructive conflict in Irish history and caused 200,000–600,000 deaths from fighting as well as war-related famine and disease.[2]
The war in Ireland began with a rebellion in 1641 by Irish Catholics, who tried to seize control of the English administration in Ireland. They wanted an end to anti-Catholic discrimination, to increase Irish self-governance, and to roll back the Plantations of Ireland. They also wanted to prevent an invasion by anti-Catholic English Parliamentarians and Scottish Covenanters, who were defying the king. Rebel leader Felim O'Neill claimed to be doing the king's bidding, but Charles condemned the rebellion after it broke out. The rebellion developed into an ethnic conflict between Irish Catholics on one side, and English and Scottish Protestant colonists on the other. These first few months were marked by ethnic cleansing and massacres in Ulster.

The Last Defense, Poetic Chief-Judges
LAMENT OF O'GNIVE translated by JJ Callanan (Fearflatha O'Gniamh [True Prince, Child of the Chief Poet] was family ollamh, or Bard, to the O'Neill of Clanoboy about the year 1556. The Poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with " Ma thruagh mar ataid' Goadhil.") How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael, And fallen the people of green Innisfail! The Sword of the Saxon is red with their gore, And the mighty of nations is mighty no more. Like a hark on the ocean long shatter'd and tost, On the land of your fathers at length you are lost, The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains, And you're doomed from your cradles to bondage and chains. O'Neill of the Hostages; Conn, whose high name On a hundred red battles has floated to fame, Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep; Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep! O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears, Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh, To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!
The Smiths Steven Patrick Morrissey and John Martin Maher, How Soon is Now? I am the son And

the heir Of a shyness that is criminally vulgar I am the son and heir Of nothing in particular You shut your mouth How can you say I go about things the wrong way? I am human and I need to be loved Just like everybody else does

Fingal Rónáin Is úar gáeth i ndorus tige na lláech; batar inmaine laích bítis etrainn ocus gaíth. Is fuar gaoth i ndoras tí na laoch: ba ionmhain liomsa na laoich, bhídís idir mé is gaoith. The wind is cold in the doorway of the warriors’ house; beloved were the warriors who stood between us and the wind. https://iso.ucc.ie/Fingal-ronain/Fingal-ronain-text.html English from sengoidelc.com

When I say
I HATE MUSIC



Judge like Judges in Hebrew bible
not 'juridical' in Romanides sense
Algonquin philosopher Jack Forbes in his book Columbus and other Cannibals: "It is quite clear that in modern times we have witnessed the widespread brutalization of human beings. The history of Europe in the last 1,500 years and the history of European imperialism in Africa, Asia and the Americas reveal atrocities of almost unimaginable proportions. The brutality of the "religious" wars in Europe, the unrelenting exploitation of Original Americans, the sacrifice of tens of millions of Africans and First Americans in order to obtain slaves or peons, the genocidal policies of the English toward the Irish, of Europeans generally towards Native People, of the Nazis toward Jews, Slavs and [Romani], represent only a few examples of large-scale cruelty, aggression and exploitation almost beyond belief."
Holding multivaariete culturesto the agreed on standard [Forbuis, hold to bargain]
Can't hide from the truth forever.
As Métis/Timiskaming Algonquin/Irish artist and academic Sherry Farrell Racette reminds us: "In the Cree and larger Algonquian paradigm, artists are engaged in important intellectual, spiritual, and emotional work. To be creative, kâ-mamâtâwisinâk mamâhtâwi, and to be kâ-mamâhtâwisiwak, “a creative one,” is to tap into the power of the universe. Knowledge [Cree thinker Willie] Ermine reminds us, is sought through the heart as much as the mind. To enter ...ethical space is to become vulnerable, and it is not for the faint of heart. It foregrounds respect—iysi ni kat tuwin, “how we treat each other.” These are not romantic, abstract ideas, but lived praxis that moves us beyond ego-driven individualism and toward responsibility for each other, the broader world, and ourselves."
https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1037550ar

*Tréde faillsigedar cach ndrochfheras: serba, miscais, midlachas. Three things that show a bad man: bitterness, hatred, cowardice.
'Men will be bad: (lawful) chieftains will be few: usurpers will be many'
FERCHERTNE Immacallam in dá Thuarad
Lámh fhoisteannach abú. Mullach abú.
“The transgenerational effects of trauma occur via a variety of mechanisms including the impact of attachment relationship with care givers; the impact on parenting and family functioning; the association with parental physical and mental illness; disconnection and alienation from the extended family, culture and society.

These effects are exacerbated by exposure to continuing high levels of stress and trauma including multiple bereavements and other losses, the process of vicarious traumatisation where children witness the on-going effects of the original trauma which a parent or care giver has experienced.

Even where children are protected from the traumatic stories of their ancestors, the effects of past traumas still impact on children in the form of ill health, family dysfunction, community violence, psychological morbidity and early mortality."

Helen Milroy, Child and Adolescent Psychiatrist and Winthrop Professor at the University of Western Australia
H Milroy, ‘Preface’ in S Zubrick, S Silburn, D Lawrence, D Mitrou, R Dalby, E Blair, J Griffin, H Milroy, J DE Mario, A Cox and J Li, The Western Australian Aboriginal Child Health Survey: The Social and Emotional Wellbeing of Aboriginal Children and Young People (2005) p xxii

"If you don't look at what you did before, you do the same [malarkey] all over." — Jimmy McNulty, The Wire, Season 3 Episode 1, Time After Time

Beannacht by John O'Donohue On the day when The weight deadens On your shoulders And you stumble, May the clay dance To balance you. And when your eyes Freeze behind The grey window And the ghost of loss Gets into you, May a flock of colours, Indigo, red, green And azure blue, Come to awaken in you A meadow of delight. When the canvas frays In the currach of thought And a stain of ocean Blackens beneath you, May there come across the waters A path of yellow moonlight To bring you safely home. May the nourishment of the earth be yours, May the clarity of light be yours, May the fluency of the ocean be yours, May the protection of the ancestors be yours. And so may a slow Wind work these words Of love around you, An invisible cloak To mind your life. — From To Bless the Space Between Us

'Men will be bad: (lawful) chiefs will be few: usurpers will be many'
FERCHERTNE Immacallam in dá Thuarad

This desparation Separation Condemnation In temptation Isolation Revelation Isolation Revelation Desolation —U2, Bad

Magdalene Institutions: Recording and Archival and Oral History Justice for Magdalenes Research, "Mary"126 5th Eanáir 2013
'[T]here was a lot of cruelty. There was neglect..There were beatings on some children definitely... I was then like I say...taken down to Limerick. Limerick has had a lasting effect on me; it was horrible. Awful. I was dumped there, I had no contact with anybody, nobody. Nobody...apparently nobody knew where I was.

The nuns changed your name, they gave you your job, if you didn't do it then you had...I don't know...120, 30 people that were in there and you soon would become a target if you...if you were...kind of stepped out of line, which I did.

I refused to work I refused to do the laundry so they put me in the lace department – they had a really nice lace department – and that I enjoyed because it was creative. And it...it was almost like you were lucky to be in that department and not in the laundry.

But having said that, I'll never forget the women, some of them died while I was there and I would say they were buried in Limerick. I have no doubt about that. I've been since back to Limerick to have a look and now it's a big college isn't it?

. A...awful, or though as though, 'this is happening and I have no control over it'. You were taken, you were put; everything was stripped off, your clothes everything.

It was almost like you were sent to prison for something that you never did. '

OLIVER CROMWELL BY PROUD IMPERIALIST AND MEMBER OF THE AMRICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SCRIBNER, 1906
CONT'D ... Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his male heirs followed suit and acknowledged the Parliament. Months of tortuous negotiations followed, King Charles showing the same readiness in promise, and utter indifference in performance, while dealing with the Irish as while dealing with the English. The treachery of the King was made manifest by the discovery of his secret treaty with the Irish, when Sligo was captured. Meanwhile, the Papal nuncio, an Italian, had arrived, and exhorted the Irish to refuse any peace with the King except on the basis of the complete reinstatement of the Catholic Church. He roused what would now be called the ultramontanes against the moderate Catholic party which was acting with Ormond. Their wrangles caused a fatal delay, for by the time the moderates triumphed the King had been made a prisoner. Their treaty of peace with the King was not signed till September, 1645, and amounted to nothing, for the adherents of the Parliament rejected it on the one side, and the extreme Catholic party, the utterly

intolerant and fanatical Catholics, under the nuncio, refused to be bound by it on the other. In the north the Irish were led by Owen O Neil, a member of the great Ulster house of that name, and under him they had beaten Munro and the Scotch. He now hurried to the support of the nuncio. The moderate Catholic leaders and Ormond fled to Dublin at his approach, and he was joined, after some hesitation, by Preston, the leader of the Irish forces in the south. In 1647, Ormond, at his wits end, handed over Dublin to the agents of the Parliament, and joined the Royalist refugees in France. This for a moment eliminated the Royalists, and left the party of the nuncio, the party of the bigots and intolerant extremists, supreme among the Irish..."

Limerick, its history and antiquities 1884. by Maurice Lenihan, pp. 43- 44
“The see of Limerick...remained without a Catholic bishop from the period of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Moloney in 1702, to the year 1720, wholly owing to the ceaseless persecutions which continued to rage after the success of King William, and the passionate vehemence of the dominant faction, which could only satiate its vengeance by depriving the Catholics of every shred of political power and social position, in violation of solemn treaties, and against the dictates of reason and of justice. At length the Court of Rome judged it proper to confer the dignity of the see on Cornelius O'Keeffe, a native of the county Cork, of the ancient family of the O'Keeffes of ClounnaPhricane. He had studied with distinction at Toulouse, where he became a doctor of divinity, and he enjoyed the rectorship of the parish of St. Chronicleu, in the diocese of Nantz, when the Holy See selected him to supply the position which had been occupied by a long line of illustrious men who preserved the faith in the midst of every danger. Denis O'Keeffe, the father of the bishop, was expelled from his old family estate of " Dun", on the river Bride, by the ruthless Cromwell".- After many hardships he settled at Drumkeene, in the county of Limerick, where he left six sons, viz., Daniel, Dermott, Philip, Donatus, Luke, and Cornelius, the bishop.

In the year above mentioned, Cornelius O'Keeffe took possession of his see of Limerick, which he carefully governed for the space of seventeen years, his death having taken place in 1737. He founded three burses in the Irish College of Paris for boys of the name of O'Keeffe, of the family he was himself; he prescribed rules for the government of the burses, and gave money on his visit in 1731 to Paris for their support. The wording of the will occasioned litigation between Dr. O'Keeffe's successor in the see of Limerick, viz., Dr. Robert Lacy, and Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Cork. The latter persisted on the literal interpretation of the will as being in favour of the subjects of the Cork diocese. The suit was carried before the courts of Paris, where it was left re infecta [unfinished]. Dr. O'Keeffe endured severe persecution. He with other prelates was denounced to the government by one Rev. John Hennessey, whom he had suspended, and who in the old way, for the purpose of revenge, and to ingratiate himself with the no-popery faction of the day, fabricated a conspiracy, of which, however, nothing resulted save some violent resolutions of the House of Commons...”

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record, Dublin 1898 IRISH EXILES IN BRITTANY ...The most distinguished of those who entered into the ministry in France was undoubtedly the Reverend Cornelius O'Keeffe, who attained such eminence as to justify us in giving an extended notice of his life. He came of an ancient family who had large possessions in the county Cork from which they were expelled during the Cromwellian period...
was enabled by the favour of the Holy See to give what remained of his life to the service of his native land. The circumstances under which he returned home were of the most honourable kind, as he was appointed during March, 1720, by Papal Brief, bishop of his native diocese. The see had been vacant for eighteen years owing to the troubled times, and had been ruled during that period by the parish priest of Eathkeele, the Very Rev. James Stretch. Although his life in Limerick does not directly aflfect our purpose here, yet we may say in passing that his tenure of office was marked by many notable occurrences. With the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Cork he was denounced as being in conspiracy with the Papal Nuncio at Brussels to restore James II. to the throne of England. An inquisition was ordered by the authorities, and the papers of the Bishop of

Cork were seized ; but no compromising documents were found, and the charge was abandoned

...Dr. 0'Keeffe was held in high esteem in Rome, which appointed him Delegate Apostolic in 1732 to settle a dispute between the Archbishop of Tuam and the Warden of Galway, and the choice of him for this high office places him among the most able prelates of his time...
The last mention of his name in the annals of Brittany, occurs in connection with some benefices held by him in the parish of Machecoul, in the diocese of Nantes. In the annals of that parish we read, that on September 25th, 1737 ;— Messire Christophe Fuchant de Lorme, presentateur des benefices fondes par dame Guillemette Giraud, oh Teglise de la Trinity de Machecoul, sur la connaissance qu'il a eu depuis peu du deces de Monsigneur O'Keeffe eveque de Limerick en Irlande dernier titulaire, presente un titulaire pour les benefices et pour la chapellenie de Notre Dame La Noire ou desclercs a Ste. Croix de Machecoul.^ It is worthy of note, that his successor in these benefices was also of Irish or English extraction, as we read in the records of the parish that in 1751 the priest who held them was Guillaume Fitzharris Giffard, who then lived in Paris. From this we may gather how scarce French priests were at this period, or else how highly esteemed the Irish priests were by those who were responsible for ecclesiastical appointments.
3https://archive.org/stream/irishecclesiast04unkngoog#page/n360/mode/2up/search/Journal+of+the+Cork+Hist orical

Raymond O'Sullivan at The O'Keeffe Chalice Tree in Newmarket with a tour group from the O'Keeffe Clan Gathering, Drom Tarbh Meán Fómhair 2016 At the time of the Penal Laws, there wasn't any great objection to parochial clergy. What they were very very much afraid of were friars from across the seas, because the friars were usually of one of the richer families. They would have been related to the O'Keeffes, to the chieftains, to the O'Callaghans. I heard one story about this place that will tell you what Mr. [?] in Newmarket had to put up with. I read it in a letter, to the Lord [Lefton?] I think he was complaining, he was always complaining, indeed he did more. He was in an outpost here...
But, when he was on his way to Limerick, about two or three miles from the town, he passed through this village, and there was a crowd of people here and he said there might have been up to a thousand men. He said that the O'Keeffe was there and the McAulliffe and the O'Callaghan. And he said there were two brothers of O'Callaghans there who were friars from across the sea and he was very upset about it. And he wanted more help to sorta keep the thing under control. But they were called to account, anyway, and they were taken to some quarters to some other place to be called to accont. And the reason that they gave for being there was that they had met by accident, that it was just a chance meeting, that they were just passing through. So it should tell you what respect they had for law and order and things.
...
“I decided to start anew, to strip away what I had been taught. ” – Georgia O'Keeffe
“I eased my head into the wild form of the hare and I asked that primordial wild form to heal my head and to suck out my European education.” — John Moriarty
“Yes, the living, the mangled, the scarified, with the crazed responsibility of remembering everything, everything.” — Edna O'Brien, The Little Red Chairs

from Misneach Chiarraí Tommy Frank O’Connor, translated by Bertha McCullagh
A people honed in unyielding battle, History’s witness will persevere. Refrain: Let us muster as a ring fort To guard and cherish our iodreacht, In words and deeds our heritage lives And thrives on the way to tomorrow.
From Shannon waves to the Kenmare river, Blasket Sound back to Scartaglen, On Skellig Michael and Tarbert Island, Legendary news, again and again. May God look kindly on generations Past and present and yet unborn, Give fortitude, so we’ll join together, Always willing to share and learn.

from Regnum Corcagiense; or, A Description of the Kingdom [sic] of Cork With remarks on the ancient and present state thereof By Sir Richard Cox, Bart., Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Edited by ROBERT DAY, F.S.A. Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society Vol. VIII Second Series 1902 There are references in this MS. that show how important the industry of mining, smelting, and manufacture of iron was during the seventeenth century in the province of Munster. Many of its details are given by the Great Earl of Cork in the "Lismore Papers," Win connection with the iron works founded and sustained by him on the banks of the Blackwater ; from among some of these are the following. On May 3, 1612, he agrees "with Mr. Chisull for his clayme to Kilmacke and the fourth part of the iron works." In March, 1614, he leaves "500 acres of land, the two myllies (mills) of Bally Tu and Affane, the ploughlands of Ballyregan after Mr. Stanley's death, and all my woods on the broad water, and all my mynes, for 28 years, for /600 a year, I giving him , £1,000 to erect the iron works in ready money beforehand." In August, 1615, he sends letters by Peers Power about "my new iron works to be erected near Lismore." In 1617, the land laid out and measured for the double furnace at Cappoquin was 172 acres ; and on March 28, 161 8, he makes the following record : "I hade the stock of my double furnace at Cappoquin taken up between this daie that the worcks were all paid and cleered, till the 4th of April." "I have in stock towards this my disbursement 332 tons, io c. and three quarters of Sowe Iron, which rated at iiij. li. x. s. the ton, amounts unto 1,496li. 7s. ster."
On. Jan. 16, 1620, he asks God to bless his honest endeavours, for in His holy name, on that day, he began to build the new double forge "neer under the castle of Lisfynneen," and the 1st Feb. following he began the new iron works there ; these were completed on the evening of the 9th of June, when the two furnaces were blown in, and God's blessing upon "'their better proceedings" invoked. On April 1, 1622, he lets his iron mines and woods for four thousand pounds sterling per annum, or bar iron to that value, at from,£12 per ton. On Sept. 23 he ships 20 tons of iron to London for Lord Beaumont, of which three tons were through stress of weather cast overboard at sea, and he hopes that Gpd will send him better success "than these begynings promise" in any future transactions he may have with his lordship. In the first six months' working there was a yield from these works of 328 tons of bar iron, and he added one thousand pounds to the capital of this flourishing industry. This iron was carried in lighters to Youghal. where it was shipped for English and other ports. It is probable that this industry ceased, not that the ore bodies pinched out, but that the supply of charcoal failed because the timber supply was exhausted. Cox says, "At Tallow Castle, the woods being decayed, the forge must stand still for want of fuel."

Ard Rí Arvol Looking Horse said: "Look around you. Our Mother Earth is very ill from these violations, and we are on the brink of destroying the possibility of a healthy and nurturing survival for generations to come, our children’s children… ...This new millennium will usher in an age of harmony or it will bring the end of life as we know it. Starvation, war, and toxic waste have been the hallmark of the great myth of progress and development that ruled the last millennium. To us, as caretakers of the heart of Mother Earth, falls the responsibility of turning back the powers of destruction. You yourself are the one who must decide."

"Recollections of the life of John O'Keeffe : written by himself (1826) by John O'Keefe (1747-1833) When I was first in London, I was eager to bring all my young companions to see the monument of Arthur O'Keeffe, and his wife, Isabella. Near the foot of the steps, in the cloisters on the right hand, there it is up against the wall; most of my friends, whose names were not so old as mine, by some centuries, affected to laugh at my youthful, ancient piece of vanity ; and one day, bringing M. Bartlett, among others, to admire it, he quoted to me the well-known retort of — " I do not know any one who is not of an ancient family." His taking the fancy to call me Jack Keeffe, set me to versifying, and I wrote the following, to the old song of " Do you want a coat, or a vest, young man ?" You say not mine the letter O, Though to my name I add it Where Shannon glides, and shamrocks grow, My ancestors all had it. Biography is apt to err Why credit such narration ?

Historic truths if you prefer, Accept true information. As many had St. Patrick knows, Of land, lost snug possessions. The Irish wisely dropp'd their O 's. That mark'd them old Milesians. To Spain went some, and some to France, To Germany went others. In honours rapid their advance Received they were as brothers The dormant O, abroad they mount As sure recommendation ; It proves them men of some account, To every foreign nation. In England some their fortunes seek. But find it hard to find her, With tear-fraught eye and sunken cheek Full far they lag behind her. Here some are huff'd at great men's doors, By porters and by pages, And some are nabb'd for milkmen's scores. And some write plays for stages. Some in the Park, from tree to tree. Parade in thread-bare habits. And some teach babes their ABC, And some in streets cry rabbits. And some for wit are much admired. Whilst others starve in learning. And some by trade have wealth acquired. Some not a sixpence earning. Like poneys harnessed to a chair. Fat gentlemen some carry. And some are favourites of the fair. And thus rich widows marry. And some make hay, and some write jokes, And some taste wine for princes. And some on hustings make a hoax, [husting is a place for political speeches] Which English mob convinces. Yet Bryen, Leary, Kelly, Toole, Keeffe, Callaghan, Byrne, Connor ; As party feuds began to cool. Soon reassum'd this honour. To ancient names their O 's return. Their right admits no query, O'Keefe, O'Bryen, and O'Byme, O'Kelly, and O'Leary. Of my poor O, I'm full as proud As Knights of Stars and banners ; Pray grant it me, as you 're endowed With kindness, sense, and manners."

Terrence McCoy, The Washington Post, 27 Meitheamh 2014
There was always something off about Savile, who hosted the BBC’s “Jim’ll Fix it,” palled around with the royal family, reportedly spent holidays with the Thatchers and was knighted not only by Queen Elizabeth but by Pope John Paul II. But most forgave his *idiosyncratic* nature. He was, after all, a *great* man...

...abused dozens of children. But they never stuck [teflon].…

In all, Savile is believed ...at least 500 girls and boys, some as young as two, most between 13 and 15, as well as countless adults ranging up to 75 years old. With unfettered access to Leeds General Infirmary, the health service report said, he ... boys, girls, men and women in offices and corridors.

He also allegedly … dead bodies, and even told several hospital workers that he made jewelry out of one man’s glass eyeball. As shocking as the findings are, even more shocking is the fact that Savile got away with it for so long. That realization has “shaken our country to the core,” U.K. Health Secretary Jeremy Hunt *said*.....

Sinéad O’Connor
“If a child is being abused it will react in any number of different ways. What I did was I went into myself. I couldn’t communicate with anybody, I couldn’t study. I could read and write but I had no interest in it, I couldn’t get out of my own head... I grew up in a state of terror, constantly. I’m one of millions of people who grew up in the same situation, who grew up terrified constantly."

Compert Conchobair or Conception of Conchobar
'Neissi daughter of Echu Yellow-heel was on her throne outside before Emain, and her royal maidens around her. Cathbad the druid went past. He was from the Tratraige of Mag Inis. Said the maiden to him : ' What is this present hour good . for ? ' saith she. ' It is good' saith he, ' to beget a [chief] upon a queen.' The queen asked whether it were true. The druid swore by the gods, it was true ; the son that would be made at that hour (his name) would live in Ireland till Doom. Then the maiden invited him to her, as she saw no (other) male hear her. The woman became pregnant. Three years and three months the child was in her womb. At the feast of Uither she was brought to bed, and so on, as it comes in the 'Iron Hauberk'.'

Nessa convinces Connor to steal the chiefdom from Fergus playfully, then Connor and Nessa conspire to steal from one half and oppress the other half, is that right Táin Bó Cooley?

SPIN magazine, 'Special Child', cover story, November, 1991.

Thank you for hearing me John Charles Reynolds / Sinéad O'Connor Thank you for hearing me Thank you for hearing me Thank you for hearing me Thank you for hearing me Thank you for loving me Thank you for loving me Thank you for loving me Thank you for loving me Thank you for seeing me Thank you for seeing me Thank you for seeing me Thank you for seeing me And for not leaving me And for not leaving me And for not leaving me And for not leaving me Thank you for staying with me Thank you for staying with me Thank you for staying with me Thank you for staying with me Thanks for not hurting me Thanks for not hurting me Thanks for not hurting me Thanks for not hurting me You are gentle with me You are gentle with me You are gentle with me You are gentle with me Thanks for silence with me Thanks for silence with me Thanks for silence with me Thanks for silence with me Thank you for holding me 1191 And saying "I could be" Thank you for saying "Baby" Thank you for holding me Thank you for helping me Thank you for helping me Thank you for helping me Thank you, thank you for helping me Thank you for breaking my heart Thank you for tearing me apart Now I've a strong, strong heart Thank you for breaking my heart

"Our expectations for technology have become magical and our use of it increasingly irrational." — Richard Stivers
Ag creachadh agus ag bánú na tíre Plundering and laying waste the country

Trí ái nad eplet faill: ái dochuind, 7 dochraite, 7 anfis. Three causes that do not die with neglect: the causes of an imbecile, and of oppression, and of ignorance.

Bríocht Síothlaithe Cheannmhara/Kenmare's Pacification Spell Síothal lán, síothal slán. Luigsim féin féin ra cach mál. Síothal shuain, síothal sámh. Bear úr uaibh do cheann slúaigh d'Fhiachaigh mál. Síothal glan, síothal gart um rígh mborb. Síothal slán, síothal suain. Bear úr. Do Mhogh Chorb síothal airgid agus óir agus cruain, síothal shíog agus rígh agus rúain lúthar libh agus uaibh do Mhogh Ruith is d'fhir Coirb is do Bhuan lúthsat féin feacht fo thrí ra feacht fáth beact for rígh. Báidhfe tart. Beofaidh brígh, fóirfidh cach, sóefidh síath. Síothal.

Then the noble, valiant descendants of Eóghan arose, and arranged themselves into a furious, steady, brave battalion of champions. — Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

They laugh at me because I'm different; I laugh at them because they're all the same. Kurt Ó Cobain

We are more than transformed groceries. John Ó Moriarty

There’s something outside of me—call it my DNA, my ancestral drive, my unconscious; call it collective suggestion, mass hysteria or propaganda—but I am ultimately responsible for making the choice to do good or evil.” — Richard Kearney

Ailiu iath nErend.
Ermach muir mothuch,
mothach sliabh sreathach,
sreathach coill ciothoch,
ciothach ab essach,
eassach loch lionnmar,
lindmar tor tiopra,

tiopra tuath oenaigh,
aenach righ Temra,
Teamair tor tuatha,
tuatha mac Miled,
Miledh long, libern,
libern ard, Ere,
Ere ard, diclass,
dichteal rogaeth:
ro gaes ban Breisi
Bresie, ban Buaigni;
be abdal Ére,
Eremhón ortus,
Ír, Ebir ailsius.
Ailiu iath nErenn.
道則徐

From Grandpa Alex Brown, son of An Gorta Mór Spalpeen, Rough and Ready Road, Haudenosaunee land
A rich farmer was on his death bed. He told his wife to take his bill fold up on the roof on the house and put it under a shingle so when he went to heaven he could pick it up as he went by. A few days after his death his wife went up on the roof and looked under the shingle. Sure enough the bill fold was there. "Just as I thought," clucked his wife, "he's gone to the other place."

“Coiglim an tine seo mar choigleann Críost cáidh; Muire ar mhullach an tí, agus Bríd ina lár; An t-ochtar ainglí is tréine i gCathair na nGrás Ag cumhdach an ti seo ‘s a mhuintir thabhairt slán.
I save this fire, as noble Christ saves; Mary on the top of the house and St. Brigid in its centre; the eight strongest angels in Heaven preserving this house and keeping its people safe.

“...because of women like us, I believe that in the end, tyranny will never succeed, and goodness will always vanquish evil. Although I may not see it in my lifetime, peace will overcome. I believe, I know, that if you have unshakable faith in yourself, in your sisters and in the possibility of change, you can do almost anything. The work is hard. The immensity of what needs to be done is discouraging. But you look at communities that are struggling on a daily basis. They keep on---and in the eyes of the people there, you are a symbol of hope. And so you, too, must keep on. You are not at liberty to give up. Don't stop, echoes the older Liberian lady's voice. Don't ever stop. My answer to her: I never will.” ― Leymah Gbowee, Mighty Be Our Powers: How Sisterhood, Prayer, and Sex Changed a Nation at War

Do you not think it a pity, O dear Donnchadh [Ó Caoimh], …
That the women of Mumhan should be in captivity — without deceit —
And that the Lochlannachs should carry off their cows? — Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

[An Draoi Ruadh Donnchadh Ó Caoimh's] son inherited the title and territory of Fermoy after him, from whom came a long and an illustrious line of descendants in the inheritance of their paternal principality for upwards of five hundred years. At length they were unjustly deprived and plundered of it by English adventurers and Cromwellian troopers for allegiance to their lawful [Loyal Orange Lodge LOL] king, who after his restoration, like a true Stuart, lost his sense of gratitude, and forgot not alone the O’Keeffes but every other Irish chieftain who adhered to him in his adversity.

The last part of their inheritance, called Pobal Uí Chaoimh, was put into the hands of greedy adventurers by the king (William), who had no other means of paying his mercenaries. It is now William's Town, very appropriately, but it will never lose its fine irish name, Pobal Uí Chaoimh.

One of O'Keeffe's daughters was married to the [chief] of Ulster, and the other to the Connaught [chief], with whom they enjoyed prosperity and happiness.

Cleena sometimes comes to Castlecor to visit her sister, and remains to condole with her on the loss of the wand, which rendered her unable to restore her primitive form. The power of the spell was so great that in all her science she could not discover what would enable her to dissolve the enchantment.

Now she must await the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures. In the event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled.'
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897 Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Sí] of South Munster

447. Book of Lismore Beatha Naomh Páidraig
After that Patrick went into the province of Munster, to Cashel of the [chiefs]. And Oengus, son of Natfraich, [chief] of Munster, met him, and made him welcome, and brings him with him to his house, to the fort, as far as the place wherein Lecc Pdtraic is to-day. And Oengus there believed in God and in Patrick, and he was baptized and a multitude of the men of Munster along with him. There, then, was the beginning of the baptism of the men of Munster. And then said Patrick : 'If Mtmster-men outrage me Regarding Cashel the head of their baptism, They shall have mutual slaughter amidst their land, Their realm will be in disgrace. 1 From Cashel I have blessed Ireland as far as its borders. With my two hands have I blessed, So that Munster will not be without good. 461. Now when Patrick was blessing the head of Oengus, the spike of the rozier went through his foot. So, after the end of the benediction, Patrick saw the wound in Oengus's foot. Said Patrick: 'Wherefore didst thou not tell me?' 'Meseemed,' saith Oengus, 'that it was a rite of the faith.' 'Thou shalt have a reward for this,' saith Patrick. ' From to-day to the Judgment thy successor shall not have a death by slaying, save one man only [Cenngecan was slain A.D. 897]. Patrick saith that his grace would abide in Cashel, ut dixit \^poetd\ : 'Patrick's resurrection in Down, His primacy in Armagh, On the hillock of musical Cashel, He granted a third of his grace.'

Life of Fionnchú, Fanahan Book of lismore
The [chief] secretly sends information to the Failgian woman, and told her to go into Munster westward, on the safeguard of Findchua of Sliab Cua. For he had a safeguard of a month and a quarter and a year beyond every other saint .... men of Ireland. For neither hosts nor multitudes, champions nor battle-soldiers durst do aught to Findchua, because of the greatness of his nature, and the nobility of his race, and the greatness of his fury and of his virtue. ..
...Thereafter swift pangs seized the girl, and that is revealed to Findchua while he was bathing himself in a tub of cold water, even that a wife of the [chief] of Leinster was coming to him for safeguard. And he sends a message to her not to come out of the place in which she was biding till she had brought forth her babe, for at that time neither wives nor women used to come to Findchua's church. The damsel brings forth a boy at an early hour on the morrow, and he is taken from her to Findchua to be baptized. Thereafter the boy is baptized and (the name) Finntan is given to him, even Finntan son of Old Nuada the Sage, son of Bresal the Speckled, son of Fiacha Fobrecc. .The boy is reared by Findchua, who gives him his right breast, and milk grew therein, and his mother is warned to go 1 into her own country. That boy throve as he would not have thriven with his own mother if he had had nine wet-nurses under him …

[As doilghi leam iná in t-écc.] 110. TLACHTGA. Tlachtga, canas ro aimnniged? Ni ansa. Tlachtga ingen Mogha Ruith meic Fergusa ...

[Tlachtga, why is she so named? Not difficult to say.]Tlachtga daughter of Mog Ruith son of Fergus: three sons of Simon Magus ravished her when she went with her father to learn the world’s magic: for ’tis she that made for Trian the Rowing Wheel and the Stone in Forcarthu and the Pillar stone in Cnámchoill. Then she escaped from the east, bringing those two things With her, till she reached Tlachtga Hill; and there she lay—in and bore three sons, namely Dorb, from whom is Mag nDoirb, and Cuma, from whom is Mag Cuma, and Muach, from whom is Mag Muaich. And till these three names are forgotten in Ireland, foreigners’ vengeance will not visit it. Whence Tlachtga is said.

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged, see the Bodleian ms. Laud 6Io, fo. 109a I, and O’Curry’s Lecturer, pp. 272, 385, 401, 421, 423, 428. Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said: Dall cach oen notn-aicfe, bodar each oen nod-cluinfe, marb each óen risi mbenfa, Land 6to, fo. 1o9fl 2, u Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it: deaf every one Who shall hear it, and dead every one against whom it shall strike n. In Ed. Tlachtga is said to have died in childbed, and over her the fortress Was built.

NOTE:Tlachtga is now the Hill of Ward near Athboy in Meath: Forrartlm is near Rathcoole in the co. Dublin; and Cnámchaill is Cleghile near the town of Tipperary. Mag Cumma, Mag nDoirb and Mag Muaich are now forgotten, so the prophecy as to foreigners’ vengeance has been fulfilled.'
-THE PROSE TALES lN THE The Rennes Dindienchas. Whitley Stokes

Brave and very patient thewomen have proved themselves. Formerly, the qualitiesof truth and loyalty were demanded in men, and.appreciated when to be found in women. Loyalty andtruth have become more and more characteristic of thebest of Irish womanhood to-day. Ease, comfort, freedomitself, have been gladly offered up for ideals. Even thosesvho differ most bitterly about those ideals must admitthat our younger women have had the courage of theiropinions, and have not failed to play their part in thenation's re-birth, and according to their ideals haveplayed it loyally. May there yet dawn for the daughters of Eire" spacious days," when there shall be growth, insteadof arrested development, song and dance, instead of the crack of the rifle, beauty instead of burning, happylaughter instead of apprehension, building up instead of destruction, days of freer life, full of greater possibilities, and of wider and surer hope. L. M. McCRAiTH. Irish Heroines
He ruled no serfs, and be knew no pride; He was one with tbe workers, side by side; He bated a mill, and a mine, and a town, With their fever of misery, struggle, renown; He could never believe but a man was made For a nobler end tban the glory of trade. For the youtb be mourned with an endless pity Wbo were cast like snow on the streets of tbe city, He was weak, maybe; but be lost no friend; Wbo loved him once, loved on to tbe end. He mourned all selfisb and sbrewd endeavour; But be never injured a weak one — never. Wben censure was passed, be was kindly dumb; He was never so wise but a fault would come; He was never so old that be failed to enjoy The games and tbe dreams be bad loved when a boy. He erred, and was sorry; but never drew A trusting heart from tbe pure and true. When friends look back from tbe years to be God grant tbey may say sucb tbings of me....
...God send us peace, and keep red strife away; But should it come, God send us men and steel ! The land is dead that dare not face the day When foreign danger threats the common weal. Thrice blest the nation that has every son A soldier, ready for the warning sound; Who marches bomeward, when the fight is done, To swing the hammer and to till the ground. Jb o'reilly, selected poems
THE TORY. Patrician, aristocrat, Tory —whatever his age or name, To the people's rights and liberties, a traitor ever the same. The natural crowd is a mob to him, their prayer a vulgar rhyme ; The free man's speech is sedition, and the patriot's deed a crime : Whatever the race, the law, the

land, — whatever the time or throne, —The Tory is always a traitor to every class but his own. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

THE POET'S SUCCESS. When he succeeds in reaching men's hearts, all other successes are as nought to the poet's. All other honors, emoluments, distinctions, are chips and tinsel compared with the separated and beloved light which surrounds him in the eyes and hearts of the people. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS
THE DUTY OF MARTYRDOM. The highest duty that ever comes to a man is not to do a deed of prowess or win a material victory, but to endure, suffer and die for truth and freedom. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

Duan Amhairghine

Am gáeth tar na bhfarraige
Am tuile os chinn maighe
Am dord na daíthbhe
Am damh seacht mbeann
Am drúchtín rotuí ó ngréin
Am an fráich torc
Am seabhac a néad i n-aill
Am ard filidheachta
Am álaine bhláithibh
Am an t-eo fis
Cía an crann agus an theine ag tuitim faire
Cía an dhíamhairina cloch neamh shnaidhite
Am an ríáin gach uile choirceoige
Am an theine far gach uile chnoic
Am an scíath far gach uile chinn
Am an sleagh catha
Am nómá tonnag sírthintaghaív Am úagh gach uile dhóich dhíamaíní
Cía fios aige conara na gréine agus linn na éisce
Cía tionól na rinn aige, ceangladh na farraige,
cor i n-eagar na harda, na haibhne, na túatha.

Here's a translation by actor Gabriel Ó Byrne, transcribed from YouTube:

Powerful Spell of the Sea (Song of Amergin)

I am the sea wind
I am the ocean wave
I am the tides roaring
I am the stag of the seven wild woods
I am the fierceness of beasts
I am the hawk on the cliff, where my nest hides
And I am lord of all words
I am the most radiant among flowers
I am the salmon's wisdom
I am lightning, I am thunder
I am the lord of trees
I am the queen of hives
I am the shield over the head of the warrior

The spear of battle
The Wave's eternal return
The grave of every vain yearning
And I know the secret of the three moons and the sacred path
My spell is the spell of the sea, the mountains, the rivers,
and the wild tribes

Maireann croí éadrom i bhfad.
A light heart lives long.

Éire i bpáirt, Éire ar lár.
Ireland divided is Ireland laid low

An Nigéir
Akpa le tome gake menya tsi fe vevie nyenyeo.
Ní thuigeann an t-iasc tábhacht an uisce.
The fish does not understand the importance of water.

At the close of World War I, the Commission on the Responsibility of the Authors of the War and on Enforcement of Penalties classified the following types of war crimes capable of being committed by military and civilians (American Journal of International Law, vol. 14, p. 114 (1920)):

? Usurpation of sovereignty during occupation;
? Deportation of civilians;
? Compulsory enlistment of soldiers among the inhabitants of occupied territory;
? Denationalizing the inhabitants of occupied territory;
? Confiscation of property;
? Exaction of illegitimate or of exorbitant contributions and requisitions;
? Wanton devastation and destruction of religious, charitable, educational and historical buildings and monuments.

Usurpation of sovereignty is to illegally take by force the sovereignty of another country. International tribunals and national tribunals prosecuted both military and civilians after World War I and World War II for these war crimes. The State of Hawai'i government, established by an Act of Congress, is a usurpation of sovereignty during occupation and therefore not only illegal but also constitutes a war crime.

Article 147 of the Geneva Convention, IV also listed the following as war crimes:

? Unlawful deportation or transfer or unlawful confinement of a protected person;
? Compelling a protected person to serve in the forces of an occupying State;
? Willfully depriving a protected person of the rights of fair and regular trial;
? Extensive destruction and appropriation of property not justified by military necessity and carried out unlawfully.

TREATY BREAKAGE #1
"4. We reaffirm our total and absolute commitment to exclusively democratic and peaceful means of resolving differences on political issues, and our opposition to any use or threat of force by others for
any political purpose, whether in regard to this agreement or otherwise."

TREATY BREAKAGE #2

"5. we will endeavour to strive in every practical way towards reconciliation and rapprochement within the framework of democratic and agreed arrangements."

TREATY BREAKAGE #3
"recognise the legitimacy of whatever choice is freely exercised by a majority of the people of Northern Ireland with regard to its status" [broken by brexit vote, NI voted to remain]

TREATY BREAKAGE #4
"it would be wrong to make any change in the status of Northern Ireland save with the consent of a majority of its people; [broken by brexit]

TREATY BREAKAGE #5
"affirm that whatever choice is freely exercised by a majority of the people of Northern Ireland, the power of the sovereign government with jurisdiction there shall be exercised with rigorous impartiality" [broken by May DUP deal]
"Theresa May signs '£1.5 billion' deal with the DUP to prop up her government, Business Insider, Meitheamh 26, 2017, 6:12 AM"

TREATY BREAKAGE #6
"(vi) recognise the birthright of all the people of Northern Ireland to identify themselves and be accepted as Irish or British, or both, as they may so choose

An Old Irish Prayer for Long Life
I.
I invoke the seven daughters of the Sea
who fashion the threads of the sons of long life :
 May three deaths be taken from me !
 May three periods of age be granted to me !
 May seven waves of good fortune be dealt to me !
Phantoms shall not harm me on my journey
in flashing corslet without hindrance !
My fame shall not perish !
Let old age come to me ! death shall not come to me
till I am old !
II.
I invoke my Silver-champion who has not died, who
will not die :
May a time be granted to me of the quality' of white
bronze !
 May my double be slain !
 May my right be maintained !
 May my strength be increased !
 My grave shall not be ready !
Death shall not come to me on an expedition !
May my journey be carried out !
The headless adder shall not seize me,
nor the hard-grey worm, nor the headless black
chafer !
Neither thief shall harm me, nor a band of women, nor
a band of armed men.
Let increase of time come to me from the [chief] of the Universe !
III.

I invoke Senach of the seven periods of time,
whom [Sí] women have reared on the breasts of
plenty :
May my seven candles not be extinguished
I am an indestructible stronghold,
I am an unshaken rock,
I am a precious stone,
I am the luck of the week.
May I live a hundred times a hundred years,
each hundred of them apart !
I summon their boons to me.
May the grace of the Holy Spirit be upon me !
Domini est salus (three times), Christi est salus (three times).
Super populum tuum, Domine, benedictio tua.
KUNO MEYER, 1914
Berlin
: https://archive.org/details/oldirishprayerfo00meyeuoft/page/230

Katherine Simms
Verses composed by a poetic brehon about the year 1300 advise the young law student: The [Gaelic] literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud —for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks.

“For Someone Awakening To The Trauma of His or Her Past:

For everything under the sun there is a time.
This is the season of your awkward harvesting,
When the pain takes you where you would rather not go,

Through the white curtain of yesterdays to a place
You had forgotten you knew from the inside out;
And a time when that bitter tree was planted

That has grown always invisibly beside you
And whose branches your awakened hands
Now long to disentangle from your heart.

You are coming to see how your looking often darkened
When you should have felt safe enough to fall toward love,
How deep down your eyes were always owned by something

That faced them through a dark fester of thorns
Converting whoever came into a further figure of the wrong;
You could only see what touched you as already torn.

Now the act of seeing begins your work of mourning.
And your memory is ready to show you everything,
Having waited all these years for you to return and know.

Only you know where the casket of pain is interred.
You will have to scrape through all the layers of covering

And according to your readiness, everything will open.

May you be blessed with a wise and compassionate guide
Who can accompany you through the fear and grief
Until your heart has wept its way to your true self.

As your tears fall over that wounded place,
May they wash away your hurt and free your heart.
May your forgiveness still the hunger of the wound

So that for the first time you can walk away from that place,
Reunited with your banished heart, now healed and freed,
And feel the clear, free air bless your new face."

? John O'Donohue, To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES
OF ERIN.
As HYPERLINK "https://archive.org/stream/dntaaoaginuraail03orah#page/6/mode/2up/search/Cliodhna" HYPERLINK "https://archive.org/stream/dntaaoaginuraail03orah#page/6/mode/2up/search/Cliodhna"Gaeilge

Aoghán Ó Rathaille

Woe is me ! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach,
Without a prince over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader !
Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate !
Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains !

A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear !
A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger I
A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants !
A land of fetters — it is sickness to me unto death !

A land poor, afflicted, lonely, and tortured !
A land without a husband, without a son, without a spouse !
A land without vigour, or spirit, or hearing !
A land in which is no justice to be done to the poor !

A land without a meek church or clergy !
A land which wolves have spitefully devoured !
A land placed in misfortune and subjection
Beneath the tyranny of enemies and mercenaries and robbers !

A land without produce or thing of worth of any kind !
A land without dry weather, without a stream, without a star !
A land stripped naked, without shelter or boughs !
A land broken down by the English-prating band !

A land in anguish, drained of her brave men !
A land ever lamenting (her children) enviously !

A widow, weeping, wounded, woeful !
Torn, bruised, humbled, full of wounds !

Ever wet is her cheek from tears !
The hair of her head falls down in heavy showers
Streams of blood gush forth in torrents from her ;
Her whole visage is of the appearance of black coal !

Her limbs are shrunken, bound, and tortured !
The fastenings of her tender, smooth, fair
Irons framed in hell, bleak, and gloomy,
By the craftsmen of greedy Vulcan.

Her heart's blood spurts forth in pools.
While the dogs of Bristol drink it with keen greed ;
Her carcase is being torn asunder
By Saxon curs, treacherously, and with deliberate intent.

Her leaves have decayed, there is no vigour in her boughs ;
Her waters have been dried up by the frosts of heaven ;
Behold ! there is no brightness in her sun over the lands,
And the fog of the smithy is upon her mountains.

Her princely mines, her woods, her lime quarries.
Her trees, old and young, have been burnt and broken i
Her growing rods, scattered and torn,
In foreign countries severed from one another.

Griffin and Hedges — without deceit is my tale —
In the place of the Earl, it is pain and torture
Blarney, without dwellers save the wolves
And Rathluirc plundered, stripped naked, and in durance dire.

The Laune has fallen without vigour, my sharp stroke !
The Maine, the Shannon, the Liffey, are wounded !
Tara of the [chiefs] is without a prop of the race of Niall Dubh !
And no hero of the race of Raighleann is alive.

O'Doherty is not holding sway, nor his noble race,
The O'Moores are not strong, that once were brave,
O' Flaherty is not in power, nor his kinsfolk,
And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English.

Of O'Rourke there is no mention — my sharp wounding !
Nor yet of O'Donnell in Erin ;
The Geraldines they are without vigour, without a nod,
And the Burkes, the Barrys. the Walshes of the slender ships.

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
To banish this sorrow from them altogether —
From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear —
And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
All their estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,
And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

THE BINDING.

My torment of sorrow, the brave champions scattered by the shower,
And the gross foreigners in the hero's place in bright Blarney ;
Every family of the tribe that loved my class, how they are scorned ;
This has brought me still poor, lacking shoes, to town to-day .

St. Ephrem the Syrian, 306-373 CE

The tree that is called
the Tree of Knowledge
symbolizes the gate
of Paradise:
it is through the gate of knowledge
that one is able to enter in;
it is the likeness
of its glorious Creator,
in whose hidden abode
through the gate of knowledge
all who are perceptive
may approach [the Creator's] hiddenness.

Consider this knowledge
which is the gateway to all things:
by it the mind
can enter everywhere,
though where it meets error
in front of it
it comes up against a wall
and is blocked.
Through this gate of knowledge
the intellect enters in,
explores every kind of treasure,
brings out every kind of riches.

風向轉變時,有人築牆,有人造風車
When baffled in one direction a person of energy will not despair, but will find another way to their object.
Chinese proverb

...“O, none of these,” said this wondrous maiden,
" For I am Fodhla—Queen of the Gael !
With chains o'er-laden my clans are fading,
And chiefs are bondsmen in Innisfail !

In wasting woe I've been long a griever
For One — the heir of victorious Conn,
The knightly scion of royal Eibhir,
My darling ever — my Buachaill Ban !"

“Rejoice ! Rejoice ! tho' long thy slav'ry,
At last, Bright One ! he comes — thy Chief !
He comes — thy Champion — with hosts of brav'ry,
Whose hearts are burning for thy relief.
With armies bearing the flag of Erinn,
On tall barques steering thy seas upon,
Soon shalt thou crown with thy hand victorious
Thy lover glorious — thy Buachaill Ban !”

Her sorrows fleeted — she struck the golden
Sweet-ringing harp with her snowy hand,
And poured in music the regal, olden,
The glorious lays of a free-made Land !
The pebbly brooks in the vale seemed springing
With brighter sheen on that sunny dawn,
And birdful woods with delight were ringing,
So sweet her singing for her Buachaill Ban !AN BUACHAILL BAN

"https://archive.org/stream/poetspoetryofmun00sigerich#page/n35/mode/2up/search/and+my+anguish"
Air : — " Cailin Donn.
Mugrón a successor of Columcille haec verba composuit de Trinitate.
Have mercy on us, O God father omnipotent ! O God of hosts. O sublime God. O Lord of the world. O unspeakable God. O Creator of the element's,. O invisible God. O incorporeal God. O unjudgeable God. O immeasurable God. O impatient God. O immaculate God. O immortal God. O immoveable God. O eternal God. O perfect God. O merciful God. O admirable God. O dread God. O golden good. O heavenly Father that art in Heavens, have mercy on us I Have mercy on us, O omnipotent God, O fesus Christ, O son of living God I O son that was born twice. O only-begotten of God the Father. O first child of Mary the Virgin. O son of David. O son of Abraham. O beginning of all. O end of the world. O word of God. O jewel of the heavenly [chiefing]. O life of all. O eternal truth. O image, O likeness, O figure of God the Father. O hand of God. O arm of God. O strength of God. O right hand of God. O true wisdom. O true light that lighteth every darkness. O . . . light. O sun of truth. O morning star. O radiance of the Godhead. O splendour of the eternal light. O intelligence of the mystic world. O intermediator of all men. O betrothed of the Church. O trusty shepherd of the flock. O expectation of the faithful. O angel of the great counsel. O true prophet. O true apostle. O true teacher. O high priest. O master. O Nazarene. O fair-haired one. O ever living satisfaction. O tree of life. O true vine. O sprout of the root ofJesse. O [chief] of Israel. O Saviour. O door of the world. O chosen flower of the plain. O lily of the valleys. O rock of strength. O corner stone. O heavenly Zion. Ofoundation offaith. O innocent lamb. O diadem. O gentle sheep. O redeemer of mankind. O true God. O true man. O lion. O ox. O eagle. O crucified Christ. O judge of Doom, have mercy on us ! Have mercy on us, O omnipotent God, O Holy Spirit ! O Spirit that is nobler than all spirits. Ofinger of God. O guard of the Christians. O comforter of the sorrowful. O gentle one. O merciful intercessor. O giver of true wisdom. O author of Holy Scripture. O ruler of speech. O septiform spirit. O spirit of wisdom. O spirit of understanding. O spirit of counsel. O spirit of strength. O spirit of knowledge. O spirit of gentleness. O spirit of awe. O spirit of charity. O spirit ofgrace. O spirit by whom all high things are ordained !

Iris Murdoch “Yes, of course, there's something fishy about describing people's feelings. You try hard to be accurate, but as soon as you start to define such and such a feeling, language lets you down. It's really a machine for making falsehoods. When we really speak the truth, words are insufficient. Almost everything except things like "pass the gravy" is a lie of a sort. And that being the case, I shall shut up. Oh, and... pass the gravy.”

Mrs. Gallagher to Rita Gallagher, Glenalla, Co. Donegal 30th May These are the most common birds which are in the district, the robin, the thrush, the blackbird, the wren, the swallow, the sparrow, the cuckoo, the corncrake, the tom tit, the yellow yeldring, the lark, the crow, the seagull, the wild duck, the moor hen, the grouce, blue tit, felt, gold flinch, mavish, Big Andy, (Heron), the swan, the red shank. The most of these stay here except the cuckoo the corncrake and the swallow and they emigrate the other hotter countries when the Summer is past. The robin builds her nest in a fence, the thrush builds her nest in a bush. The blackbird builds her nest in a tree also. The wren and the swallow build their nests in the eaves of a house. The sparrow builds her nest in the rivers and in a low bush. The cuckoo doesn’t build her nest. She lays her eggs in another bird’s nest. When the young cuckoos grow they push the other little birds out. The corncrake builds her nest in long grass. The lark builds her nest on the ground. The crow builds her nest in high trees and in chimneys. The seagull builds her nest in high rocks in the middle of the water. The wild duck builds her nest among the rushes in the water. The moor hen builds her nest in the heather. The pigeon builds her nest in a high tree in the tree in the wood. The tom tit makes her nest out of moss and feathers. The lark makes her nest with hay and grass. The crow makes her nest with hay and grass. The crow makes her nest out of sticks and hair and she lays two or four green eggs with black dots on them. The seagull makes her nest out of straw and heather and she lays two white eggs with black dots on them. The wild duck makes her nest out of rushes straw and feathers and she lays twelve green eggs with black dots on them. The moor hen makes her nest out of grass and withered heather and she lays twelve eggs. The pigeon makes her nest out of sticks and she lays two white eggs in it. The blackbird makes her nest out of moss, withered grass and hair and she lays four green eggs with black dots on them. The thrush makes her nest out of moss and she puts clay around it. She lays four blue eggs with brown dots on them. The wren and the sparrow build their nests out of moss and feathers. The wren leaves a little hole for it to go into the nest. The sparrow lays four white eggs with brown dots on them. The swallow makes her nest out of sand and lime and she lays four white eggs with black dots on them. The robin makes her nest out of moss and horse hair and she lays four white eggs with brown dots on them. The wren lays seventeen white eggs with brown dots on them. The people say if you take a wren’s egg, out of her nest, the wren will lay on every day till it dies. The corncrake makes her nest out of hay and grass and she lays two white eggs with black dots on them. It takes a month for the birds to hatch their eggs. If any body robbs the a bird’s nest the bird will for sake it. If you put your breath near it the bird will for sake it also. When the swallows fly low its a sign of bad weather. When the seagull flies high over a bridge it is a sign of good weather. When you see Big Andy (Heron) coming up the river it’s a sign of bad weather. The swan comes to the country before a death. When you hear the wild geese calling it’s a sign of frost. The thrush says, “Free beef, Free beef, Free beef, and Carrigart, Carrigart ,Carrigart.” duchas.ie, school's collection.

Finally, reference may be made to the story known as the Macgnimartha Find, which is assigned by Meyer to the twelfth century.

Here we are told that Finn cooked and ate the salmon of Fec's pool in the Boyne, which are manifestly the salmon of wisdom associated with the Boyne in the Dinnsenchas of Boand. 'It is that which gave knowledge to Finn, to wit, whenever he put his thumb into his mouth and sang through tenm laida, then whatever he had been ignorant of would be revealed to him. He learnt three things that constitute a poet, to wit, tenm laida (which Meyer translates 'illumination (?) of song'), and imbas forosna ('knowledge which illumines,' Meyer), and dichetal dichennaib ('extempore incantation,' Meyer). It is interesting to note that the song which Finn composed 'to prove his poetry' is the 'Song of Summer,' beginning 'May-day, season surpassing,' Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)

Mion = details, the small stuff, small talk, fine distinctions
Mion ● Mion-1. Small, tiny, diminutive. Prátaí mion a, small potatoes. Rud a bhriseadh go mion to break something up [into manageable pieces]; to powder sth. Gearr go mion é, cut it small; mince it. Chomh mion plúr, le snaois, as fine as flour, as snuff. 3. Minute, detailed. Cuntas ~, detailed account. Cuardach mion minute search. Idirdhealú ~, fine distinction. Scrúdaigh sé go mion iad, he examined them closely, in detail. S.a. airgead, minic 1.
● mion-2, pref. Small, minute; minor, petty; micro-

Nasc = Connections, patterns, tied together
nasc-2, Tie, bind; link, chain, tether. Rudaí a nascadh (le chéile), to bind things together. An margadh a nascadh, to bind the bargain. nascadh le rud, to link on to sth. nascadh ar dhuine rud a dhéanamh, to enjoin someone. to do something. Bó a nascadh, to tie, tether, a cow. Surg: Artaire a nascadh, to tie an artery. Mil: Beaignití a nascadh, to fix bayonets.

Nasc -1 Tie; tether, chain; link, clasp, bond. 1. nasc a chur ar rudaí, to fasten, link, things together. nasc a chur ar dhuine, to bind, chain, s.o.; to place a binding obligation on s.o. ~ gaoil, carthanachta, tie of blood, of friendship. Lit: nasc niadh, warrior’s collar. Tá sé ar ~ aici, she has him on a string. 3. Mus: nasc (ar nótaí), tie. 4. Ch: Bond. nasc ianach, ionic bond, Linda Geraldine Ruithchaoin Noogumee Nowich Mo-chroí Ní Ghall-chóir Gallagher, Anamcara, Seanchaí. nasc comhfhiúsach, comhordanáideach, co-valent, co-ordinate, bond.

Aire = Present awareness, care, attention, taking notice, minding, alertness, leadership
Mion-aire ● Attention to the small stuff ● A state of consciousness focused on details and minutia ● The state of consciousness for small talk, contractual talk, legal talk, most tv programming, news, working on an assembly line, price negotiations, making a list and checking it twice, grammar, and most science

Nasc-aire ● Attention to connectivity ● A state of consciousness focused on systemic relationality ● The state of consciousness for music, investigation, diagnosis, philosophy, ecology, Einsteinian physics, poetry, running a small business

Laws v 106.17 . rinnaire ⁊ nascaire `ring-makers', Petrie, Ant. of Tara 209.3 (< YBL 418a , plan).Fianna Fail county councillor David McGuinness said: “I am extremely saddened and angry that
[An Gorta Mór was going to be] the source for a new sitcom and I hope that Irish-based television outlets, as well as the Irish people, will not support the programme. "I firmly believe the Irish people and Irish diaspora throughout the world, will join me in condemning... http://www.irishmirror.ie/whats-on/arts-culture-news/fury-british-tv-station-commissions4910380 2 Eanáir 2015

Binary mion-aire structures ● Because competition over specific details, mid- and upper-class people never look at the larger patterns hurting others. ● Democrats vs. Republicans in USA try to control the mion-aire for their own ends, their arguments become the allowed talking points ● Intersectional black and indigenous critiques call attention to nasc-aire, but the mion-based narratives render them invisible conceptually to those with privilege ● Unionist vs. Republican arguments in Ulster often replace a systemic acknowledgment of colonial history ● Mion-aire makes millionaires, focus on individual achievement over good of whole. Socialising loss, privatising gain.

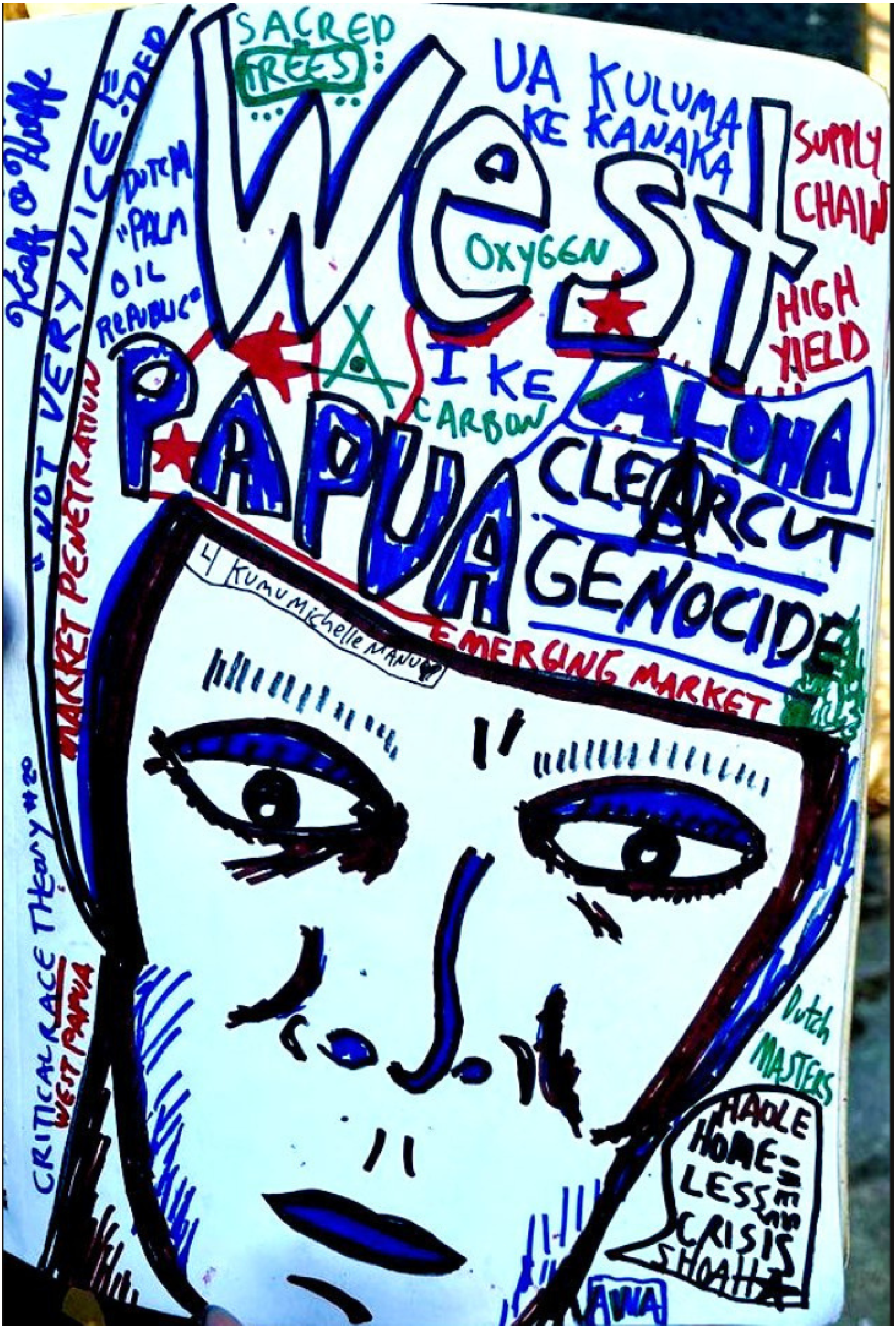
Ahistorical, invisible, broken nasc-aire structures ● We learn to be consumers and we stay consumers, without question. ● We take the narratives fed to us as true regardless of systemic coherence. ● We grow accustomed to available ideas and options as only viable options. ● We channel our outrage through provided narratives. ● People acknowledge racism only as mion, as in an act of prejudice or a person who consistently and openly shows such prejudicial acts. “Don’t see color.” ● People fail to see racism as nasc, a system of oppression. “All [non-gangsta's] Black lives matter.”
Isn’t the highest form of intelligence to see and make the most connections in service to truth? Some thoughts 1. Restoration of mindfulness to body and feelings 2. Restoration of prioritizing the most important details 3. Making space for good feelings and healing experiences 4. Focus on specifics of feelings and grievances for improved communication 5. Allowing experience to inform intuition 6. Restoration of historical truths that tie into nasc knowing 7. Recognizing ways nasc-aire is being funneled into mion like sports fandom. People think about all kinds of connections and analysis about things that are comparatively unimportant or merely distractions.

Restoring/cultivating Nasc-aire
Some thoughts 1. Details will always be important, but isolated details do not exist in a vacuum 2. Our ecosystems, while composed of mion are definitely nasc. Healing the planet will require nasc-aire. 3. Commercial and legal concerns that don’t match the truths of nasc (historical and otherwise) will need to be redressed 4. Many modern languages enforce mion-aire to the exclusion of important nasc concerns. New linguistic solutions will be needed to bridge the gap 5. Educating the people in nasc-aire will help them be less susceptible to abuse. 6. Global nasc-aire will require large-scale systemic thinking and coordination of all nasc and all mion within each nasc field.
Rob fír fírthar, rob bríg brígther. An Mheitheal Fhírinne, Fear Uasal, An Draoi, Buachaillín, An Diabhal, Satire Artist Caomh Ó Caomh, esq, under threats of death from Gangsters, fingers across throat, beat downs, throw downs, guns pulled, cops showing toe up toe down sidefoot, 'blame the freemasons' said no black cop in florida I ever heard of. All to see if if is really 'Free Speech' 'Free Religion.' 'Keys dropped.' 'Hands Washed' 'thumb and middle finger lose hand' 'you're dissociating?' 'If you don't play along we can't work together. Thanks for the long chat about racism, Admiral James Robinson.

'My name is Peter Gallagher, I'm the Godfather, I'm under federal protection, I'm not safe in this country.' Private truck. Slán abhaile. Overheard while being threatened by UN guards myself in NYC. Must be working on a sceenplay about that actor.

Who's gonna protect the minority children of the world? Ni hAnsa, Tlatoani.
MS13 in every city openly parading with wheelies etc. cops never stop them anywhere. Maybe a 'we tried.' Not being played by cops?
Cripps openly will admit that they all [violate] as Pimp Daddies if asked? Including Snoop?
Don King knows more than he -could- say?
Confirmed by more than 3 gangsters, King [and or?] Neck Tattoos means skin in da game.
One said Trimp's hand signal means 'don't recognize the laws in place'?Why cop be showing it, huh?
Mise Éire. Mise an Cailleach Bheara. Fadó, an scéal, mo Fine.
Hail Mary, Full of Grace, Theotokos, pray for us now and in the hour of our death.
A thiarna Íosa Críost mac De, Déan trócaire ar na domhan, go brách [sp].
In Ainm YHWH, Mischeach agus Schechima, sláinte mhaibh.
ᚓ
#oghamhumour

#cantyoutakeajoke
#ethnichumour
#MomonianHumour
Have you had fresh produce lately? Blaxican slaves, you ship 'em fresh daily. I thought you weren't paying attention? Why can't you just be Normal? Familismo hasta la [bua] siempre. Mundo sin pendejos.


SACRED TREES
West
UA KULUMA KE KANAKA
SUPPLY CHAIN
DUTCH "PALM OIL REPUBLIC"
"NOT VERY NICE
OXYGEN
HIGH YIELD
I KE CARBON
PAPUA
ALOHA
CLEARCUT
GENOCIDE
MARKET PENETRATION
4 KUMU Michelle MANU
EMERGING MARKET
CRITICAL RACE THEORY
WEST PAPUA
Dutch MASTERS
HAOLE HOME-LESS CRISIS SHOAH
AWA

Thanksgiving is Genocide. Walk in any direction. He who walks among the dead.
We had a little real estate problem. Miko, Claim the Land. Sachem. Tlatoani. Huong Quoi.
Epstein Island, Gomer Pyling, Huckleberry Hounds, Mafia Clowns, D. Trimp holding ever corner around.

Biological Hierarchies As a Groundwork for Morals The Body Knows
The Body is a series of shifting priorities ● Priorities are hardwired in relation to biological needs ● There is a set hierarchical relationship of bodily needs ● Human needs are not arbitrary nor coersive nor unsafe ● Human needs are universally experienced ● The body is related to the natural environment

Menstruation The body reprioritises how it encodes pain and suffering in women's bodies in order to promote fertility. It's a biological imperative that reveals the already existing burdens and traumas, at least.

Redefining violence We have to optimize conditions for safety, health, and wellness to be fully human. Depriving people of these things is harm, is violence. These are hardwired, biological truths.
'we just need your compliance' MUSE

Safety in numbers requires all being on the very same page: a common ground of mind, heart, words and actions. A working together, the knots which bind us together. There's strength in unity. Under the shelter of eachother, the people survive.

Poetique du Possible,
Ó-Kieffe Gallagher, Celtic Yurodivvy, Neimheadh-level Celtic Live Action Role Play, Fidchell Over.
Mómó

Further reading from Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth, 2007:
(1865-1901): Ancient Laws of Ireland: Dublin (6 vols.) Bakhtin, M. (2000): 'From the Prehistory of Novelistic Discourse' in Lodge (ed.), 104-36. Barry, P. (1995): Beginning Theory: An Introduction to Literary and Cultural Theory. Manchester. Barthes, R. (2000): 'The death of the author' in Lodge (ed.), 146-50. Best, R.I. (1912): 'Notes on the Script of Lebor na hUidre', Ériu 6, 161-74. Best, R.I. and Bergin, O. (1929): Lebor na hUidre: Book of the Dun Cow. Dublin. Best, R.I., Bergin, O., O'Brien, M.A., and O'Sullivan, A. (1954-83): The Book of Leinster formerly Lebar na Núachongbála. Dublin (6 vols.) Bieler, L. (1963): Ireland, Harbinger of the Middle Ages. London. Bieler, L. (1963): The Irish Penitentials. Dublin. Bieler, L. (1971): 'The Classics in Celtic Ireland' in Bolgar (ed.), 45-9. Binchy, D.A. (1934): 'Bretha Crólige', Ériu 12, 1-77. Binchy, D.A. (1941): Críth Gablach. Dublin. Binchy, D.A. (1952): 'The Saga of Fergus Mac Léti', Ériu 16, 33-48. Binchy, D.A. (1978): Corpus Iuris Hibernici, vols. I-VI. Dublin. Bischoff, B. (1971): 'Living with the Satirists' in Bolgar (ed.), 83-94. Bolgar, R.R. (1971): Classical Influences on European Culture A.D. 500-1500. Cambridge. Borsje, J. (1999): 'Omens, Ordeals and Oracles: On Demons and Weapons in Early Irish Texts', Peritia 13, 224-48. Breatnach, C. (1990): 'The Early Modern Version of Scéla Mucce Meic Da Thó - Tempus, Locus, Persona et Causa Scribendi', Ériu 31, 37-60. Breatnach, L. (1987): Uraicecht na Ríar: The Poetic Grades in Early Irish Law. Dublin. Breatnach, L. (1988): 'An Aoir sa Ré Luath', Léachtaí Cholm Cille 18, 11-19. Maynooth. Breatnach, L. (2005): A Companion to the Corpus Iuris Hibernici. Dublin. 253 Buttimer, C. G. (1982): 'Scéla Mucce Meic Dathó: a Reappraisal', Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium 2, 61-73. Byrne, F. J. (2001): Irish [Chiefs] and High-[Chiefs]. Dublin (2nd ed.). Calder, G. (1907): Imtheachta Aeniasa,

the Irish Aeneid. Dublin. Calder, G. (1922): Togail na Tébe, the Thebaid of Statius. Cambridge. Candon, A. (1991): 'Barefaced Effrontery: Secular and Ecclesiastical Politics in Early Twelfth Century Ireland', Seanchas Ardmhacha 14, 1-25. Carey, J. (1994): 'The Uses of Tradition in Serglige Con Culainn', Ulidia: Proceedings of the First International Conference on the Ulster Cycle of Tales, eds. J.P.Mallory and G.Stockman, 77-84. Belfast. Carey, J. (1995a): 'Eithne in Gubai', Éigse 28, 160-4. Carey, J. (1995b): 'The Three Things Required of a Poet', Ériu 48, 41-58. Carney, J. (1955): Studies in Irish Literature and History. Dublin. Carney, M. (1953): Review of Dillon's 1953 Edition of Serglige Con Culainn, Éigse 7, 281-5. Chadwick, N. (1968): 'Scéla Muicce meicc Da Thó', Irish Sagas, ed. Dillon, 79-92. Dublin. Charles-Edwards, T. (2000): 'The Social Background to Irish Peregrinatio' in Wooding (ed.), 94-108. Charles-Edwards, T. (1978): 'Honour and Status in some Irish and Welsh Prose Tales', Ériu 29, 123-41. Clancy, T.O. (1993): 'Fools and Adultery in Some Early Irish Texts', Ériu 44, 105-24. Clancy, T.O. (2000): 'Subversion at Sea: Structure, Style and Intent in the Immrama' in Wooding (ed.), 194-225. Connellan, O. (1860): Imtheacht na Tromdháimhe. Dublin. DIL= Dictionary of the Irish Language, Dublin (1913-75). Dillon, M. (1940): 'On Three Passages in Lebor na hUidre', Speculum 15, 280-3. Dillon, M. (1941): Serglige Con Culainn. (ed. and trans.). Dublin. Dillon, M. (1941-2): 'On the Text of Serglige Con Culainn', Éigse 3, 120-129. Dillon, M. (1946): The Cycles of the [Chiefs]. Dublin. 254 Dillon, M. (1947): 'The Trinity College text of Serglige Con Culainn', Scottish Gaelic Studies 6, 139-175. Dillon, M. (1948): Early Irish Literature. Dublin. Dillon, M. (1953a): Serglige Con Culainn. Dublin. Dillon, M. (1953b): 'The Wasting Sickness of Cú Chulainn', Scottish Gaelic Studies 7, 47-88. Eddy, W.A. (1973): Swift: Satires and Personal Writings. London. Elliott, R. (1960): The Power of Satire: Magic, Ritual, Art. Princeton. Encyclopaedia Britannica (1962): London (24 vols.). Findon, J. (1997): A Woman's Words: Emer and Female Speech in the Ulster Cycle. Toronto. Fleming, J. (2001): Gille of Limerick. Dublin. Fletcher, A. J. (2000): Drama, Performance and Polity in Pre-Cromwellian Ireland. Cork. Flower, R. (1947): The Irish Tradition. Oxford. Frye, N. (1957): Anatomy of Criticism. Princeton. Gantz, J. (1981): Early Irish Myths and Sagas. London. Gray, E.A. (1982): Cath Maige Tuired: the Second Battle of Mag Tuired. London. Green, M. (1992): Animals in Celtic Life and Myth. London. Greenwood, E.M. (1994): 'Some Aspects of the Evolution of Táin Bó Cúailnge from TBC I to LL TBC', Ulidia, eds. J.P. Mallory and G. Stockman, 47-54. Belfast. Gwara, S.J. (1988): 'Gluttony, Lust and Penance in the B-text of Aislinge Meic Conglinne', Celtica 20, 53-72. Gwynn, A. (1968): The Twelfth- Century Reform. Dublin. Gwynn, A. (1992): The Irish Church in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries. Dublin. Gwynn, E.J. (1903, 1906, 1913, 1924, 1935): The Metrical Dindshenchas. Dublin (5 vols.). Gwynn, A. and Hadcock, R.N. (1970): Medieval Religious Houses. Ireland. Dublin. Harrison, A. (1986): 'Tricksters and Entertainers in the Irish Tradition', Proceedings of the First North American Congress of Celtic Studies, ed. G.W. MacLennan, 293-307. Ottawa. 255 Harrison, A. (1989): The Irish Trickster. Sheffield. Heist, W.W. (1965): Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae ex Codice olim Salmanticensi nunc Bruxellensi. Brussels (Subsidia Hagriographica No. 28). Henderson, G. (1899): Fled Bricrend. London. Herbert, M. (2005): 'Aislinge Meic Conglinne: Contextual Considerations', Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society 110, 65-72. Highet, G. (1954): Juvenal the Satirist. London. Hillers, B. (1993): 'Voyages Between Heaven and Hell: Navigating the Early Irish Immram Tales', Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium 13, eds. B. Hillers, P. Hopkins, and J. Hunter, 66-81. Hofman, R. (1988): 'Some New Facts concerning the Knowledge of Vergil in Early Medieval Ireland', Études Celtiques 25, 189-212. Hull, V. (1930): 'Cairpre Mac Edaine's Satire upon Bres Mac Eladain', ZCP 18, 63-9. Hull, V. (1949): Longes Mac n-Uislenn: The Exile of the Sons of Uisliu. New York. Hull, V. (1962-4): 'The Verbal System of Aislinge Meic Conglinne', ZCP 29, 325-78. Jackson, K.H. (1942): 'The Adventure of Laeghaire Mac Crimhthainn', Speculum 17, 377-89. Jackson, K.H. (1990): Aislinge Meic Con Glinne. Dublin. Jackson, K.H. (1964): The Oldest Irish Tradition: A Window on the Iron Age. Dublin. Jefferies, H.A. (1997): 'The Visions of Mac Conglinne, and their Authors', Studia Hibernica 29, 7-30. Joynt, M. (1941): Tromdámh Guaire. Dublin. Kelly, F. (1988): A Guide to Irish Law. Dublin. Kelly, P. (1992): 'The Táin as Literature', Aspects of the Táin, ed. J.P.Mallory, 69-102. Belfast. Kenney, J.F. (1929): The Sources for the Early History of Ireland, vol 1 Ecclesiastical. New York. Kernan, A. (1959): The Cankered Muse. Yale. Kernan, A. (1965): The Plot of Satire. Yale. Knott, E. (1936): Togail Bruidne Da Derga. Dublin. 256 Koch, J.T. and Carey, J. (2003): The Celtic Heroic Age: Literary Sources for Ancient Celtic Europe and Early Ireland and Wales. Aberystwyth (4th ed.). Lodge, D. (2000): Modern Criticism and Theory: A Reader. Harlow (2nd ed.). Lowe, J. (2000): 'Kicking over the Traces: The Instability of Cú Chulainn', Studia Celtica 34, 119-130. Lucas, A. (1995): Anglo-Irish Poems of the Middle Ages. Dublin. Mac Airt, S. (1951): The Annals of Inisfallen. Dublin. Mac Cana, P. (1980): The Learned Tales of Medieval Ireland. Dublin. Mac Gearailt, Ú. (1984): 'Review of the Book of Leinster, formerly Lebar na Núachongbála, vol 6', Studia Hibernica 24, 190-7. Mac Gearailt, Ú. (1986): 'On Textual Correspondences in Early Irish Heroic Tales', Proceedings of the First North American Congress of Celtic Studies, ed. G.W. MacLennan, 343-55.Ottawa. Mac Mathúna, S. (1985): Immram Brain: Bran's Journey to the Land of the Women. Tübingen. Mallory, J. (1992): Aspects of the Táin (ed.). Belfast. Marstrander, C. (1911): 'The Deaths of Lugaid and Derbforgaill' Ériu 5, 201-18. Matthews, J. (1998): (ed.) The Bardic Source Book: Inspirational Legacy and the Teachings of the Ancient Celts. London. McCone, K. (1984a): 'Aided Cheltchair Maic Uthechair: Hounds, heroes and hospitallers in early Irish myth and story', Ériu 35, 1-30. McCone, K. (1984b): 'Ár Scéalaíocht', Léachtaí Cholm Cille 14, 5-38. McCone, K. (1986a): 'Werewolves, Cyclopes, Díberga and Fíanna: Juvenile Delinquency in Early Ireland', Cambridge Medieval Celtic Series 12, 1-22. McCone, K. (1986b): 'Dubthach Maccu Lugair and a Matter of Life and Death in the Pseudo-historical Prologue to the Senchas Már', Peritia 5, 1-35. McCone, K. (1987): 'Hund, Wolf und Krieger bei den Indogermanen', Studien zum indogermanischen Wortschatz, ed. W.Meid, 101-54. Innsbruck McCone, K. (1989): 'A Tale of Two Ditties: Poet and Satirist in Cath Maige Tuired', Sages, Saints and Storytellers, eds. D.Ó Corráin, L. Breatnach and K. McCone, 122-43. Maynooth. 257 McCone, K. (1990): Pagan Past and Christian Present. Maynooth. McCone, K. (1996): 'The Cyclops in Celtic, Germanic and Indo-European Myth', Studia Celtica 30, 89-111. McCone, K. (1997): The Early Irish Verb. Maynooth. McCone, K. (2000): Echtrae Chonnlai and the Beginnings of Vernacular Narrative Writing in Ireland. Maynooth. McCone, K. (2005): A First Old Irish Grammar and Reader; including an Introduction to Middle Irish. Maynooth. McCone, K. (2006): 'Die Spottwettkämpfe in der Geschichte von Mac Da Thó's Schwein', Keltische Forschungen 1, 149-161. Meid, W. (1974): Táin Bó Fraích. Dublin. Mercier, V. (1962): The Irish Comic Tradition. Dublin. Meroney, H. (1950): 'Studies in Early Irish Satire 1', Journal of Celtic Studies 1, 199-212. Meroney, H. (1950): 'Studies in Early Irish Satire 11', Journal of Celtic Studies 1, 212-26. Meyer, K. (1889): 'Echtra Nerai', Revue Celtique 10, 214-228. Meyer, K. (1895): The Voyage of Bran son of Febal to the Land of the Living. London. Meyer, K. (1906): The Triads of Ireland. Dublin. Meyer, K. (1909): The Instructions of [chief] Cormac mac Airt. Dublin. Meyer, K. (1913): Sanas Cormaic (Cormac's Glossary). Dublin. Meyer, K. (1919): 'Bruchstücke der älteren Lyrik Irlands', Erster Teil, Abhandlungen der preussichen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Philosophisch-Historische Klasse, Nr. 7, 27-37. Meyer, K. (1892): The Vision of Mac Conglinne. London. Meyer, R.T. (1958): Merugud Uilix Maic Leirtis. Dublin. Müller, E. (1876-8): 'Two Irish Tales', Revue Celtique 3, 344-50. Murphy, G. (1955 and 1971): Saga and Myth in Ancient Ireland. Dublin (Ist and 2nd eds.). Murphy, G. (1956): Early Irish Lyrics. Oxford. Murphy, G. (1956): Early Irish Metrics. Dublin. 258 Nagy, J.F. (1984): 'Heroic Destinies in the Macgnímrada of Finn and Cú Chulainn', ZCP 40, 23-39. Nagy, J.F. (1997): Conversing with Angels and Ancients: Literary Myths of Medieval Ireland. Dublin. Ó Cathasaigh, T. (1983): 'Cath Maige Tuired as Exemplary Myth', Folia Gadelica, Essays Presented to R.A. Breathnach, eds. P. de Brún, S. Ó Coileáin and P. Ó Riain, 1-19. Cork. Ó Cathasaigh, T. (1986): 'Curse and Satire', Éigse 21, 10-15. Ó Cathasaigh, T. (1977-79): 'The Semantics of 'Síd'', Éigse 17, 137-54. Ó Cathasaigh, T. (1985): 'The Concept of the Hero in Irish Mythology', The Irish Mind: Exploring Intellectual Traditions, ed. R. Kearney, 79-90. Dublin. Ó Cathasaigh,T. (1994): 'Reflections on Compert Conchobuir and Serglige Con Culainn', Ulidia, eds. J.P.Mallory and G. Stockman, 85-89. Belfast. Ó Concheanainn, T. (1974): 'The Reviser of Leabhar na hUidhre', Éigse 15, 277-88. Ó Corráin, D. (1985): 'Irish Origin Legends and Genealogy: Recurrent Aetiologies', History and Heroic Tale. A Symposium, eds. T. Nyberg et. al., 51-96. Odense. Ó Corráin, D. (1990): ‘Textuality and Intertextuality: Early Medieval Irish Literature’, La Storia di Griselda in Europa, ed. R.Morabito, 21-32. Ó Cróinín, D. (1995): Early Medieval Ireland 400-1200. New York. Ó Dónaill, C. (2005): Talland Étair: A Critical Edition with Introduction, Translation, Textual Notes, Bibliography and Vocabulary. Maynooth. Ó Dónaill, N. (1977): (ed.) Fóclóir Gaeilge-Béarla. Baile Átha Cliath. Ó Fiannachta, P. (1974): ‘An Aoir Fhileata sa Ghaeilge’, Léas ar ár litríocht, 79-92. Maynooth. Ó Floinn, T. (1980): Aisling Mhic Conglinne. Galway. Ó hUiginn, R. (1992): ‘The Background and Development of Táin Bó Cúailnge’, Aspects of the Táin, ed. J.P. Mallory, 29-68. Belfast. O’Grady, S.H. (1892): Silva Gadelica: a Collection of Tales in Irish. Dublin. O’Leary, P. (1986): ‘Verbal Deceit in the Ulster Cycle’, Éigse 21, 16-26. O’Leary, P. (1987): ‘The Honour of Women in Early Irish Literature’, Ériu 38, 27-44. O’Leary, P. (1984): ‘Contention at Feasts in Early Irish literature’, Éigse 20, 115-27. 259 O’Leary, P. (1988): ‘Honour-bound: the Social Context of Early Irish Heroic geis’, Celtica 20, 85-107. O’Meara, J.J. (1976): The Voyage of Saint Brendan: Journey to the Promised Land. Dublin. O’Neill, J. (1905): ‘Cath Bóinde’, Ériu 2, 173-85. O’Rahilly, C. (1967): Táin Bó Cúalnge from The Book of Leinster. Dublin. O’Rahilly, C. (1976): Táin Bó Cúailnge, Recension 1. Dublin. O’Rahilly, T.F. (1946): Early Irish History and Mythology. Dublin. Ó Riain, P. (1978): Cath Almaine. Dublin. Ó Riain, P. (1992): ‘Early Irish Literature’, The Celtic Connection, ed. Glanville Price, 65-80. Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire. O’Sullivan, W. (1966): ‘Notes on the Scripts and Make-up of the Book of Leinster’, Celtica 7, 1-30. Oskamp, H.P.A. (1970): The Voyage of Máel Dúin: A Study in Early Irish Voyage Literature. Groningen. Poppe, E. (1999): ‘King Ahab, Boia, Mac Da Thó and Aillil’, Ériu 50, 169-171. Poppe, E. (1997): ‘Scéla Muicce Meic Da Thó Revisited’, Studia Celtica Japonica 9, 1-11. Propp, V. (1958): Morphology of the folktale. (McCone’s 1990 translation of 1927 Russian original). Radner, J.N. (1978): The Fragmentary Annals of Ireland. Dublin. Robinson, F.N. (1912): ‘Satirists and Enchanters in Early Irish Literature’ in, Studies in the History of Religions presented to Crawford Howell Toy, eds. D.G. Lyon and G.F. Moore. New York. Reprinted in Matthews (ed.), 134-58. Salberg, T.K. (1992): ‘The Question of the Main Interpolation of H into M’s Part of the Serglige Con Culainn in the Book of the Dun Cow and Some Related Problems’, ZCP 45, 161-81. Scowcroft, M. (1995): ‘Abstract Narrative in Ireland’, Ériu 46, 121-58. Shaw, F. (1976): The Dream of Óengus: Aislinge Óenguso. Dublin. Slavin, M. (2005): The Ancient Books of Ireland. Dublin. Stanford, W.B. (1984 2nd ed.): Ireland and the Classical Tradition. Dublin. 260 261 Stanford, W.B. (1970): ‘Towards a History of Classical Influences in Ireland’, PRIA 70c, 13-91. Stokes, W. (1888): ‘The Voyage of Snedgus and Mac Riagla’, Revue Celtique 9, 14-25. Stokes, W. (1891): ‘Cóir Anmann’, Irische Texte 3, 285-444. Stokes, W. (1900): ‘Bruiden Da Coca’, Revue Celtique 21, 149-165 and 312-402. Stokes, W. and Strachan, J. (1903): Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus. Cambridge. Stokes, W. (1905): Félire Óengusso Céli Dé: The Martyrology of Oengus the Culdee. London. Stokes, W. (1893): ‘The Voyage of the Huí Corra’, Revue Celtique 14, 22-69. Strayer, J.R. (1987): Dictionary of the Middle Ages (ed.), vol 9. New York. Thurneysen, R. (1891): ‘Mittelirische Verslehren’, Irische Texte 3, 1-182. Leipzig. Thurneysen, R. (1935): Scéla Mucce Meic Da Thó. Dublin. Thurneysen, R. (1946): A Grammar of Old Irish. Dublin. Thurneysen, R. (1921): Die irische Helden- und Königsage bis zum17. Jahrhundert. Halle. Tierney, J.J. (1960): ‘The Celtic Ethnography of Posidonius’, PRIA 60, 189-275. Van Hamel, A.G. (1933): Compert Con Culainn and Other Stories. Dublin. Wooding, J. (2000): The Otherworld Voyage in Early Irish Literature: An Anthology of Criticism (ed.). Dublin. Zimmer, H. (1887): ‘Keltische studien 5. Über den compilatorischen character der irischen sagentexte im sogenannten Lebor na hUidre’, Zeitshrift für Vergleichende Sprachforschung 28, 417-689.

Slán is: Healthy, safe, complete, intact, healthy person, sound person, well-wishing, challenge, whole, defiance, safety, immunity, health, security, guarantee, indemnity, favorable, compensation, well, sane, unhurt, entire, undivided, inviolate, unbroken, absolute, perfect, unexpurgated, unimpaired, saved (in spiritual sense), noble, exempt, non-liable, a person free from legal disability, health (physical and moral), the state of being uninjured, immunity, freedom from compensation, surety, agreement, challenge, perfect beauty, safe return, restoration, sound sleep, a wound in the state of healing, a healed wound, complete forgiveness, redemption, complete cure, a saviour, a healer, salve, healing omen, soundly-mediating, impartial. Shalom, Salaam, Selam, shend:et, Salud, and however the Scottish write it. 13 big Nations, County councils, a gathering?

Š-L-M From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia Shin-Lamedh-Mem is the triconsonantal root of many Semitic words, and many of those words are used as names. The root meaning translates to "whole, safe, intact, unharmed, to go free, without blemish". Its earliest known form is in the name of Shalim, the ancient [representation of] dusk of Ugarit. Derived from this are meanings of "to be safe, secure, at peace", hence "well-being, health" and passively "to be secured, pacified, submitted". Arabic: س ل مS-L-M (Maltese: S-L-M) East Semitic S-L-M South Semitic "S-L-M" Ge'ez: ሰላ ም S-L-M Northwest Semitic Š-L-M Canaanite Š-L-M (c.f. Shalem) Hebrew: שלםŠ-L-M Aramaic: [X ܫŠ-L-M

In Akkadian:[2] Salimatu 'alliance' Salimu 'peace, concord' Shalamu 'to be(come) whole, safe; to recover; to succeed, prosper'. Shulmu 'health, well-being'; also a common greeting

In Aramaic: Shlama – 'peace' Shalmuta

In Hebrew: Shalom Mushlam (מושלם – (perfect Shalem (שלם – (whole, complete Lehashlim (להשלים – (to complete, fill in Leshallem (לשלם – (to pay Tashlum (תשלום – (payment Shillumim (שילומים – (reparations Lehishtallem (להשתלם – (to be worth it, to "pay" Absalom (אבשלום – (a personal name, literally means 'Father [of] Peace'.

In Maltese: Sliem – 'peace' Sellem – 'to greet, to salute'

Arabic Catholic Church: in the rosary: السلم عليك يا مريمas-salām ‘alayki yā Maryam 'Hail Mary'

Deal in Genesis is with all the creatures. That didn't change. bin Yapeth mac Íabheadh.
Slán abhaile Springfield, MA, Baile, Puerto Rican Irish/Irish Puerto Ricans.

Mallow Field Journal #9 1991, Kilshannig Mythology,Tales and Beliefs, John J. Kavanaugh

"The most popular legend holds that Cleena was one of the two daughters of Draoi Rua - Red-headed Druid ... of Fermoy. Cliona (Cleena) was lovely but her sister Aoivel was "all beautiful". They both fell in love with Ó Caoimh of Cullen (Cullen Uí Chaoimh near Millstreet).

He first turned his thoughts on Cliona, but Aoivel won him. Cliona then called on her old nurse to teach her magic spells to punish Aoivel. Her enchantments worked and Aoivel declined.

Her beauty faded and after a lingering illness she died - or so it seemed, but Cliona and her nurse took the spell-bound Aoivel from her vault and carried her to a cave under Castle Cor - five miles north-east of Fermoy.

When she awoke and still confessed her love for Ó Caoimh, Cliona waved her wand and changed her into a beautiful white cat, to be imprisoned for ever in that cave.

Cliona succeeded in marrying Ó Caoimh and bore him a son and two daughters. In time Ó Caoimh learned of the terrible fate of Aoivel, and he requested Cliona to set her free from the enchantment.

She admitted that she wished to set her free, but could not do so, as she had lost her magic wand! She had, however. told Aoivel that Ó Caoimh was killed in battle against the Norse invaders at Dundalk, and she had become reconciled to her loss.

This was too much for Ó Caoimh, and Cliona and her children were banished from Cullin. They retired to the fairy palace at Carraig Cliona. When her daughters grew to womanhood, she restored them to their father, and as the story goes, the both made good marriages - one to the O'Neill of Ulster and the other to the O'Connor of Connacht. Cliona's son became the figure-head of the Ó Caoimh Clan.

“Intelligence rules the world, ignorance carries the burden. The man who is not able to develop and use his mind is bound to be the slave of the other man who uses his mind.”
― Marcus Ó Garvey

“Your beliefs become your thoughts,
Your thoughts become your words,
Your words become your actions,
Your actions become your habits,
Your habits become your values,
Your values become your destiny.”
―Mahatma Gandhi

The legend does not end...'

The cromleac [dolmen] in the townland of Ahaglaslin, county Cork, is styled Callaheencladdig, and there is an Irish refrain relating to it, which has been translated :
— ** A little maiden of the shore
Lamenting loud and waiting sore**

The designation of this monument has also been translated the "Little [cailleach] of the Seashore," and the “[cailleach]” used formerly to utter lamentations when anyone died in the neighborhood.

W.C. Borlace is of opinion that she can be identified, with tolerable certainty, as Cleena, "whose house on the flat stony seashore, consisting of a great squarish natural rock, was pointed out to me, at a turn in the road, just beyond the dolmen. Stories were current of her inveigling young fellows to the rock whence they never returned."

Traces of the elder faiths of Ireland Wood-Martin, 1902

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908

In O'Hanlon's Life of St. Mochuda it is stated that St. Mochuda built a church at Athassel, which was granted to him by the [chief] of Muscraighe Thire. Cill Fiacla, a little north of the ford of Ath Fiacla, is mentioned in Tripartite Life of St. Patrick as having been built by St. Patrick. The moat beside Cill Fiacla, or "Church of the Tooth," appears to have been named Dun Sige. North of the town of Tipperary, and beside the track of the old road, are two or three very small mounds named Cloch Breige, literally "stone-heap of falsehood." …

Lady Gregory, in her Gods and Fighting Men, says that the three cows of Cork Harbour, red, white and black, respectively, belonged to Manannan Mac Lir. Manannan is extended form of Manu, thus the Irish name for Isle of Man is Inis Manann, or " Island of Manu," and for Manannan's connection with Isle of Man and with places in Ireland... The chief fort of the O'Duggans was named Dun Manann, and it was most likely near Loch Luingi, and not far from Doneraile. According to O'Heerin, " Triath u Fear Muighi na mur ccorr O' Dubhagain Diun Manann, Foireann gaoil na sed soraidh, O' Caoimh, gecc a Gleandomhain. " " The lord of Feara Muighe of smooth mounds, O' Dubhagain of the Fort of Man, Tribe of relations of prosperous wealth, O' Caoimh, branch of Glan worth. " …

...Flannaid refused to accept as husband any one of the princes of Munster, and accompanied Mochuda to Raithin, in King's Co., where she lived in a nunnery, and afterwards accompanied Mochuda to Lismore, * and founded Cells at Forth and Cluain Dablam on the Blackwater, places which were bestowed upon her by Cuanna Mac Cailcin. Various tales, now lost, must have been told in Fermoy concerning Flannaid, for in the Journal, 1897 we read : "This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan (Cuana Mac Cailcin) and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney Lough, as well as Giroid Iarla in Lough Gur, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain." Some particulars concerning Cuana Mac Cailcin have been already given, who, according to Four Masters, died a.d. 640. The wife of Cuana was named Ruithchearn (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 590), and she was the daughter of Aedh Bennan, [chief] of West Munster about a.d. 600. In the Book of Leinster there is a sketch of the tale of the elopement of Ruithchearn with Cuana. Aedh Bennan had also a daughter named Mor, ** the heroine of a strange series of adventures recorded in Book of Fermoy. Mor is generally termed Mor Mumhan, i.e., Mor of Munster. In " Chronicum Scotorum," a.d. 633, is following entry: —" Bas Moire Muman," "death of Mor of Munster." Mor was a favourite Irish name. Mor, wife of Brian Boru, was mother of Murrough, Conor, and Flann. In " Silva Gadelica," p. 547, it is stated that Mor Mumhan was wife of Finghin Mac Aedha, [chief] of Munster, and mother of Deog, wife of Laighnen Mac Colmain, and afterwards wife to Guaire Aidhne Mac Colmain, [chief] of Connaught. According to the legend of Mor (" Book of Fermoy"), she was wife of Cathal, son of Fionguine, son of Cugan-mathair, but Cathal Mac Fionguine died a.d. 737, as noted by Todd.

Aedh Bennan, father of Mor Mumhan, from whom are the family of O'Moriarty of Kerry..Finghin, son of Aedh Dubh, was [chief] of Desmond (604-619), and brother of Failbhe Flann, ancestor of the Mac Carthy who was [chief] of Munster (627-636). The O'Sullivans .ire traced to Sullivan, eighth in descent from Finghin Mac Aedha, and the O'Keeffes are traced to Caomh, fourth in descent from Cathal Mac Fionguine. See Genealogical Table in " Battle of Magh Rath." Inis Faithlenn (Inisfallen) at Killarney is stated in P. R.I. A., 1870, p. 1,15, to have been named from Faighlen or Faighlenn (Faithlenn), son of Aedh Bennan, of the race of Core Mac Luigdech. Maelduin was also name of a son of Aedh Bennan, and he is mentioned in tale of the battle of Magh Rath, a.d. 637, and in Chronicum Scotorum, a.d. 639, Maelduin, son of Aedh Bennan, is stated to have been defeated by Aenghus Liathana of Glanworth, in battle fought at Cathair Chinn Chon, or fort of the head of the hound, now named Cathair Ghiolla Mhoir, close to Lough Gur, which in Book of Rights is stated to be one of the Royal Forts... It will now be necessary to deal with the names of the Blackwater. Camden thinks that the Dabrona of Ptolemy (130 a.d.) is river Lee, but it is better to regard the Dabrona as identical with the Blackwater. Dabrona means river, and may be connected with the words Dobhar and Dur, owing to the interchange of abh with u. In several old tales the Blackwater is named Nem, which means bright, and is same as Nim, Niamh, or Niato, and I think that Niab or Nib is the oldest form....

...O'Donovan thinks that Magh Manainne is the plain in Fermoy on which Dun Manann was erected, but it seems to me that here Magh Manainne must be Magh Mor, or "great plain," called also Magh Mell, or " pleasant plain," and which in numerous tales is connected with Manannan. Muintir Bhaire is a tribal district in the parish of Kilcroghane in West Cork. It is not easy to trace those things of old to their true source, and at every step we make we are liable to fall.

The Teutons have been working at their tales since the year 1555, when Olaus Magnus published his Historia gentium Septentrionalium, and very little work has yet been done by the Celts in Ireland, and the amount of work that has to be done in the Celtic field is simply appalling, but now as we have begun at Feara Maighe Féine and Duthaigh Ealla, we shall, I hope, keep at work in these important districts, comparing Irish name with Irish name, and Irish tale with Irish tale, and the old things of Ireland with the old things of other lands, and thus:

"We shall tread the dust of ages,
Musing dream-like on the past,
Seeking on the broad earth's pages
For the shadows time hath cast ;
Waking up some ancient story,
From each prostrate shrine or hall,
Old traditions of a glory
Earth may never more recall."

THE POET ON HIS DEATH-BED WRITING TO HIS FRIEND, HAVING FROM CERTAIN CAUSES FALLEN INTO DESPONDENCY. Gaeilge Aoghán Ó Rathaille I will not cry for help, till I am put into a narrow coffin, And I swear, if I were to cry, it would be no nearer to me, Our whole support, the strong-handed one of the race of Eoghan — His strength is undermined, and his vigour gone to decay. My brain trembles as a wave, my chief hope is gone ; My entrails are pierced through, venomous darts penetrate my heart ; Our land, our shelter, our woods, our fair neighbourhood, In pledge for a penny to a band from the land of Dover ! The Shannon, the Liffey, and the tuneful Lee are become discordant, The stream of the Blackwater, of Brick, of the Bride, and the Boyne, The waist of Lough Derg and Tonn Toime are turned red Since the knave completely won the game from the crowned [chief]. Frequent is my moan and I am ever shedding tears, Heavy is my woe, and a man am I under injustice, No tune comes near me, as I weep on roads, But the squeal of the hog which cannot be wounded by dart-throwing. The hero of the Rinn, of Kill, and of the land of the Eoghanacht — Wasted is his strength by want and injustice ! The hawk who possesses all these and their rentals — Does not give favour to the man, though he be his kinsman. Because of the great ruin that has overtaken the race of the proud kings, Waters plough their way from my temples with heavy sound ! Vigorously do my fountains give forth streams Into the river which flows from Truipeall to fair Youghal ! I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ; Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have been laid low, I will follow the beloved among heroes to the grave, Those princes under whom were my ancestors before the death of Christ.

Through their own words
They will be exposed
They've got a severe case of
The emperor's new clothes
— Sinéad Ó Connor

I want you to be proud
I want you to shout loud
'I am proud of my people'
I politically rebel
Na páistí, be proud Na páistí, be haughty.
Díomas.

—Damien Dempsey

“To create one's world in any of the arts takes courage.”
— Georgia O'Keeffe

Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther.
2/3Dhá thrian den obair í an chosúlacht.
Mullach abú, an Cláirseach abú.

Go mbeannaíthear duit, a Bhanríon Naofa, a Mháthair na Trócaire, go mbeannaíthear duit, is tu ár mbeatha, ár mílseacht is ár ndóchas. Is ort-sa a screadaimíd, clann bhocht dhíbeartha Éabha, is chughat-sa suas a chuirimíd ár n-osnaithe, ag caoineadh is ag gol sa ghleann so na ndeor. Iompaigh orainn, dá bhrí sin, a Choimirce, a chaomh-uasail, do shúile atá lán de thrua, is nuair a bheidh deireadh lenár n-íobairt ar an saol so, tabhair radharc dúinn ar thoradh do bhroinne, Íosa, a Mhaighdean Mhuire ró-thrócaireach, ró-ghrámhar, ró-mhilis. Guigh orainn a naomh-Mháthair Dé, ionas gur fiú sinn gealltanais Chríost a fháil. Áiméin.

Glóire don Athair is don Mhac is don Spriod Naomh, mar a bhí ar dtúis, mar atá fós, is mar a bheidh trí shaol na saol. áiméin.

Altus *prosator, *vetustus
dierum et ingenitus
erat absque origine
primordii et *crepidine
est et erit in sæcula
sæculorum infinita;
cui est unigenitus
Xristus et sanctus spiritus
coæternus in gloria
deitatis perpetua.
Non tres deos *depropimus
sed unum Deum dicimus,
salva fide in personis
tribus gloriosissimis

Críost liom,
/Kreest lyum/
Christ with me,

Críost romham,
/Kreest roh-um/
Christ before me,

Críost i mo dhiaidh,
/Kreest ih muh yee-eh/
Christ behind me,

Críost istigh ionam,
/Kreest ih-shtih un-um/
Christ within me,

Críost fúm,
/Kreest foom/
Christ below me,

Críost os mo chionn,
/Kreest ohs muh khyun/
Christ above me,

Cr íost ar mo lámh dheis,
/Kreest air muh lawv yesh/
Christ on my right hand,

Críost ar mo lámh chlé,
/Kreest air muh lawv khlay/
Christ on my left hand,

Críost i mo luí dom,
/Kreest ih muh lee dum/
Christ in my sleeping,

Críost i mo sheasamh dom,
/Kreest ih muh hyas-uv dum/
Christ in my waking,

Críost i gcroí gach duine atá ag cuimhneamh orm,
/Kreest ih gree gokh din-eh a-taw egg kwiv-noo ur-um/
Christ in the heart of all who think of me,

Críost i mbéal gach duine a labhraíonn liom,
/Kreest ih mayl gokh din-eh ah l-ow-reen lyum/
Christ in the mouth of all who speak to me,

Críost i ngach súil a fhéachann orm,
/Kreest ih ngokh sool ah ay-khun ur-um/
Christ in every eye that looks at me,

Críost i ngach cluas a éisteann liom.
/Kreest ih ngokh clo-uss ah aysh-ten lyum/
Christ in every ear that listens to me
[youtube bean]

Creidim i nDia, an tAthair Uilechumhachtach, Cruthaitheoir Nimhe agus Talún, agus i nÍosa Críost a Aonmhac san ár dTiarna, do gabhadh ón Spriod Naomh, do rugadh ó Mhuire ógh, d'fhulaig páis fé Phointeas Píolóid, do céasadh ar an gcrois, fuair bás agus d'adhlacadh, chuaigh síos go hifreann, d'aiséirigh an treas lá ó mhairbhe, chuaigh suas ar neamh, tá ina shuí ar dheasláimh Dé an tAthair Uilechumhachtach, as san tiocfaidh ag tabhairt bhreithiúntais ar bheo is ar mhairbh. Creidim sa Spriod Naomh, sa naomh-Eaglais Chaitliceach, i gComaoine na Naomh, i Maithiúnachas na bPeacaí, i nAiséirí na Colla, is sa Bheatha Shíoraí. Áiméin

. Lucis indultor
Et salvator omnium,

Praeclaram sanctis
Largitus est gratiam.

8. Accedant omnes,
Pura mente creduli;
Sumant aeternam
Salutis custodiam:
Alpha et omega
Ipse Christus Dominus
Venit, venturus
Judicare homines
A Thiarna éist linn.
A Thiarna bí ceansa agus éist linnGo n-éirí Dia is bhur bpósadh libh.

Mar gheall air sin, fágfaidh duine a athair agus a mháthair chun bheith go dlúth i bpáirt lena bhean, agus aon cholainn amháin a bheidh sa bheirt acu.' Dá réir sin, ní beirt iad feasta ach aon cholainn amháin. Dá bhrí sin, an ní a cheangail Dia ná scaoileadh duine é (Marta 19:5-6)

from Mná Feasa's Domestic Violence Project, Cork
Everyone has arguments and everyone disagrees with their partners, family members and others close to them from time to time but what are the warning signs of an abusive relationship? The name 'Mná Feasa' (in English, "Wise Women") originates from Irish Mythology. They were warrior women to whom Fionn Mac Cumhaill was sent as a child by his mother to save him from potential violence or death.
Mná Feasa was set up primarily by women who have themselves survived domestic violence and it is thus a crucial link in women's challenges to violence. We are a community based project run by trained and experienced staff to help victims of domestic violence.
Types of Abuse My partner has never hit me but calls me names; is this abuse? In Mná Feasa we say “You don't need a bruise to be abused” this is because most of the women we work with may never experience physical abuse.
Mental, emotional and financial abuses are very hard for anyone outside the relationship to see. 14 Some Warning Signs of an Abusive Relationship: Does your partner . . . . . . ◦ Act extremely jealous ◦ Accuse you of cheating ◦ Put you down ◦ Make you feel bad about yourself ◦ Make you feel like a child ◦ Not take you seriously or things that matter to you seriously ◦ Not listen to you ◦ Frequently criticise your friends or family ◦ Pressurise you for sex ◦ Hurt, humiliate and embarrass you ◦ Cheat on you ◦ Tell you how to dress ◦ Ever grabbed, pushed, hit or physically hurt you ◦ Blame others for their behaviour ◦ Destroy your possessions ◦ Prevent your education or job success ◦ Make all the decisions ◦ Break promises ◦ Control you or act very possessively ◦ Withhold affection ◦ Use alcohol or drugs as an excuse for bad behaviour

Trí rud a éilíonn ceartas: breithiúnas, tomhais, consias.
Spailpín Uasal. Áilges seo.

I am going the way of my fathers, as the Scripture says, for I see myself called by the Lord. Be you wary and undo not your long service of God, but be earnest to keep your strong purpose, as though you were but now beginning. You know the demons who plot against you, you know how savage they are and how powerless; therefore, fear them not. Let Christ be as the breath you breathe; in Him put your trust. Live as dying daily, heeding yourselves and remembering the counsels you have heard from me. … So do you also be earnest always to be in union first with the Lord and then with the Saints, that after death, they also may receive you into everlasting tabernacles as known friends. Ponder these things, and mean them. … And now God save you, children, for Antony departs and is with you no more.

From St. Athanasius' Life of St. Antony
Book IV, Chapter 20 (his last words), St. Athanasius. Trans. Dom J.B. McLaughlin, O.S.B. St. Antony of the Desert. Rockford: Tan Books and Publishers, Inc, 1995.

Unspeakable Things Unspoken: The Afro-American Presence in American Literature
TONI MORRISON THE TANNER LECTURES ON HUMAN VALUES
Delivered at The University of Michigan October 7, 1988
For an author, regarding canons, it is very simple: in fifty, a hundred, or more years [their] work may be relished for its beauty or its insight or its power; or it may be condemned for its vacuousness and pretension.

Or in fifty or a hundred years the critic (as canon builder) may be applauded for [their] intelligent scholarship and powers of critical inquiry. Or laughed at for ignorance and shabbily disguised assertions of power...

In any case, as far as the future is concerned, when one writes, as critic or as author, all necks are on the line.

Hawai'i creole, sermon on the mountain ?
2He start fo teach um. He tell um:
3"Da peopo dat know dey pooa an need God inside dem,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God in da sky, he dea Kahuna.
4 "Da peopo dat cry inside,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God goin kokua dem.
5 "Da peopo dat no need make odda guys tink dey importan erytime,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God goin give um da whole world.
6 "Da peopo dat erytime fo real kine like do da right ting,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God goin help um do um.
7"Da peopo dat pity da odda peopo, an give um chance,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God goin pity dem an give um chance too.
8 "Da peopo dat go all out fo God inside,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz dey goin see God.
9"Da peopo dat help da odda peopo come frenz one mo time,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God goin tell, 'Dey my kids.'
10 "Da peopo dat do wass right,
An suffa fo dat,
Dey can stay good inside
Cuz God in da sky, he dea Kumu.
11 "You guys goin stay good inside wen peopo tell you guys you good fo notting, an make you suffa, an tell all kine bad kine stuff bout you az not true. Peopo do all dat cuz you my guys.
12Dance an sing, cuz bumbye God goin get plenny good kine stuff fo give you guys from wea he stay inside da sky. Eh, jalike befo time, da guys God wen sen fo talk fo him long time befo time, had peopo dat make dem suffa too."

Now when Jesus saw the crowds, he went up on a mountainside and sat down. His disciples came to

him, 2and he began to teach them.
The Beatitudes
He said:
3 “Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4 Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.
5 Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth.
6 Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
for they will be filled.
7 Blessed are the merciful,
for they will be shown mercy.
8 Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they will see God.
9 Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they will be called children of God.
10 Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
11 “Blessed are you when people insult you, persecute you and falsely say all kinds of evil against you because of me.12Rejoice and be glad, because great is your reward in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.
NIV mom's favorite translation

Endure the trial of yourself and your own faults and sins peacefully, serenely, under the mercy of God. This is very important. St. Seraphim of Sarov said: “To have the Holy Spirit is to see your own wretchedness peacefully, because you know that God’s mercy is greater than your wretchedness.”

St. Thérèse of Lisieux, a Roman Catholic saint who died at 24, she wrote to a friend: “If you are willing to bear the trial of your own wretchedness, serenely, then you will surely be the sweetest dwelling place of Jesus.” We have to bear our own faults, serenely.

St. Paul said: “Where sin has abounded, grace has superabounded.” And we cannot let the devil rejoice two times. Pythagoras said: “When we fall, the devils rejoice. When we stay down, the devils keep rejoicing.” And nothing puts the devils more to shame than having fallen, we stand up again.

So we must bear peacefully, calmly, our own weaknesses, our own failings. Expect them. Don’t make them happen, but expect them. We are not God.
Fr. Tom Hopko

“Antony said to Poemen,
‘Our great work
is to lay the blame for our sins
upon ourselves before God,
and to expect to be tempted
to our last breath.”
Archdeaconess Benedicta Ward of the Celtic Orthodox Catholic Church,
Fior Erenagh agus Ollamh.

Fios Naomh Adamnáin, The Knowledge and Understanding of St. Eunan
How much more fitting were it for the people that still on earth still to meditate on the Day of Judgment, and the terrors of Hell. For at that time will the Lord render due recompense to every one on earth; tat is to say, rewards to the righteous, and punishments to the guilty.

And at that very time shall the guilty be set in the abyss of everlasting pain, and the book of the Word of God shall be then closed, under the curse of the Breitheamh of Doom, for ever. But the saints and the righteous, the charitable and the merciful, shall be borne to the right hand of God, to a lasting habitation in the [Chiefery] of Heaven, there to abide without age or death, end or term, for ever and ever.

This, the, is the manner of that City: A [Chiefing] without pride, or vanity, or falsehood, or outrage, or deceit, or pretence, or blushing, or shame, or reproach, or insult, or envy. or arrogance, or pestilence, or snow, or wind, or rain, or din, or tunder, or darkness, or cold--a noble, admirable, ethereal realm endowed with the wisdom, and radiance and fragrance of a plenteous land...

based on CS Boswell translated.